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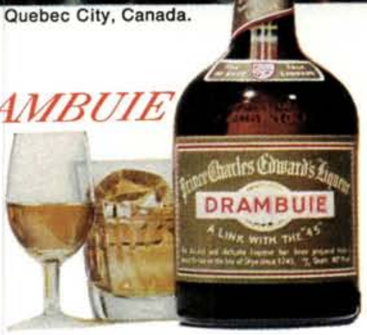
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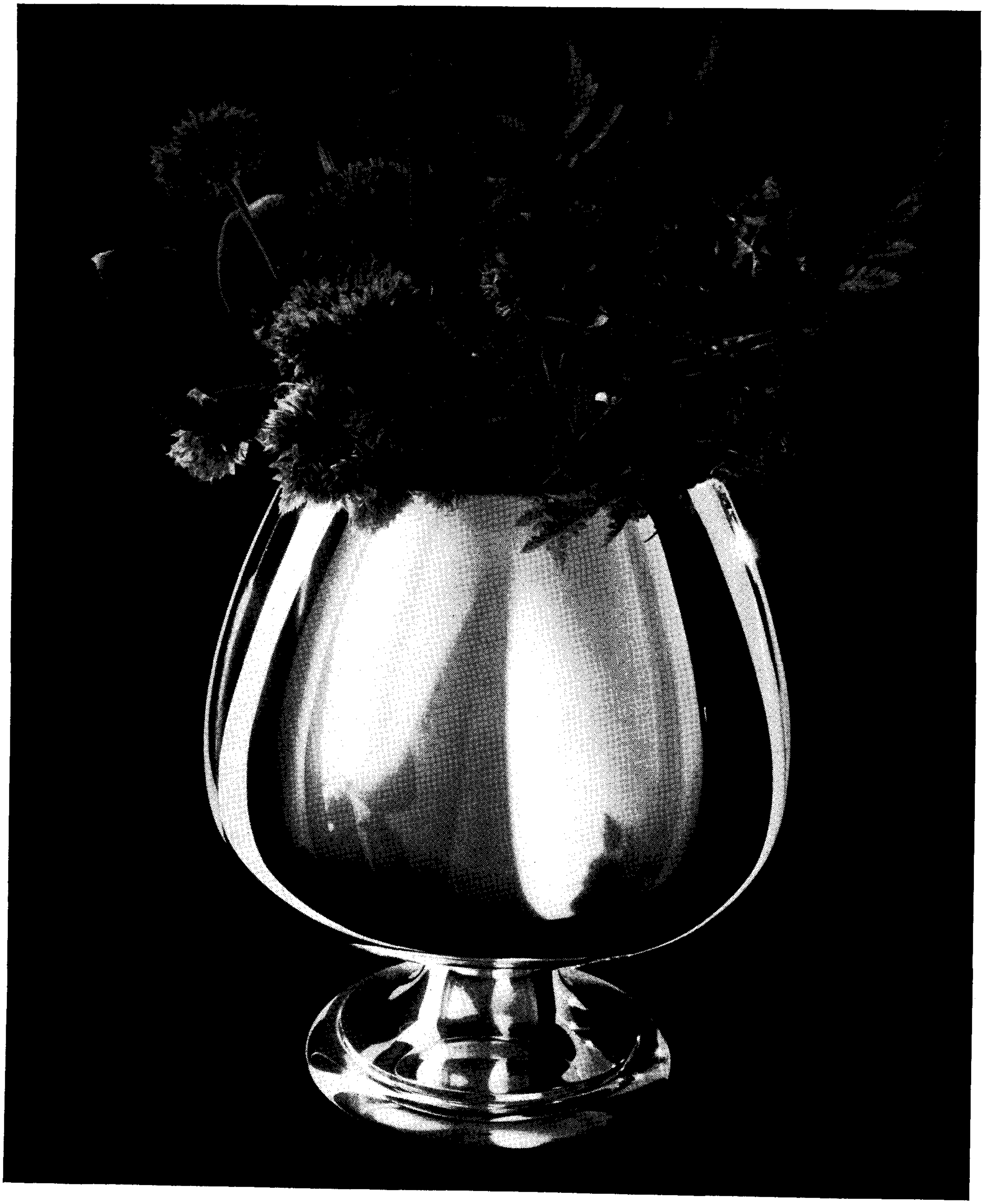

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill—This chronological arrangement of Weill's glorious songs, as sung and semi-performed by two young men and two young women, is a bit tame for the writing of the Master, but it has its exciting moments all the same. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Butley—Alan Bates, continuously onstage and in continuous eruption, as a miserable teacher at the University of London bent on making everyone around him feel as unhappy as he does. The author, Simon Gray, has found the means of making Butley sympathetic; he has also given him wonderfully funny lines to utter. An excellent comedy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 24.)

The Cherry Orchard—An extremely interesting production under Michael Schultz's direction. The all-black cast includes Gloria Foster, James Earl Jones, Ellen Holly, and Earle Hyman, among others. Josephine Premice gives a wonderful performance as Charlotta, the governess and amateur sleight-of-hand artist. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Don Juan in Hell—Shaw's great debate with himself on a favorite topic—the Life Force and how to harness it. With Ricardo Montalban, Edward Mulhare, Paul Henreid, and Agnes Moorehead. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. May close Saturday, Feb. 10.)

Shay Duffin as Brendan Behan—A one-man show of selections from the lively and altogether extraordinary writings of the late Irish dramatist. Mr. Duffin's performance, while hardly extraordinary, is quite lively, too. (Abbey, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Finishing Touches—Barbara Bel Geddes and Robert Lansing in Jean Kerr's new comedy. Joseph Anthony directed. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 6-7. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 8. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Freeman—A play by Phillip Hayes Dean, directed by Lloyd Richards. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 24.)

Green Julia—A rather silly but nimble comedy by a gifted young English dramatist named Paul Ableman about a pair of college roommates who never stop playing games. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Jockey Club Stakes—An irresistible, old-fashioned English comedy by William Douglas Home, starring Wilfrid Hyde-White, Robert Coote, and Geoffrey Sumner. (Cort, 48th St., E. 489-6302. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Last of Mrs. Lincoln—A star vehicle for Julie Harris, who really is a star. The author is James Prideaux. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 4.)

Medea—Irene Papas as the proud and passionate barbarian princess who teaches her errant husband a lesson, and what a lesson! The adaptation and the direction are by Minos Volanakis. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Much Ado About Nothing—In which to be young and in love is very Heaven, if not necessarily very Shakespeare. With Kathleen Widdoes, Sam Waterston, and a merry company. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The lively rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the sharp, clever lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright, nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has

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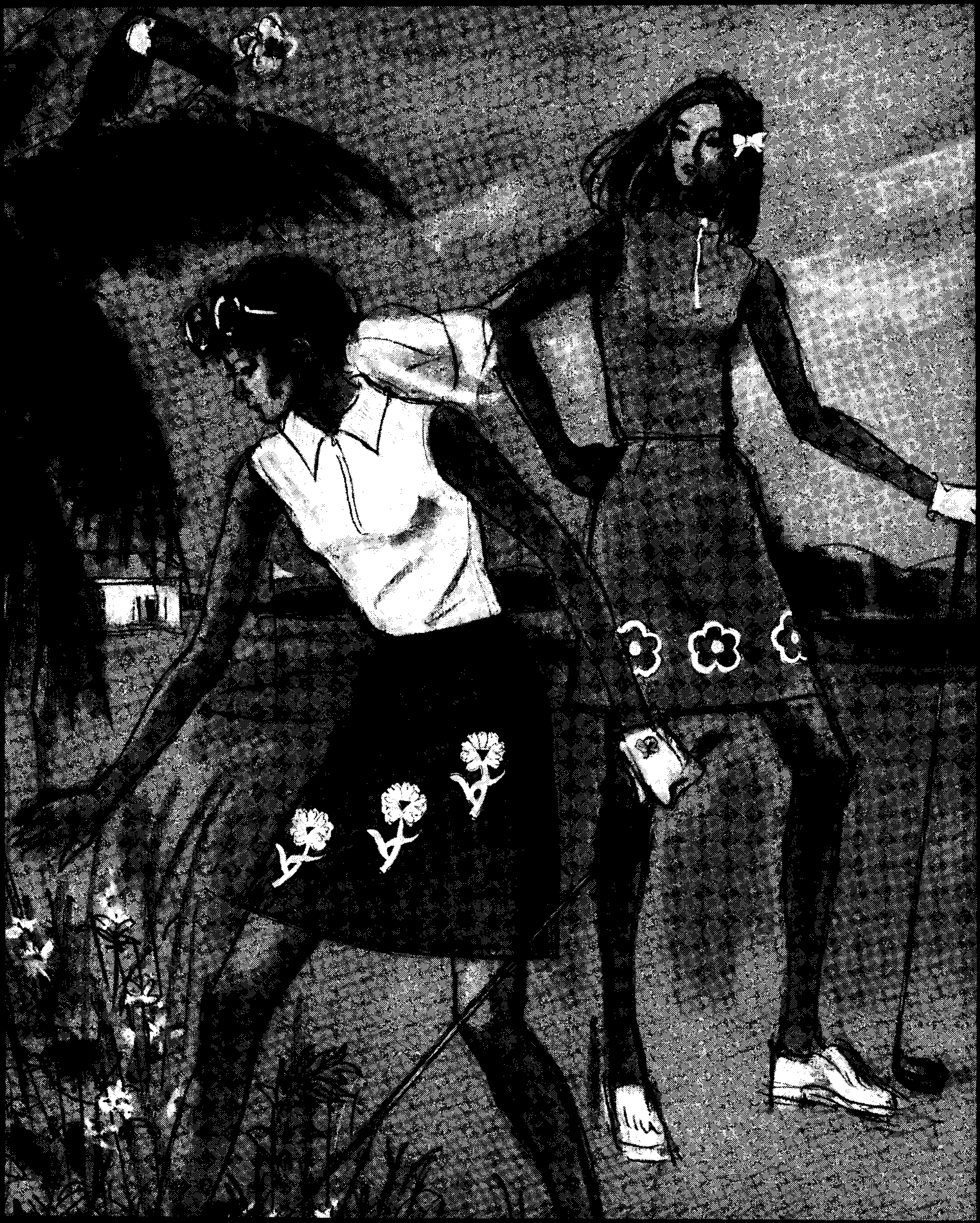

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PLAY'S THE THING—A revival of Ferenc Molnar's comedy in P. G. Wodehouse's adaptation. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 31. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE REBBITZEN FROM ISRAEL—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

A RECENT KILLING—A play by Imamu Amiri Baraka. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. OR 4-1414. Fridays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 11.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Sean O'Casey's **THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS**, with Jack MacGowran and Roberta Maxwell. The second in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 10.)

A REPERTORY WORKSHOP—Thirteen plays presented as the second in this season's series of four offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. Wednesday, Jan. 31: "Galavantin' Husband," by Milburn Davis, and "The Death of Little Marcus," by Herman Johnson.... ¶ Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 1-4: "Johnnas," by Bill Gunn, and "Playstreet," by Ted Harris.... ¶ Tuesday through Friday, Feb. 6-9: "Crocodiles" and "The Riddle of the Palm Leaf," by Femi Euba.... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 10-11, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 13-14: "The Yellow Pillow," by John Perkins. (St. Marks Playhouse Studio, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18.)

THE RIVER NIGER—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

SHELTER—Marcia Rodd and Terry Kiser in a musical with a book and lyrics by Gretchen Cryer and music by Nancy Ford. Austin Pendleton directed. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 31. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 1. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SIAMESE CONNECTIONS—A gloomy, murky bore, set on a ghost-ridden farm. (Public Theatre Annex, 442 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

6 RMS RIV VU—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander meet, flirt, make love, and part, all in the course of some twenty-four hours in a vacant apartment on Riverside Drive. Bob Randall wrote the play, such as it is. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE SUNSHINE BOYS—Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of acerbic old clowns are sufficient reasons to view this characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MARK TWAIN TONIGHT!—A single benefit performance of Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

WEDDING BAND—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee, in the leading role, and the actors who support her are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

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LONG RUNS—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,310 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 4.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Martha Raye, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Wednesday and Friday and Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 4.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon writes very funny lines, and they are being delivered by Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND** and **AFTER MAGRITTE:** Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SUGAR:** A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Scènes de Ballet," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," "The Cage," "Serenade in A," and "The Song of the Nightingale."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Violin Concerto" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2: "Violin Concerto," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Piano-Rag-Music," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Serenade," "Dim Lustre," and "The Song of the Nightingale."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 4, at 1: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Violin Concerto," "Serenade in A," and "The Song of the Nightingale."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 4, at 7: "Jewels."... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 8: "The Concert," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Concerto No. 2," "Watermill," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Concerto No. 2," "Pas de Deux," "Piano-Rag-Music," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Dumbarton Oaks," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "The Song of the Nightingale," and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "The Concert." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

MAZOWSZE—Over a hundred Polish folk dancers, singers, and musicians, plus a symphony orchestra, in a two-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 11.)

MISCELLANY

AMERICAN MIME THEATRE—A company of eight in a new work entitled "Evolution," directed by Paul J. Curtis. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8:15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-0468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Twelfth Street Rag" and similar selections. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Folk singer Jerry Jeff Walker will be here through Monday, Feb. 5. Chi Coltrane, a Chicago-bred girl who sings, composes, and plays piano, will turn up on Wednesday, Feb. 7. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. Wednesday, Jan. 31, guitarist Roland Prince will be in charge of a trio. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 1-4, composer-pianist Bobby Timmons will lead a trio, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 6-7, drummer Omar Clay will lead one. Mondays are for soul music. Entertainment nightly from nine to two (Mondays from eight).

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Pianist Duke Jordan will play with a bassist through Saturday, Feb. 3. Richie Beirach, piano, and Frank Tusa, bass, arrive Monday, Feb. 5. Nine-thirty to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Marian McPartland, for whose seemingly innate technique the piano might have been invented, is doing jazz a service five nights a week in this old, faintly anachronistic room. Her capable assistants are drummer Joe Corsello and bassist Rusty Gilder. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Teddy Wilson, one of the rocks upon which the contemporary jazz piano was built, is playing in his flawless way, in company with bassist Al Bruno. On Sundays, Dick Hyman fills in at the keyboard. These people are on the scene between eight and one. Saturdays and Sundays, from three to seven, blues-and-gospel singer Brother John Sellers performs, backed by piano and guitar.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk (and not necessarily first-rate, either)—entertain. A group called St. Elmo's Fire will be around through Saturday, Feb. 3. Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (473-9093)—A belowstairs boxcar-shaped coffeehouse, in which one can sit on wooden benches or dance, depending. A twenty-nine-piece band called Brownie's Revenge is onstage Wednesdays. Chico Hamilton's quintet plays Thursdays through Saturdays. Sundays, from two to eight, there is a hootenanny. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed jazz piano of Ellis Larkins, who performs with bassist Al Hall Tuesdays through Saturday from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Feb. 4, from five until eight—before their regular session—Larkins and Hall will do an all-Cole Porter program. Mondays, another jazz duo plays. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Where the six-stringed instrument gets the hearing it deserves. At the moment, Jim Hall, one of the world's finest jazz guitarists, is working with a bassist. Acoustic-guitarist David Qualey is on the same program. Starting Tuesday, Feb. 6, guitarist Sam Brown and a bassist will play opposite Mr. Qualey. Shows Tuesday through Saturday at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. A Deep South kitchen, albeit a limited one.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, slick midtown home, this club seems to be doing well with a policy that—for a fairly stiff door charge and drink minimum—offers two high-level jazz outfits each night. Dizzy Gillespie, master trumpeter, will pilot his quintet through Saturday, Feb. 3. The alternating combo is a trio headed by pianist Monty Alexander. Beginning Monday, Feb. 5, the groups will be a quintet led by keyboard man and flugelhorn player Chuck Mangione, and a trio led by pianist Duke Pearson, with vocalist Joe Williams. Music until three or four every night but Sunday, when Duke Pearson's seventeen-piece band is present until one.

Hilly's on the Bowery, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (777-8500)—One of the longest bars in this or any other city, beautifully lighted by neon beer signs. Drummer Rashied Ali is conducting his quintet Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-forty-five until closing. Chili and hamburgers are available. The location is not quite as *louche* as it sounds.

Horn & Hardart, 1557 Broadway, at 47th St.—Well, yes. Live rock and dancing at the old Automat, and it makes a hipper setting than one might suppose. The place is still a cafeteria most of the week, but on Fridays and Saturdays, between nine and one, the lights are dimmed, musicians appear, and a pleasantly motley crowd sits at tables in the big, candy-striped room. A trio led by electric-pianist and singer Irene Hartfield is performing, as is Gene Harbin, a singer who possesses not only a funky style but a really good voice. On a recent Friday, a heavyset woman in her sixties, wearing floppy trousers, was observed swinging on the dance floor with a thin gentleman in a brown suit. Soon afterward—while Harbin was singing "Alone Again, Naturally"—two young couples tried to do the Lindy. They didn't do it very well (they must have learned it from watching old movies), but they looked happy. Still later, while Ms. Hartfield was singing a slow "Didn't We?," the floor was filled with people holding their partners. When the music was down and driving, the dancers rocked and rolled. On the sidewalk, passersby stood and gazed through the plate-glass windows. Light dishes are served—a cheese board, for example—and so are alcoholic drinks. There is a two-dollar admission charge. The automatic food windows are not in service.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Lance Hayward gets some impressive sounds out of the piano every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young takes his place. Fridays and Saturdays, bassist Lyn Christie participates. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—Another new jazz club, this one being a long, narrow bar-and-back-room with seashells and other marine devices on the walls. Organist Charles Earland will be leading his supercharged five-piece group—with the admirable Pete Yellin on sax—through Sunday, Feb. 4. Roy Haynes, an expert and powerful drummer, will bring in a quintet on Tuesday, Feb. 6. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Roy Eldridge. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A new, large restaurant (once a Toots Shor establishment) with a ceiling as high as a mastodon's eye. In the circular bar, pianist Barry Harris and bassist Larry Davis are turning out some well-planned, well-played jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until one. A comprehensive menu. Closed Sundays. No music Mondays.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-0802)—The New York Dolls are a group of boys who get quite outlandish and bizarre and make you think of Mick Jagger and David Bowie and all kinds of extreme people and weird ideas and wiggy behavior and so forth and so on, and it is all very exciting—unless they happen to make you sick. They will be here through Sunday, Feb. 4. Singer-composer David Buskin arrives Tuesday, Feb. 6. Shows beginning at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring entertainers. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings. Through Monday, Feb. 5, singer-pianist Biff Rose will share the stage with singer-songwriter-guitarist Bruce Springsteen. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **BLUE ROOM CABARET,** on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing at ten and midnight each night.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Dave McKenna plays from nine to one. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinettist Woody Allen takes time out from his other interests to lead a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper-West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Singer and guitarist Bobby Hebb, the composer of "Sunny," which became an instant standard a few years back, is leading a trio from ten until three Thursdays through Saturdays. No live music the rest of the week.

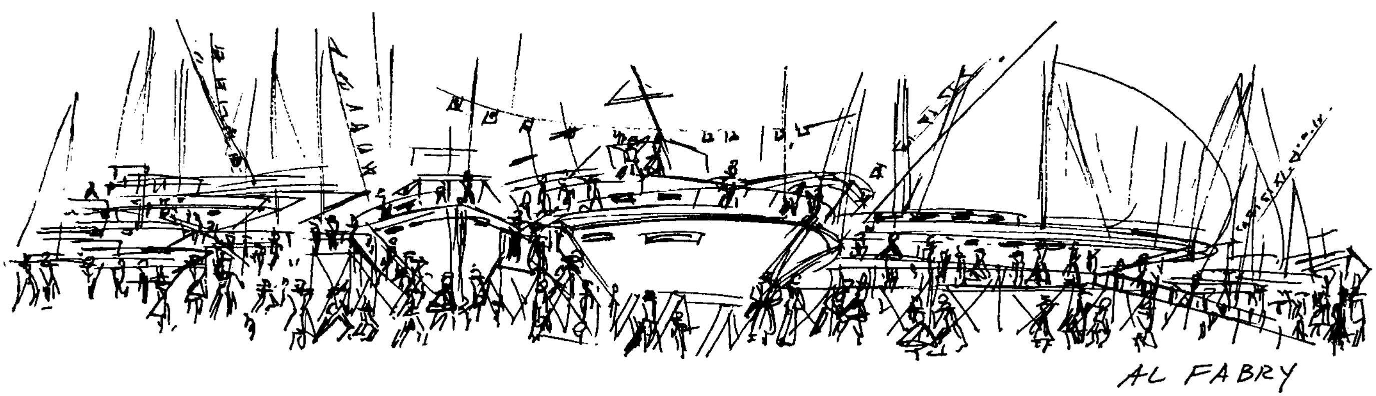
Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, Patti Wicks plays a full-bodied jazz piano and sings, accompanied by bassist Perry Lind, in this relaxed club. Sundays and Mondays are silent. Dining.

Onliest Place, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Formerly the Half Note (which recently moved to midtown) and now under new management, this little club is located two miles west of Nowhere, but it offers jazz of a fairly high calibre. Pianist Cedar Walton will be in charge of a quartet through Sunday, Feb. 4. Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz will bring in a quartet on Tuesday, Feb. 6, to trade sets with two fine guitarists, Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Closed Mondays.

Rafiki, 181 Bleecker St. (473-8220)—Warm surroundings and friendly people (appropriately enough, since "*rafiki*" means "friend" in Swahili). Also, a wide-ranging soul-food menu. Drummer John Lewis will direct a trio that includes electric-violinist John Blair Thursdays through Saturdays, Feb. 1-3 and 8-10. Eight until two.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1368)—This new restaurant, which uses a sailboat as its logo, has started to make waves. The spacious front portion is reserved for dining. In the rear—a roofed-over courtyard—singer-host Jimmie Daniels, pianist Sammy Benskin, and vocalist Teddi King keep New York's supper-club tradition alive at nine and eleven Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five Thursdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, there is a showcase for new entertainers. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel


AL FABRY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mercer, who knows how things were when the world was young, sits and charms her followers with songs—more recited than sung these days—that offer a distillation of wisdom through well-considered experience. Jimmy Lyon is her accompanist. She arrives Thursday, Feb. 1. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Two rooms above a Greek-French restaurant, with a couple of non-woodburning fireplaces and some remembrances of things past. Guitarist Gene Bertoncini and bassist Linc Milliman play their own sets and accompany vocalist Jane Harvey. Singer-pianist William Roy serves up some polished, show-biz things. Nine-thirty to two every night except Sunday and Monday.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small and attractive bar (dig the ceiling lights) in which some good musicians are in evidence Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty. Fridays and Saturdays, Feb. 2-3 and 9-10, vibraharpist Akbar Kahn will guide a trio. Snacks.

Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—This jazz club, formerly well known as the Five Spot, is back in business, with music provided by electric-pianist Dave Matthews and electric-bassist Midge Pike. Ten to two every night but Sunday. Italian food.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Bu Pleasant, a newcomer to the New York night-club circuit, plays a solid organ and sings in a compelling, jazz-oriented voice. On Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman alternates with Ms. Pleasant. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2-3, drummer Art Blakey will present the latest edition of his Jazz Messengers. Mondays are problematical, with new talent showing up.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A basement *boîte* where history is sometimes made. On Wednesday, Jan. 31, trumpeter Marvin Peterson's seven-piece band, which is known as Hannibal, will play. Thursday through Monday, Feb. 1-5, the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band will appear. Bassist Charles Mingus arrives with his quintet on Tuesday, Feb. 6. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-0723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz and piano and bass by Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday and by Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday. Eight until two.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a new portmanteau revue, is on view at nine and eleven every night but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian Brauerei, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brassbandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Little Marcelo, as proud a peacock as ever strutted the Lusitanian plains, hardly ever keeps his feet on the ground when he and his ballet troupe take off at dinner and supper. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO SUITE,** a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

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Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The Golddiggers, a nine-strong girl glee club, and pop singer Rick Daniels will be succeeded on Thursday, Feb. 1, by the Temptations, that bundle of en-masse singing and en-masse choreography. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music begins at ten. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT,** where every prospect pleases, the dance music during the dinner hours issues from Mark Monte's orchestra and the Teddy Diamond trio, while the supper hours are devoted to a London-style discothèque. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The **CAFÉ** has a seven-day week, with Phil Wayne's dance crew calling the tunes through Saturday, Feb. 3, and Herb Winner's threesome Sunday through Saturday, Feb. 4-10.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** the Dick Lewis orchestra is putting forth dance tunes Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Singers Daniel & Dimitri make their appearances at dinner and supper. On Monday, Feb. 5, Kelly Garrett, a young lady given to song, will succeed D. & D. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Sig and Gary, a brace of strolling musicians, disport themselves in the **GREEN TULIP** from five to ten. Discothèque dancing from ten until one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violin-and-piano music susurrates from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and from eight until midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine until one Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Singer Yvonne Elliman and Stan Getz's foursome finish their words-and-music display on Saturday, Feb. 3. On Monday, Feb. 5, the Cab Calloway Show will arrive. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from seven o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A Fortnight of Greece, combining the talents of Greek chefs, dancers, singers, and musicians, will come to a close on Sunday, Feb. 4.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE,** that venerable aristocrat of the dining table, is setting forth, at dinner and supper, the solo piano of Oscar Peterson. Anthony Terini's orchestra and trio are in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays and Wednesday, Jan. 31.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that might please some playboy of some polyvinyl Western world. Three times nightly, there is a spangly floor show. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

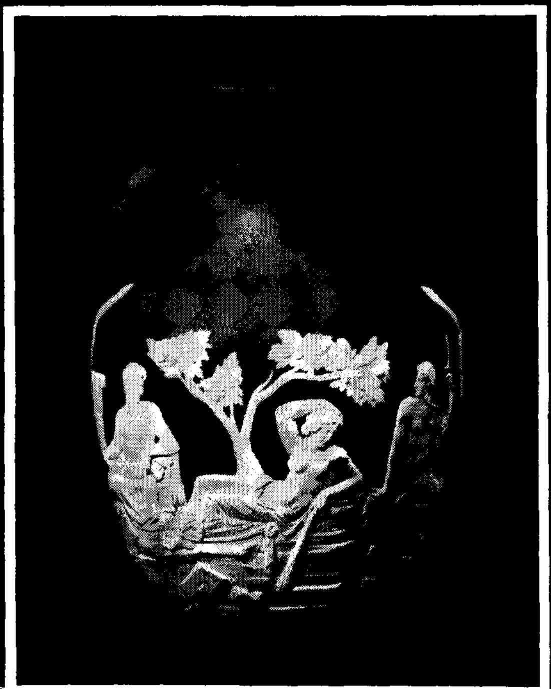
(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. There's piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from cocktails until whenever. (After nine-thirty, it's by Charlie La Torella.). . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1500): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The visitor who arrives unaware soon discovers that the restaurant is really a *schola cantorum, operatic division,* for every man jack of the staff. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner and supper hours and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **FRANK'S PLACE,** 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): For cocktails and early dining, Norman Kubrin sings with *élan* and plays a spinet with finesse. He is present Mondays through Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. No music Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song by Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): On a lower deck of Iperbole, and one that is distinctly not steerage, the Three Romans, a dance triad, inhabit a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive,* but the restaurant is always *piano.* . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Robert Poitevin, whose piano once sent Piaf's songs on their wistful way, is in evidence from five to one every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Candlelight and memorable melodies. The piano is manned by Marty Berns from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the piano of Gene Bradley from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty). Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A hospice at the top of the stairs that leads from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F.B.I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by pianist Mur-



The Legendary Portland Vase

in a new limited edition

The original of the Portland Vase, which dates back to the first century, was excavated outside Rome. It was later named for the Duchess of Portland who bought the vase at auction in 1786. Today, the ancient treasure is on view at the British Museum.

Josiah Wedgwood, (1730-1795), long interested in the reproduction of antiquities, borrowed the Vase and spent years duplicating its extraordinary blue-black color and carved figures in shallow relief. When at last he succeeded, a limited number of copies were made, a few of which have found their way into museums.

Today, Wedgwood proudly offers a new limited edition of the Vase in the Portland Blue color. Each includes a romantic destiny of its own. Shown here—number one of fifty. 10½" high. $6000. At Marshall Field & Company. Fine China on Two.

Marshall Field & Company

There's nothing like it back home.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ray Grand, who was on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol. His hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, from eight to two. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): *Sort of a Roman* den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and a set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal. George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **LAIR**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): A medieval resting place in which Larry Oleno charms the figures out of their niches Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. Calm voice, confident piano. . . . **NIRVANA**, penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): The view alone approximates Nirvana, but there is more: the sitar of Arooj Lazewal, the drums and tabla of Badal Roy, and Bangladesh cuisine. Music every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session, in the King's Inn from seven to nine, and in the Gold Room from nine to eleven. Monday through Friday is the extent of this pleasant idea.

ART

(Unless *otherwise noted*, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RICHARD AHNTHOLZ—Landscape, still-life, and figure paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABE AJAY—Wall sculptures consisting of painted canvas panels combined with modular forms constructed in white polyester; through Feb. 17. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

KAROO ASHEVAK—Carvings in whalebone of human figures and animals, often humorous, by an Eskimo; through Feb. 15. (American Indian Arts Center, 1042 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ALICE BABER—Streaming circles and ovals in high-keyed colors; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Sachs, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

JIM BALLARD—Abstract oil paintings on canvas, which hang on rods; first one-man show here. Through Feb. 28. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BEAL—Figure paintings, pastel landscapes, *and charcoal drawings by a realist; starting* Saturday, Feb. 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

LARRY BELL—New sculptures by a West Coast artist known for his glass constructions; through Wednesday, Feb. 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH BEUYS—The first one-man show here of the work of this leading German conceptual artist and art-world performer; it consists of drawings since 1947, multiples, and information (video tape, photographs) about the artist and his ideas. Through Feb. 14. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

MEL BOCHNER—Two works: one is of an arrangement of stones and masking tape on the floor, the other is made of small pieces of wood on a tabletop; through Feb. 17. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

VICTOR BRAUNER (1903-66)—Paintings of fantastic creatures by a Surrealist; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

ERNEST BRIGGS—New paintings by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through Feb. 15. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

PHILIPPE CHOMIENNE—Paintings, all in blue, by a Frenchman; first one-man show here. Through Feb. 20. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

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DOROTHY DEHNER—Abstract bronzes and related drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

RONALDO DE JUAN—Thickly painted Abstract Expressionist canvases by an Argentinian; through Feb. 24. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

TIM DEVERELL—Biomorphic imagery in a monochromatic framework; through Feb. 14. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

SONJA EISENBERG—Paintings of vaguely highlighted natural shapes; starting Tuesday, Feb. 6. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

AUGUSTIN FILIPOVIC—Highly polished abstract bronzes by a Yugoslav; through Feb. 15. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

SHERRON FRANCIS—Color-field paintings with brush strokes that form in the center; through Feb. 14. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ARSHILE GORKY (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings; through March 10. (Feigen, 27 E. 70th St.)

SANTE GRAZIANI—Realistic paintings in high-keyed colors, sometimes related to well-known works by other artists; starting Saturday, *Feb. 3. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave.,* at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ILISE GREENSTEIN / ALICE LANDES—All-white abstract paintings. / Black female figures. (Kuhlik, *23* E. 67th St. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE HERRIMAN (1878-1944)—Twenty-five framed Sunday pages and twenty-five pages in portfolio of cartoons of Krazy Kat, drawn from 1916 to 1923; starting Tuesday, Feb. 6. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

RAY JOHNSON—Collages representing the history of the Parsons Gallery; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

DONALD JUDD—Structures in various materials by a leading Minimalist; through Saturday, *Feb. 3. (Castelli, 420 W. Broadway.)*

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ—Two hundred and four photographs taken between 1912 and 1972—over half of them never before exhibited or published—by one of the great masters of the camera. Kertész's most characteristic works have the strange and disturbing imagery of dreams and are couched in a dream's atmosphere of utter ordinariness and familiarity. A *man carrying a table on his head through the* empty streets of Paris; an incongruous, oversize classical statue in a Budapest back yard, photographed just as a chunky old lady scurries into the house; a leopard on a chain sprawled serenely in the middle of a driveway leading to a mysterious ivy-covered building; an old man and woman standing before a high wood fence and watching something through a space between the boards—these are some of the memorable Freudian *koans on view here. Kertész was one of the* first photographers to see that time is the artistic as well as the mechanical matrix of photography, and his early work helped to change photography from the static painting-oriented medium it was at the beginning of the century into the dynamic, discrete art form it has since become. Throughout his career, Kertész has been drawn to activities that convey the feeling of time passing, and among his quiet, almost dull pictures of people reading, listening, and watching are to be found some of his most powerful works. The photographs of artists and writers taken in Paris in the twenties and thirties (Brancusi, Vlaminck, Colette, Eisenstein, Chagall, and *others) have an ironic edge as well as great* beauty of composition, and various pictures of animals, trees, flowers, children, and domestic objects round out the show's picture of a life spent in the absorption of life as well as in the pursuit of art. People's faces as they look at Kertész's photographs have an *uncanny resemblance to the faces* in Cartier-Bresson's photographs. The excellent prints—some of them large, grainy blowups—are by Al Striano and George Figueroa, of Modernage, and the exhibit was conceived and compiled by Margaret Weiss. Through Feb. 28. (Hallmark Gallery, 720 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, 9 to 7.)

FRANK KLEINHOLZ—Paintings expressing something of life in the city; through Feb. 17. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH AND PRIMAROSA KURHAJEC—A husband-and-wife show: metal sculptures by the hus*band and box assemblages by the wife;* through Feb. 17. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

MORRIS LOUIS—More veil-like and stripe paintings; through Feb. 20. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT MANGOLD—Shaped canvases by a Minimalist; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES MCGARRELL—Slightly surreal paintings; through Friday, Feb. 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

CARL MORRIS—Large paintings with references to nature shapes; starting Monday, Feb. 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ROBERT NATKIN—Abstract paintings in rich colors; through Feb. 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. *Closed Mondays.)*

PATSY NORVELL / LAURACE JAMES—Wall pieces of pleated and ruffled paper and fabric. / Viewer-manipulated kinetic constructions of rope and wood. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Starts Saturday, Feb. 3. Closed Mondays.)

CARL-HENNING PEDERSEN—Expressionist paintings with suggestions of organic forms, by a member of the Cobra group; starting Tuesday, Feb. 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

DOLLY PERUTZ—Bronzes and encaustics of animal forms; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

WILLIAM PETTET—Abstract paintings, many of them large; starting Tuesday, Feb. 6. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

CAROLYN PLOCHMANN—Romantic subjects done in *oil, watercolor, and mixed mediums; through* Saturday, Feb. 3. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

ROGELIO POLESELLO—Paintings and free-standing sculptures, plus columns with inserted lenses that reflect the paintings and members of the audience; through Feb. 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

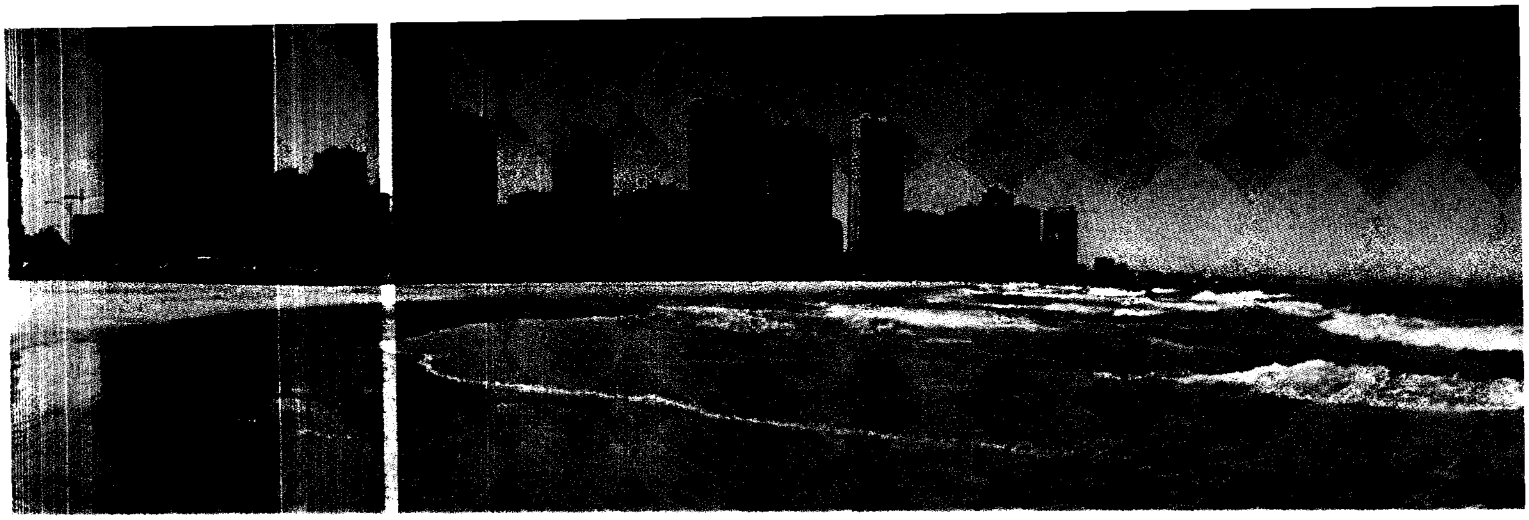
EARL REIBACK—Projections of moving light in intense colors; through Feb. 17. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP REISMAN—Paintings, often humorous, of New York City scenes and types, by a veteran realist; *through Feb.* 15. (Martin Luther King, Jr., Labor Center, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 4, and Monday and Thursday evenings, 6 to 8.)

CORNELIS RUHTENBERG—Paintings of scenes from everyday life; through Friday, Feb. 2. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RAYMOND SAUNDERS—One large painting of Jack Johnson, the prizefighter, and collages incorporating elusive personal signatures—ticket stubs, calendar slips, messages, and drawings of animals, figures, and lipsticks. Smaller drawings, which reflect the artist's recent trip to Africa, are also on show. Through Feb. 17. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEE SAVAGE—Realistic figure paintings; starting



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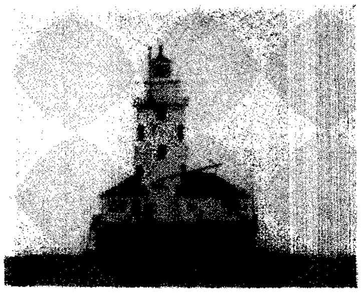

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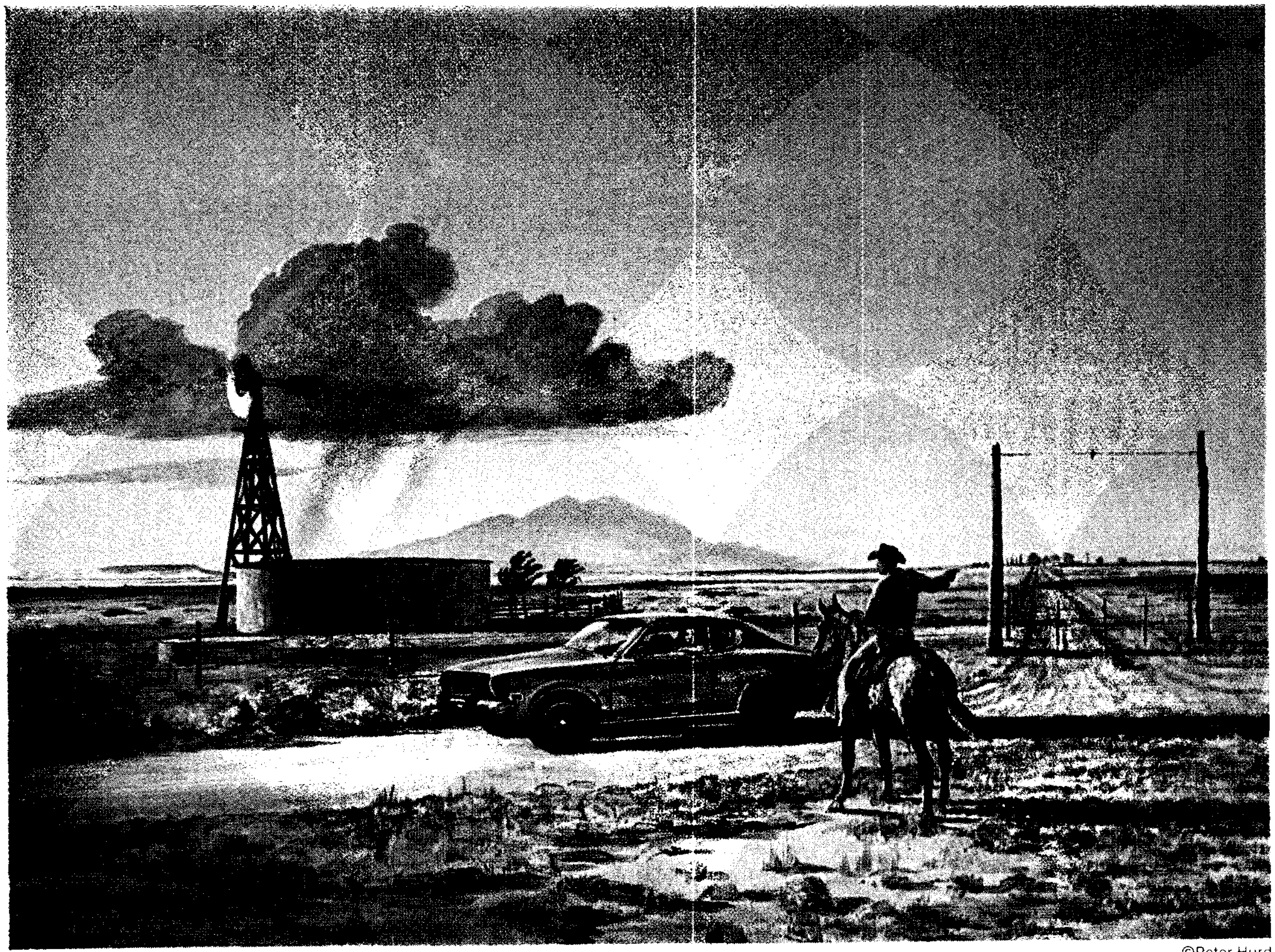

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Feb. 3. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Toti Scieloja / Ettore Colla (1896-1968)—Serial abstractions that emphasize color relationships. / Assemblages of found machine parts and wood. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Through Feb. 17. Closed Mondays.)

William Scott—Paintings of plates, bowls, cups, and pans, reduced to simplified abstract forms in placid arrangements, by a well-known artist of the British Isles; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Segal—Front and rear views, in relief, of nudes: a new development added to this artist's familiar plaster-cast tableaux; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

David Shapiro—Abstract paintings; starting Tuesday, Feb. 6. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Alan Siegel—Abstract forms on box-shaped, sand-colored grounds; through Feb. 15. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Five large sculptures composed of welded-steel parts and ready-made forms such as cylinders and I beams; starting Tuesday, Feb. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jim Sullivan—Boldly colored abstractions; through Feb. 14. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Walasse Ting—Paintings that consist of spatterings of high-keyed pigments on a one-color ground; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Cy Twombly—Drawings of the last decade by an artist known for his "scribblings;" through Tuesday, Feb. 6. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Dewain Valentine—Sculptures by a California abstractionist who works in plastic; through Feb. 17. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints emphasizing New York scenes by an early American modernist; through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Marian Warzecha—Abstract collages based on mathematical calculations and containing some figurative elements, by a Pole; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Landry-Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Zakanych—Four abstract paintings; through Feb. 18. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **alonzo**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Small paintings, sculptures, wall hangings, mobiles, watercolors, drawings, and collages by Don David, Lynne Drexler, Martin Hurtig, Golda Lewis, and others; through Feb. 17. (Closed Mondays.). . . **artist house**, 131 Prince St.: Abstract silver paintings by Joe Barnes, thickly colored abstractions by Haywood Rivers, and Expressionist bronze sculptures of horses by Fred Farr; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.). . . **cooper**, 100 Prince St.: Works from the early sixties by Andre, De Maria, di Suvero, Mangold, and Ryman, among others; through Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **cordier & ekstrom**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures, from the third century B.C. to the present, on the subject of the imperishable male; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Christensen, Poons, Noland, and others; starting Friday, Feb. 2. (Closed Mondays.). . . **graham**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures juxtaposed with works of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; starting Tuesday, Feb. 6. . . . **hutchinson**, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.: Works on paper by fourteen gallery artists; through Feb. 20. (Closed Mondays.). . . **hutton**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: About fifty pieces of American folk art; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **knoedler**, 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings and drawings by European masters of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Saturday, Feb. 10. . . . **landmark**, 469 Broome St.: Three women and one man; through Feb. 16. (Closed Mondays.). . . **larcada**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by Berman, Demuth, Kent, Spencer, Weir, Stuempfig, and others; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **lowenstein library gallery**, 60th St., between Columbus and Tenth Aves.: Paintings by nine well-known women—Baber, Campbell, Dunkelman, Edgar, Lansner, Roos, Schwartz, Speyer, and Wechter; starting Monday, Feb. 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 8:30 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 5.) . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Cadmus, Thon, Vickrey, and Hale; through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . **o.k. harris**, 465 West Broadway: Sculptures by Bill Bollinger and Alan Bermowitz and paintings by Eleanore Mikus; starting Saturday, Feb. 3. (Closed Mondays.). . . **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, Walkowitz, and others; through March 17. (Closed Mondays.). . . **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Works on paper by Klee, Matisse, Moore, Picasso, and others; through Feb. 17. (Closed Mondays.). . . **washburn**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the nineteen-forties exhibited by Baroness Hilla Rebay, then director of the Museum of Non-Objective Painting, now the Guggenheim; through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . **westbroadway**, 431 West Broadway: Paintings by Saundra Gellis, Suzi Ferrer, and George Szekely; through Feb. 16. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—About sixty outstanding East Indian sculptures, paintings, costumes, textiles, armor, and jewelry, from 2700 B.C. to the nineteenth century, taken from the Museum's collection; through April 1. . . . ¶ Twenty-six nineteenth-century American landscape paintings from the Museum's collection; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Sixty-five examples by the Photo-Secessionists, who, by emulating the art of their day, sought to establish photography as an art form; through March 15. . . . ¶ Ten pairs of portraits of husbands and wives by Dutch painters of the seventeenth century: Rembrandt, Memling, Hals, and others; through March 4. . . . ¶ Seven masterpieces from the Minneapolis Institute of Arts: Rembrandt, El Greco, Correggio, Matisse, and others. . . . ¶ About thirty objects—embroidered and painted silks, Ming porcelains, ceramics, and fans—made in China, from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, for export to the West; through March 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty examples of African textiles and body ornaments; through Wednesday, Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings by Jean Dubuffet, which survey his career as a draftsman from 1944 to 1966; through Feb. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty sculptures and drawings executed between 1965 and 1970 by Eva Hesse (1936-70), well-known Minimalist; through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ First museum exhibit in America by Ferdinand Hodler (1853-1918), a Swiss. It consists of approximately a hundred and ten Symbolist and Art Nouveau paintings and drawings. Starts Friday, Feb. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A biennial survey of contemporary American painting and sculpture, which is replacing the Whitney Annual. The first stage will close March 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eighteenth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints; through Sunday, Feb. 4. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"And Then There Were None," a continuous slide-showing of extinct and endangered animal species. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Pottery and por-

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celains dating from prehistoric times to the seventeenth century; through Feb. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Photographic and sound documentation of Ulster today by Les Levine; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Sculptures by Boris Lovet-Lorski; through March 11. (Daily except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Seventy-four works, including screens, panel paintings, lacquer ware, metalwork, and ceramics, done in Japan in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries and reflecting the influence of the arrival of the Portuguese and Spanish; through Feb. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works showing a Chinese influence by Fima, who was born and educated in China, and figure paintings by Avraham Ofek, an Israeli born in Bulgaria; through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and eighteen Master drawings from the collection of Christ Church, Oxford University; through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ About sixty American bookbindings from the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through Feb. 17. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Eighteenth- and twentieth-century altars used for witchcraft rituals, dolls and other items employed in voodoo, Pennsylvania hexerei, and other aspects of the occult; through March 11. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Ten years ago, a ceramics instructor named Harvey Littleton and eight of his students built a furnace in a garage on the grounds of the Toledo Museum of Art and gamely tried to revive the ancient art of glassblowing, about which they knew so little that they couldn't even get the furnace hot enough to melt the glass formula. Within a decade of this inauspicious beginning, the studio-glass revival has become a reality, and the show here, entitled "American Glass Now," attests, with over a hundred examples, to the formidable technical mastery achieved during this short period of time. The exhibition also demonstrates that contemporary glassworkers are as capable of lumpishness and inanity as are their counterparts in ceramics, fibre, silver, leather, and chicken feathers. Audrey Handler's "Breakfast" and "Melted Sundae" observes the law that says no craft show may open without some Pop representation of food in it; Richard Marquis' microscopic Lord's Prayer etched on the tiny cross-section of a glass rod satisfies the American Craft Council's futility requirement; and Robert Naess's "Political Cup" provides the obligatory radical heavy breathing. But there are some beautiful and innovative things here, too, among them Jamie Carpenter's and Dale Chihuly's magnificent neo-Art Nouveau leaded-glass door; James L. Tanner's graceful jar filled with a dozen or so balls made of lovely, opalescent Roman-glasslike glass; Harvey Littleton's "Pile Up," a sleek and elegant abstract composition of black, wavy ribbons of glass and small blue- and clear-glass dowels; Dominick Labino's tour de force of delicate pink shapes frozen within a clear glass form, called "Emergence, XII;" and Marvin B. Lipofsky's "Glass Sculpture LT6," a work of cold, strong forms and soft, luminous hues. Through March 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-two masks, sculptures, ceramics, and other examples of the use of the skull as a motif by American Indians; through March 31. . . . ¶ Forty-two Hopi kachina dolls, toys, musical instruments, and other objects; through Feb. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings and sculptures by nearly a hundred women artists, chosen by an all-woman committee; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Works in soft materials—such as string, rubber, cloth, inflatables—by Oldenburg, Serra, Hannah Wilke, and others; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A hundred drawings, most of them done in the nineteen-sixties, by American artists—Flavin, di Suvero, Heizer, Judd, Serra, and Smithson, for instance; through Feb. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors: the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. Through Feb. 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 31: "Macbeth," with Martina Arroyo, Sherrill Milnes, Franco Tagliavini, and Ruggero Raimondi; conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 1: "La Bohème," with Pilar Lorengar, Christine Weidinger, Enrico Di Giuseppe, William Walker, Paul Plishka, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 2: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Colette Boky, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, and Matteo Manuguerra; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 3: "Macbeth," with Martina Arroyo, Sherrill Milnes, Franco Tagliavini, and Ruggero Raimondi; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 3: "Faust," with Colette Boky, Judith Forst, John Alexander, Louis Quilico, and Cesare Siepi; Roberto Benzi. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 5: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Colette Boky, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, and Matteo Manuguerra; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 6: "Rigoletto," with Reri Grist, Joann Grillo, Luciano Pavarotti, Ingvar Wixell, John Macurdy, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 7: "Macbeth," with Martina Arroyo, Sherrill Milnes, Franco Tagliavini, and Ruggero Raimondi; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Pilar Lorengar, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Dominic Cossa, and Nico Castel; Jan Behr. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 9: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Richard Cassilly, Cornell MacNeil, Ruggero Raimondi, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 10: "Rigoletto," with Reri Grist, Joann Grillo, Luciano Pavarotti, Ingvar Wixell, John Macurdy, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 10: A gala benefit performance—Act III of "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Jean Kraft, Franco Tagliavini, Cornell MacNeil, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. Act III of "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Gail Robinson, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; Peter Herman Adler. Act III of Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge. A non-subscription performance; for tickets, call 582-7500. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday and Friday, Feb. 1-2, at 8:30 (with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone); and Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 9, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 7:30 (all with William Masselos, piano).

Czech State Orchestra—Jiří Bělohlávek conducting a Dvořák-Ravel concert, with Václav Hudeček, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—Walter Susskind conducting, with Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, and William Warfield, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Claudio Abbado conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 5, at 8, with Rudolf Serkin, piano; and Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 8, with Maurizio Pollini, piano.)

Boston Symphony—William Steinberg conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 7, and Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:30; no soloists. . . .

Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8, with Theodore Lettvin, piano.). . . ¶ James Levine conducting, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Henry Lewis directing, with Marilyn Horne and Reri Grist, sopranos; Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; and the Newark Boys Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

I Solisti di Zagreb—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with Leonard Rose, cello. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Symphony of the New World—At Philharmonic Hall—Sunday, Feb. 4, at 3: Leonard de Paur conducting, with Rosalind Cash reading from works by black poets, and with Randy Weston, pianist-composer, and other jazz soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 4, at 8: Kermit Moore conducting, with Gloria Foster and Al Freeman, Jr., doing the reading, and with Novella Nelson, Dizzy Gillespie, Yusef Lateef, the Juanita King Singers, and the All-City Concert Choir.

I Musici—The second of two concerts by the Italian chamber orchestra, with Roberto Michelucci, violin, this one an all-Vivaldi program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Janus Chorale of New York—Robert Hickok directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing the third in a series of four Haydn-Mozart programs, this one with Irene Gubrud, soprano; Jane Stevens, contralto; Robert White, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass, and Richard Westenburg, organ. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, Feb. 9, at 7:30. For tickets, call 920-5563.)

RECITALS

Nicolai Gedda and Alexis Weissenberg—Tenor and piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Meyer Kupferman—With Gilbert Kalish, piano, and others, in a concert of new music for clarinet that includes several of his own works. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Berlin String Quartet—A group from East Germany. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8, an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8, a varied program, with Raphael Hillyer, viola. For tickets, call GR 3-1301.)

George and Marc Neikrug—Cello and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Kenneth Cooper—Harpsichord, in a program of eighteenth- and twentieth-century music. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin—Violin and piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 870-5512. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

John Browning and the Fine Arts Quartet—The first in a series of three Mendelssohn-Schumann programs, this one for piano and strings. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 870-5512. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—Flute and harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The first in this season's series of four programs entitled "The Continuing Avant-Garde." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The first in a series of three Mendelssohn / Haydn / late Beethoven concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Ruth Laredo, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; and Jeffrey Solow, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Electronic Music—A program of works by Elias Tanenbaum, with Samuel Baron, flute. (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 8. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

Jeanne-Marie Darré—Piano, in a Chopin-Liszt program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

David Soyer and Lee Luvisi—Cello and piano, in an all-Beethoven recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 870-5512. Friday, Feb. 9, at 7.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski and the New York Woodwind Quintet—An all-Mozart program for piano and winds. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 870-5512. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Rochester Chamber Soloists—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1301.)

Note—Christoph Eschenbach will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 18, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Feb. 5, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

MISCELLANY

Roger Sessions Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Diana Hoagland, soprano; Donald Anderson, cello; Joel Sachs and Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and the Galimir Quartet, with Nobuko Imai, viola. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be a chamber-orchestra concert, conducted by David Amram and Herman Neuman. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 12, at 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 10007, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 5:45: **A GALLERY OF DANCE**, a program of solo and duet works, with Ze'eva Cohen, Raymond Johnson, Cliff Keuter, and Gus Solomons, Jr., and members of their companies. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 5:45: **THELMA CARPENTER.**

J.P.J. Quartet—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8.

Melanie—Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2-3, at 8.

Hannibal—A seven-piece band. (Ornette Coleman's Artist House, 131 Prince St. Friday, Feb. 2, at 9 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 533-2633.)

Jimmy Giuffre Trio—Ornette Coleman's Artist House. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 9 and 11:30.

Eddie Bonnemère—Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 2.

Juju—Six-man African rhythm group. (Ornette Coleman's Artist House. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 7:30.)

Guess Who—Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Feb. 5, at 8.

Jazz at the de Lys—Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, Joe Newman, Bucky Pizzarelli, Lyn Christie, and Bobby Rosengarden. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Stevie Wonder—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8.

Traffic, John Martyn, and Free—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Nets vs. Virginia, Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Dallas, Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Sunday, Feb. 4, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:05.

Boxing—Jerry Quarry vs. Ron Lyle, heavyweights, 12 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 9. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. California, Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 7:35.... ¶ Raiders vs. Quebec, Sunday, Feb. 4, at 1:30.... ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta, Sunday, Feb. 4, at 7:05.... ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 7:35.... **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Chicago, Thursday, Feb. 1.... ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Feb. 3.... ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto, Tuesday, Feb. 6.... ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Feb. 10.

Racing—At **LIBERTY BELL**, Philadelphia: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 3. The Quaker Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 3.... **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 16.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Michael Tilson Thomas conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 12:10 and 2:30.) ... **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN:** "The Gondoliers," Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 3-4, at 4.... ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Feb. 10, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30)... **CHILDREN'S THEATRE INTERNATIONAL:** "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 1 and 3:30.)... **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "Gypsy Adventure." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)... **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Chicken Little." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) ... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Pinocchio." (Jonah B. Wise Community House, 123 E. 55th St. 838-5122. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 2.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "When Earth Became a Planet." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Bette Davis—In an informal interview and discussion with the audience, following a showing of film clips from some of her motion pictures. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 7:30.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Friday, Feb. 2, from 6 to 11; Saturday, Feb. 3, from 10 to 9; and Sunday, Feb. 4, from 1 to 7.)

Architectural Tours—"The Classical Church," a tour focussing on the interior of St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St., will take place on Sunday, Feb. 4. James Dibble will be the cicerone, and an organ concert of eighteenth-century music will be performed by McNeill Robinson. Meets at the Broadway entrance at 1:45. For reservations, call 838-7262.

National Boat Show—The sixty-second annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 31-Feb. 2, from noon to 10; Saturday, Feb. 3, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, Feb. 4, *from noon to 7.*)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2: English and Continental furniture, decorations, clocks, and rugs; from various owners.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 8, at 2, and Friday, Feb. 9, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints by such artists as Dubuffet, Homer, Matisse, and Whistler; from the estate of Edith G. Halpert and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 2.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 31 at 5:30: "Seven Footprints to Satan" (1929), directed by Benjamin Christensen, with Thelma Todd. ...¶ Feb. 1 at 5:30: "The Projectionist" (1970), directed by Harry Hurwitz, with Chuck McCann.... ¶ Feb. 1 at 8: "I Am Suzanne" (1934), directed by Rowland V. Lee, with Lilian Harvey and Gene Raymond. ...¶ *Feb. 2* at *2:* "Thou Shalt Not Covet" (1916), directed by Colin Campbell, with Tyrone Power, Sr.... ¶ Feb. 2 at 5:30 and Feb. 3 at noon: "The Marriage Circle" (1924), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Florence Vidor and Monte Blue.... ¶ Feb. 3 at 3: "Extra Girl" (1923), directed by F. Richard Jones, with Mabel Normand.... ¶ Feb. 3 at 5:30: "Vampyr" (1932), directed by Carl Dreyer.... ¶ Feb. 4 at 12:30 and 3: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), directed by Howard Hawks, with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant.... ¶ Feb. 4 at 5:30: "Phantom" (1922), directed by F. W. Murnau, with Lya de Putti and Alfred Abel.... ¶ Feb. 5 at 2: "And Then There Were None" (1945), directed by René Clair, with Barry Fitzgerald and Walter Huston.... ¶ Feb. 5 at 5:30: "Les Deux Timides" (1928), a French film, directed by René Clair, with Maurice de Feraudy; no English titles.... ¶ Feb. 6 at 2: "Taki No Shiraito" (1933), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.... ¶ Feb. 6 at 5:30: "Souls for Sale" (1923), directed by Rupert Hughes, with Eleanor Boardman and Richard Dix; Czech titles only.... ¶ Feb. 7 at 5:30: "Taki No Shiraito" (1933).... ¶ Feb. 8 at 5:30: "L'Italien des Roses" *(1972), in French, directed by* Charles Matton.... ¶ Feb. 8 at 8: "Blanche" (1971), in French, directed by Walerian Borowczyk, with Michel Simon. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—A retrospective of films by Sergei Eisenstein, from "Strike," of 1924, through "Ivan the Terrible," of 1946. Showings at 6, 8 (except Feb. 6), and 10 (except Jan. 31 and Feb. 3). No Mondays.... **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Jan. 31: Five short films by five different filmmakers.... ¶ Feb. 1-7: "Five Expansions in Vision," by five different directors.... ¶ Starting Feb. 8: Films on three musicmakers (Lightning Hopkins, Okxone, and Dillard Chandler). Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings); on Jan. 31 at 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Feb. 14, 17, 20, 24, and 27, and March 3, 6, 10, and 13.... **NASSAU COLISEUM**, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Feb. 11, 19, 23, 25, and 28, and March 4, 7, 9, 11, and 14.

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 12-13.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Ranger games on Feb. 11, 18, 25, and 28, and March 4, 7, and 11. Raider games on Feb. 11, 21, and 25, and March 3, 4, 5, 10, 12, 14, and 15.... **NASSAU COLISEUM**, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Islander games on Feb. 20, 24, and 27, and March 3, 6, 8, and 13.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** March 1-May 12.... **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: March 10-June 2.

TRACK MEETS—At Madison Square Garden: United States Olympic Invitational, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ National A.A.U. Indoor Championships, Feb. 23.

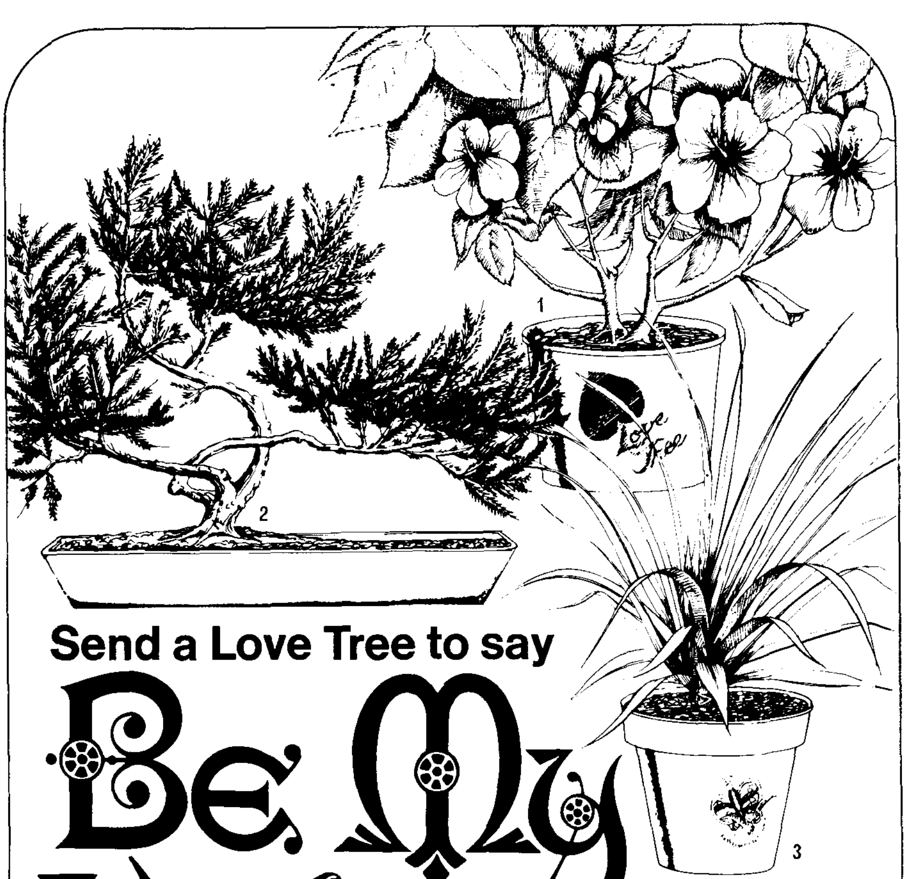
TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: March 2-May 24.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (799-4420): The season continues through April 21. . . . ¶ The Met's project of producing lesser-known classical and contemporary works in a small house—called "Opera at the Forum"—will open in the little Forum Theatre (EX 2-7618), under the Vivian Beaumont, on Feb. 19 with a double bill consisting of Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" and the American première of Maurice Ohana's "Syllabaire pour Phèdre," and will run through March 10. . . . **NEW YORK CITY OPERA**, New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727): The spring season will open on Feb. 21, with Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier," and will run through April 29. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 12. . . . ¶ André Watts, piano, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 12 and 26. . . . ¶ José Iturbi, piano, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, classical guitarist, Feb. 21 and March 9. . . . ¶ The Romeros, guitarists, Feb. 23. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 12-14 and 19. . . . ¶ Alfred Brendel, piano, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Luciano Pavarotti, tenor, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Czech State Orchestra, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Concordia College Choir, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Marilyn Horne, soprano, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Handel Society Orchestra and Chorus, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Minnesota Orchestra, March 9. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Olegna Fuschi, piano, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Feb. 18 and 20 and March 2 and 4. . . . ¶ Eleanor Steber, soprano, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Ruth Laredo, piano, March 7. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (535-5350): Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin, violin and piano, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ John Browning, piano, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, March 4. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Josef Suk, violin, and Jörge Demus, piano, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Itzhak Perlman, violin, March 2. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 10-11. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Julian Bream and John Williams, classical guitarists, March 2.

BALLET—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Feb. 21-April 1.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Warp," a science-fiction trilogy of full-length plays written by Bury St. Edmund and Stuart Gordon, and put on by members of the Organic Theatre Company of Chicago. . . . ¶ A play by Donald Driver, "Status Quo Vadis," with Bruce Boxleitner and Gail Strickland. . . . ¶ A London import, "No Sex, Please—We're British," by Anthony Marriott and Alistair Foot, starring Maureen O'Sullivan and Tony Tanner. . . . ¶ A musical, "A Little Night Music," suggested by the Ingmar Bergman film "Smiles of a Summer Night." Stephen Sondheim wrote the music and lyrics, Hugh Wheeler is responsible for the book, and the cast is headed by Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, and Hermione Gingold. . . . ¶ Michele Lee and Ken Howard in "Seesaw," a musical taken from William Gibson's play "Two for the Seesaw," with a book by Michael Stewart, music by Cy Coleman, and lyrics by Dorothy Fields. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice" will be the third in this season's series of four plays by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. . . . ¶ A two-character Tennessee Williams play, "Out Cry," in which Michael York and Cara Duff-MacCormick will appear. . . . ¶ The Long Wharf Theatre production of David Storey's London play, "The Changing Room." . . . ¶ A revival of the 1919 musical "Irene," with Debbie Reynolds in the title role. Hugh Wheeler did the book based on an original play by James Montgomery as adapted by Harry Rigby. Harry Tierney composed the score, and Joseph McCarthy turned out the lyrics.

OTHER DATES—Lincoln's Birthday is Monday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 17-25. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday will be observed on Monday, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Winter Garden Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Antiques Fair with Gardens, at the Coliseum, March 10-18.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

- **Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
  - Through Feb. 1: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" and "Charles Dead or Alive."
  - Feb. 2-3: "Tokyo Story" and "Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime."
  - Feb. 4-5: "The Idiot" and "The Koumiko Mystery."
  - Feb. 6-7: "The Life of O-Haru" and "The Miracle."
  - From Feb. 8: "Portrait of Jason" and "The Connection."
- **Theatre 80 St. Marks**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
  - Through Feb. 1: "The Guardsman" and "Grand Hotel."
  - Feb. 2-6: "The Hollywood Revue" and "On with the Show."
  - From Feb. 7: "Peg o' My Heart" and "Polly of the Circus."
- **St. Marks Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
  - Through Feb. 6: "The Decameron," "Women in Love," "Simon of the Desert."
  - From Feb. 7: "The Conformist," "Burn!," and "The Touch."
- **Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
  - Through Feb. 1: "Lady Sings the Blues" and "Harold and Maude."
  - From Feb. 2: "The Poseidon Adventure."
- **Kips Bay**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
  - "Fat City."
- **Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
  - "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."
- **34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
  - "The Getaway."
- **Eastside Cinema**, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
  - "Under Milk Wood."
- **Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
  - "The Heartbreak Kid."
- **Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
  - Jan. 31: "Avanti!"
  - From Feb. 1 at 8: "Last Tango in Paris."
- **Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
  - "The First Circle."
- **Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
  - "Travels with My Aunt."
- **Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
  - "Pete 'n' Tillie."
- **Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
  - "Up the Sandbox."
- **R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
  - "Prison Girls."
- **R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
  - Through Feb. 6: "Innocent Bystanders."
  - From Feb. 7: "Black Caesar."
- **Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
  - "Cries and Whispers."
- **Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
  - "The Effect of Gamma Rays."
- **First Avenue Screening Room**, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
  - Jan. 31: "Life Study."
  - Feb. 1-7: "Private Parts."
- **Columbia I**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
  - "Images."
- **Columbia II**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
  - "Young Winston."
- **Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
  - "Steelyard Blues."
- **68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
  - "Traffic."
- **Loews Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
  - "Jeremiah Johnson."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

- **72nd St. Playhouse**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
  - Through Feb. 6: "If I Had a Gun."
  - From Feb. 7: To be announced.
- **Juliet 1**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
  - Through Feb. 6: "A Separate Peace."
  - From Feb. 7: "Snowball Express" and "Lady and the Tramp."
- **Juliet 2**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
  - "Trick Baby."
- **Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
  - To be announced.
- **U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
  - Through Feb. 1: "Fiddler on the Roof."
  - From Feb. 2: "The Poseidon Adventure."
- **Loews Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
  - "The Getaway."
- **Loews Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
  - "Shamus."
- **86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
  - Through Feb. 7: "Sounder."
  - From Feb. 8: "The Harder They Come."
- **R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
  - "Prison Girls."
- **R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
  - Through Feb. 6: "Innocent Bystanders."
  - From Feb. 7: "Black Caesar."

WEST SIDE

- **Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
  - "Two English Girls" and "Stolen Kisses."
- **8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
  - "The Spider's Stratagem."
- **5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
  - "A Very Curious Girl."
- **Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
  - Through Feb. 6: "Play It As It Lays" and "Le Boucher."
  - From Feb. 7: To be announced.
- **Quad Cinema 1**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
  - Through Feb. 1: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" and "The Clowns."
  - Feb. 2: "The Clowns" and "Shame."
  - Feb. 3-4: "Shame" and "Boccaccio '70."
  - Feb. 5-6: "The White Sheik" and "The Touch."
  - From Feb. 7: To be announced.
- **Quad Cinemas 2, 3, and 4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
  - Through Feb. 6: "The Ruling Class," "A Day in the Country," "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice," "Fritz the Cat," and "Oh! Calcutta!"
  - From Feb. 7: To be announced.
- **Elgin**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
  - Through Feb. 1: "The Searchers" and "Fort Apache."
  - Feb. 2-4: "Casablanca" and "The Maltese Falcon."
  - Feb. 5-6: "Roman Scandals" and "The Goldwyn Follies."
  - From Feb. 7: "Wuthering Heights" and "The Little Foxes."
- **R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
  - Through Feb. 6: "Black Gunn" and "The Love Machine."
  - From Feb. 7: "Baron Blood" and "The Thing with Two Heads."
- **Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
  - "Man of La Mancha."
- **Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
  - Through Feb. 7: "The Emigrants."
  - From Feb. 8: "Sounder."
- **Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
  - Jan. 31: "1776."
  - From Feb. 1: "The World's Greatest Athlete."
- **Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
  - "Sleuth."
- **Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
  - "Fellini's Roma."
- **Playboy**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
  - Through Feb. 2: "The Seventh Seal" and "The Virgin Spring."
  - Feb. 3-5: "Smiles of a Summer Night" and "The Magician."
  - Feb. 6-8: "Wild Strawberries" and "The Silence."
- **Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
  - "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
- **Lincoln Art**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
  - Through Feb. 6: "Limelight."
  - From Feb. 7: To be announced.
- **Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
  - "César and Rosalie."
- **Paramount**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
  - "The Effect of Gamma Rays."
- **Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
  - Through Feb. 6: "Fiddler on the Roof."
  - From Feb. 7: "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."
- **Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
  - To be announced.
- **Embassy 72nd St.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
  - "Play It As It Lays."
- **Beacon**, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
  - Through Feb. 6: "Carnal Knowledge" and "The People Next Door."
  - From Feb. 7: To be announced.
- **Loews 83rd St.**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
  - "A Separate Peace."
- **New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
  - "The Sorrow and the Pity."
- **Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
  - "Play It As It Lays."
- **Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
  - Through Feb. 1: "Butterflies Are Free" and "I Never Sang for My Father."
  - Feb. 2-5: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" and "Where's Poppa?"
  - Feb. 6-8: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter."
- **Riverside**, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
  - Through Feb. 6: "Across 110th Street."
  - From Feb. 7: "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."
- **Riviera**, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
  - Through Feb. 1: "Sounder."
  - From Feb. 2: "The Poseidon Adventure."
- **Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
  - Through Feb. 6: "The Ruling Class" and "The Producers."
  - From Feb. 7: "Tokyo Story" and "Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Across 110th Street—With Anthony Quinn, Yaphet Kotto, and Anthony Franciosa, directed by Barry Shear. (Riverside; through Feb. 6.)

Avanti!—With Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills, directed by Billy Wilder. (Trans-Lux East; Jan. 31.)

Baron Blood—With Joseph Cotten and Elke Sommer, directed by Mario Bava. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Feb. 7.)

Black Caesar—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Feb. 7.)

Black Gunn—With Jim Brown and Martin Landau, directed by Robert Hartford-Davis. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 6.)

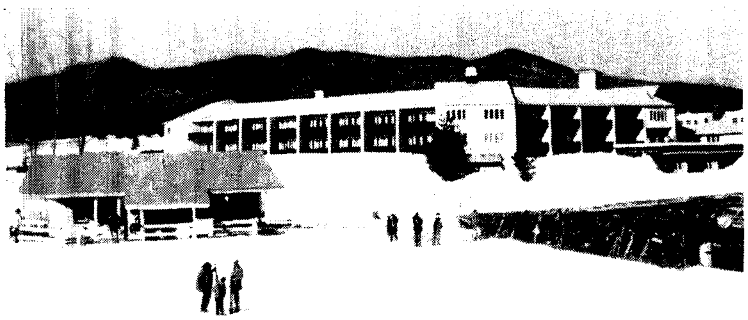
Boccaccio '70 (1962)—The Fellini segment features Anita Ekberg as a big blonde on a gigantic poster advertising milk; the skit is as padded as Ekberg. The Visconti segment is an elegant though overextended sketch featuring Romy Schneider in an attractive performance as a wife who holds her husband (Tomas Milian) by making him pay for her favors. The De Sica segment—the liveliest, and the only one with a Boccaccio flavor—features Sophia Loren as a girl who works with a travelling carnival; in each town she is the prize of a Saturday-night raffle. The way she looks, the whole world would buy tickets. In Italian. (Quad Cinema I; Feb. 3-4.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. ((Greenwich; through Feb. 6.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's passionate, controversial epic about a slave uprising on a Caribbean island, told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur* who personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 7.)

Butterflies Are Free—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Thalia; through Feb. 1.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Beacon; through Feb. 6.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Elgin; Feb. 2-4.)

César and Rosalie—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Paris.)

Charles Dead or Alive—Alain Tanner's Swiss film of 1969, made before his ravishing "La Salamandre." The hero is a fifty-year-old third-generation watchmaker who suddenly starts, on his firm's hundredth anniversary, to undo his soul as if he were taking a watch apart to see the works. There are moments when he seems to feel that the mainspring has broken on him in this politically complex, spirited black-and-white movie. Highly recommended. Michel Simon's son, François, plays the hero very finely. In French. (Art; through Feb. 1.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Quad Cinema 1; through Feb. 2.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 7.)

The Connection (1961)—The film that had four-letter-word censorship troubles. A group of addicts in a New York flat wait for the pusher, Cowboy (Carl Lee), their "connection." Adapted by Jack Gelber from his play, and directed by Shirley Clarke, the film has an experimental aspect: a documentary-film director (William Redfield) and his cameraman are also in the apartment, making a film of the addicts, and thus "The Connection" tries to be a comment on the relationship of artist and subject, as well as on addiction. The painfully obvious scripted dialogue doesn't jibe too well with the conceit of the documentary's being made, and there are some characters (such as a Salvation Army sister) who carry a whiff of antique dramaturgy. With Warren Finnerty, Roscoe Lee Browne, Garry Goodrow, and Jerome Raphel. (Art; starting Feb. 8.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema I.)

A Day in the Country (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Jeanne Marken and Sylvia Bataille are the mother and daughter who are seduced on a family outing on the banks of the Marne; Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Music by Kosma. In French. (Quad Cinema 2; through Feb. 6.)

The Decameron (1971)—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 6.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Luis Buñuel's version of a film made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid, required to read Huysmans to her old, pernickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (Quad Cinema 1; through Feb. 1.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Guild; through Feb. 7.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Thalia; Feb. 2-5.)

Fat City—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California). Huston is back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. (Kips Bay.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Festival.)

Fiddler on the Roof (1971)—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (U. A. East; through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Feb. 6.)

The First Circle—Alexander Ford, once head of the Polish film industry, made this version of the Alexander Solzhenitsyn novel in Denmark. It's not a great film, but it's not drab; it's tense and intelligent, and good enough to raise the issue of the moral and intellectual choices left open when political freedom is gone. Gunther Malzacher plays Nerzhin-Solzhenitsyn—the lean, ironic gadfly-hero who is sent to Siberia to starve and die but who feels morally triumphant. The Scandinavian, Polish, and German actors speak in English; nonaccented voices have been dubbed in. Under the circumstances, this seems a sensible solution, and the somewhat impersonal voices make the argument of the film easy to follow. (Fine Arts.)

The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice (1952)—For some people, Ozu is a master; for others, his quiet studies of middle-class life are intolerably thin and banal. By now, you can probably sort out which group you fit in, and can decide if you want to see this film, made the year before "Tokyo Story." A lesser work, this one is about a middle-aged couple whose marriage is in trouble. In Japanese. (Quad Cinema 3; through Feb. 6.)

Fort Apache (1948)—Henry Fonda, as an imperious, wrongheaded lieutenant colonel whose men are massacred because they obey him; the John Ford film, set after the Civil War, never suggests that they should disobey him—though he's practically a certifiable maniac. This is one of Ford's beautiful but irritating epic Westerns. The fights and dances and other big scenes are triumphs of staging, but the coy love interest (Shirley Temple and John Agar) and the Irish horseplay are infantile. And the whole picture is bathed in a special form of patriotic sentimentality: scenes are held so that we cannot fail to appreciate the beauty of the American past. With John Wayne, Ward Bond, Anna Lee, Victor McLaglen, Pedro Armendariz, Mae Marsh, Irene Rich, and George O'Brien. (Elgin; through Feb. 1.)

Fritz the Cat—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity; everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Quad Cinema 4; through Feb. 6.)

The Getaway—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (34th St. East and Loews Orpheum.)

The Goldwyn Follies (1938)—Bobby Clark, Zorina, and the Ritz Brothers—but not well used. George Marshall directed this rather sloppy affair; the cast includes Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Kenny Baker, Helen Jepson, and Ella Logan. Some good Gershwin songs, and a couple by Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill. (Elgin; Feb. 5-6.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned ballerina briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and the despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the later, mask-face Crawford. Edmund Goulding directed; the cast includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 1.)

The Guardsman (1931)—More like a photographed play than a movie adaptation, but a memento of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne at work; they appear to be having a wonderful time mugging and grinning. They play an acting couple, and for a good part of the film Lunt (in disguise from his wife) wears something stuck under his lower lip, which gives him a beefy, puffed-out jaw that is irresistibly ridiculous. Sidney Franklin directed this early-talkie version of the Ferenc Molnar play that Lunt and Fontanne had done on Broadway in 1924. (It was later turned into a musical, "The Chocolate Soldier.") The cast includes Roland Young as a critic, Ann Dvorak as a fan, ZaSu Pitts, Maude Eburne, and Herman Bing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 1.)

The Harder They Come—With Jimmy Cliff, directed by Perry Henzell. (86th St. East; starting Feb. 8.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Gramercy; through Feb. 1.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton.)

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter (1968)—Carson McCullers' shining, fastidious book about the freakish and the afflicted is present in this clumsy film as a minnow might be in the stomach of a hippopotamus. Alan Arkin does all he can to restore the book's subtle warmth and intelligence. (Thalia; Feb. 6-8.)

The Hollywood Revue (1929)—M-G-M put this lavish revue together (it originally had Technicolor sequences) and threw in their biggest stars. Conrad Nagel (always pallid but considered full of prestige) and Jack Benny are the masters of ceremony; Joan Crawford sings; Marie Dressler and Polly Moran do a skit; Marion Davies sings and taps; Norma Shearer and John Gilbert do a flapper "Romeo and Juliet;" and so on and on, with minstrel choruses and the Albertina Rasch Ballet. The quality is extremely variable, but it contains so much of the history of popular theatre that it's invaluable. Charles Reisner directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 2-6.)

The Idiot (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Casarès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (Art; Feb. 4-5.)

If I Had a Gun—A Czech film, directed by Stefan Uher. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Feb. 6.)

Images—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Columbia I.)

I Never Sang for My Father (1970)—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Thalia; through Feb. 1.)

Innocent Bystanders—Misleading title; it's a labyrinthine spy thriller and a revolting example of the constant use of brutality (plus a dash of sexual sadism) to rouse the audience from the apathy brought on by the overfamiliarity of the material. The massively built Stanley Baker is impressive as the tired agent, but he can't save this picture; it's just one noisy beating after another. The major resource of the director, Peter Collinson, appears to be loud karate chops. The members of the M.P.A.A. Rating Board who gave it a PG must have grown calluses on their brains. With Geraldine Chaplin, Dana Andrews, and Donald Pleasence, who must be as weary of playing an icy bastard as the audience is weary of watching him. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Feb. 6.)

Jeremiah Johnson—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Loews Tower East.)

Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime—The sorry thing about this dehumanized Alain Resnais film (in French), which comes on with heavy self-depreciation as a science-fiction story, is that it has nothing much but gall, raising most of the big issues of the twentieth century and then dropping them with a clang. (Art; Feb. 2-3. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Feb. 7.)

The Koumiko Mystery (1966)—This lovely hour-long documentary about a modern Japanese girl was shot by Chris Marker in Tokyo during the Olympics. The mystery is the mystery of human individuality; Koumiko, with her archaic Oriental beauty, walks through the transient World's Fair atmosphere seeing herself as an outsider in modern Japan. In French. (Art; Feb. 4-5.)

Lady and the Tramp (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Juliet 1; starting Feb. 7.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Gramercy; through Feb. 1.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. (Trans-Lux East; starting Feb. 1 at 8. Thereafter, Mondays through Thursdays at 2 and 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean—Nihilism plus sentimentality about the rugged-individualist hero—Paul Newman. A mock-epic Western that cannibalizes old movies and mixes an enthusiasm for mayhem with a tacky geniality. John Huston directed this disgraceful shambles from a brutal, cheap, jokey script by John Milius. (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio and Riverside; starting Feb. 7.)

The Life of O-Haru (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took a grand prize at Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society: the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant falls from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (Art; Feb. 6-7.)

Life Study—With Bartholomew Miro, Jr., and Erika Peterson, directed by Michael Nebbia. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 31.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Lincoln Art; through Feb. 6.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Elgin; starting Feb. 7.)

The Love Machine (1971)—From Jacqueline Susann's novel, with Dyan Cannon, Robert Ryan, Jackie Cooper, and John Phillip Law. Enough said. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 6.)

The Magician (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met . . ." but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism and gets somewhat tacky. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Playboy; Feb. 3-5.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economic—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Elgin; Feb. 2-4.)

Man of La Mancha—The lyrics still sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so wafer-thin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing green-brown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Rivoli. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 1:30 and 4:15, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Miracle (1948)—This Roberto Rossellini film is itself a miracle: brief, utterly simple in its means, and perhaps the most fully achieved of all his movies. Anna Magnani stars as the peasant woman who is convinced that the child in her belly is a new Christ child, and Federico Fellini (who also wrote the story) plays the man who put the baby there. This is the film that was the subject of a censorship case that was fought all the way up to the Supreme Court. In Italian. (Art; Feb. 6-7.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A filmed version of the Broadway show. (Quad Cinema 4; through Feb. 6.)

On with the Show (1929)—For anyone who wants to know what the Broadway musical comedy of the twenties was like, this film is indispensable. Made by Warners', it was the first all-color (rather than just sequences-in-color) talking picture. It provides a backstage story about a producer (Sam Hardy) trying to put on a musical while fighting off his creditors; the star is Betty Compson, and her understudy is Sally O'Neil. (The same story was later used for "42nd Street.") This extravagant version, however, also provides the onstage musical with its own plot. Sally O'Neil is hard to take, but the compensations include Ethel Waters, slender and torchy, singing "Am I Blue?" and "Birmingham Bertha;" Joe E. Brown, dancing; and the superb black dancers, the Four Covans. And the onstage musical, with its tall showgirls, is often so lighthearted and parodistic that it exposes the silliness of the point of view of the recent Broadway show "Follies." With Louise Fazenda and Arthur Lake;

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Alan Crosland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 2-6.)

Peg o' My Heart (1933)—In this version of the notorious heartwarmer, it's Marion Davies who is stuck with being the irresistible little darling. Robert Z. Leonard directed; the cast includes Onslow Stevens and Alan Mowbray. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 7.)

The People Next Door (1970)—The generation gap is a cliché, and this film adds a whole pile more evidence of that fact. (Beacon; through Feb. 6.)

Pete 'n' Tillie—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style, derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Baronet.)

Play It As It Lays—About empty lives, acute anguish, Hollywood and Hell. As Joan Didion's hurting waif-heroine who has discovered the nothingness of life, Tuesday Weld wanders around numbly, looking like a great pumpkin-headed doll. The movie is bound to be a touchstone, like the book: people have different levels of tolerance for stories celebrating soulless high life, and catatonic alienation has never been more poshly narcissistic than in this one. Frank Perry directed; it's visually handsome but a peculiarly passive viewing experience. With Tony Perkins, Tammy Grimes, Adam Roarke, and Ruth Ford. (Embassy 72nd St. and Symphony. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Feb. 6.)

Polly of the Circus (1932)—Marion Davies and Clark Gable, and it just didn't work out. Alfred Santell directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 7.)

Portrait of Jason (1967)—A monologue film, in which a black homosexual hustler and sometime entertainer (Jason Holliday) talks directly to Shirley Clarke's camera crew. The idea is that, faced with the camera, his defenses will be stripped away and the "inner" man revealed—an idea both sadistic and naïve. (Art; starting Feb. 8.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Gramercy, U. A. East, and Riviera; starting Feb. 2.)

Prison Girls—With Robin Whitting. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Private Parts—With Ayn Ruymen, directed by Paul Bartel. (First Avenue Screening Room; Feb. 1-7.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Olympia; through Feb. 6.)

Roman Scandals (1933)—Posh and popular musical comedy, starring Eddie Cantor, with the luscious, ripe Ruth Etting as the leading lady, and Gloria Stuart, David Manners, Edward Arnold, and the Goldwyn Girls. They're a toothsome bunch of sirens in this one—parading in revealing dresses and long blond wigs, and with their dances choreographed by Busby Berkeley. (It's easy to spot Lucille Ball and Paulette Goddard among them.) Good score by Al Dubin and Harry Warren; Frank Tuttle directed. (Elgin; Feb. 5-6.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Quad Cinema 2 and Olympia; through Feb. 6.)

The Searchers (1956)—A little girl—Lana Wood—is kidnapped by Comanches; by the time her uncle, John Wayne, finds her, years have passed and she has turned into Natalie Wood. John Ford directed this languorous, large-scale Western; the motives of the bitter, taciturn uncle are obscure throughout, and Ford's attempt at comic relief—male knockabout humor—is a fizzle. The cast includes Jeffrey Hunter, as Wayne's partner in the long search, and Vera Miles, Ward Bond, Antonio Moreno, Dorothy Jordan, John Qualen, and, in a small part, Mae Marsh. (Elgin; through Feb. 1.)

A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Juliet 1; through Feb. 6.)

1776—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Music Hall; Jan. 31.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Playboy; through Feb. 2.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. One of his great ones. With the strong, remarkable young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema 1; Feb. 2-4.)

Shamus—With Burt Reynolds and Dyan Cannon, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Loews Ciné.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters traveling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Playboy; Feb. 6-8.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 6.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Ziegfeld.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Playboy; Feb. 3-5.)

Snowball Express—From the Disney Studios, with Dean Jones and Nancy Olson. Directed by Norman Tokar. (Juliet 1; starting Feb. 7.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (New Yorker.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Riviera; through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Guild; starting Feb. 8.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father, whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Steelyard Blues—With Jane Fonda, Donald Sutherland, and Peter Boyle, directed by Alan Myerson. (Beekman.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Waverly.)

The Thing with Two Heads—With Ray Milland and Rosey Grier, directed by Lee Frost. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Feb. 7.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grown-up children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Art; Feb. 2-3. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Feb. 7.)

The Touch (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made—exact and very touching. (Quad Cinema 1; Feb. 5-6. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 7.)

Traffic—Mr. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new, and rather precious, film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Travels with My Aunt—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Plaza.)

Trick Baby—With Kiel Martin, directed by Larry Yust. (Juliet 2.)

Two English Girls—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Waverly.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Godard's film about a lower-middle-class wife (Marina Vlady) who idly takes to prostitution to buy herself a sweater and some American cigarettes. The "her" of the title seems to be Paris, not the heroine. In French. (Art; through Feb. 1.)

Under Milk Wood—With Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, and Peter O'Toole, directed by

Andrew Sinclair. From the Dylan Thomas play. (Eastside Cinema.)

Up the Sandbox—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so mysteriously, sensually fresh, so multi-radiant as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (Coronet.)

A Very Curious Girl (1970)—With Bernadette Lafont, directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Playboy; through Feb. 2.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Thalia; Feb. 2-5.)

The White Sheik (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband (Leopoldo Trieste) on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina, as a whore—the role that was later expanded and became "Nights of Cabria." In Italian. (Quad Cinema 1; Feb. 5-6.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1066)—Edward Albee's play, turned into a very fine black-and-white film by Mike Nichols—his first piece of film direction, full of untamed wit and no trace of the novice. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal are at their best, and Burton's best is extraordinary. (Thalia; Feb. 6-8.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöström plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Playboy; Feb. 6-8.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 6.)

The World's Greatest Athlete—From the Disney Studios, with John Amos, Tim Conway, and Jan-Michael Vincent. Directed by Robert Scheerer. (Music Hall; starting Feb. 1.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that, as Heathcliff, he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Samuel Goldwyn produced; Hecht and MacArthur did the script; Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, and Leo G. Carroll. (Elgin; starting Feb. 7.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II. Weekdays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30, and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8. Reserved seats only.)

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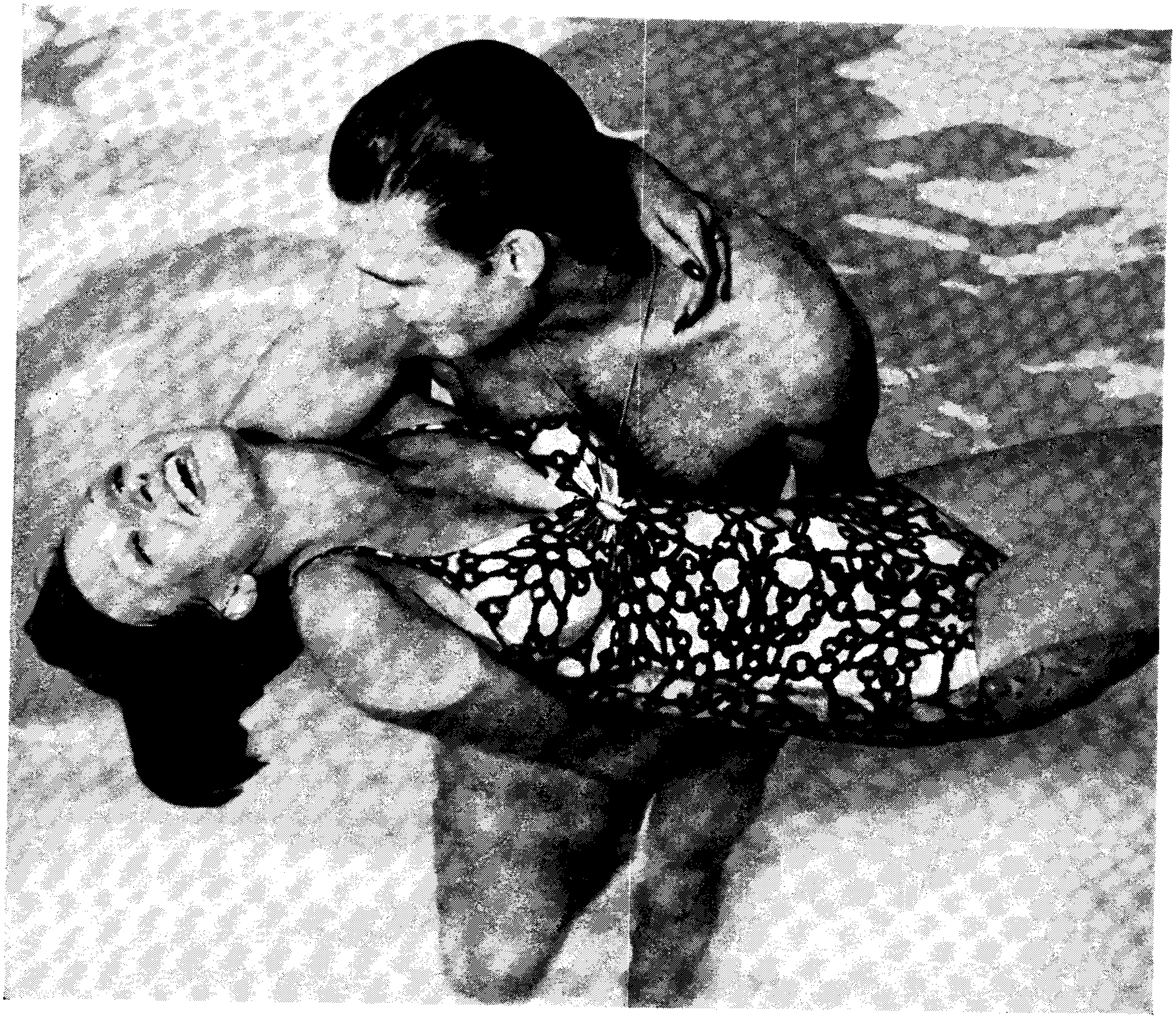

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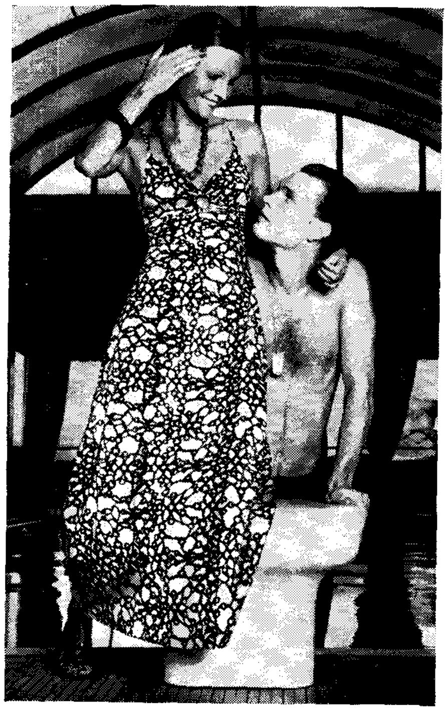


THE NEW YORKER

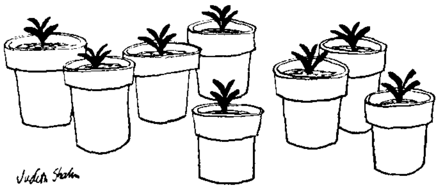
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST Saturday, at seven o'clock in the evening, the nation, led by President Nixon, marked the end of the war in Indo-China with bell ringings, church services, and a moment of silence. The talk from official quarters was not merely of peace but of a generation of peace, as though we were ushering in a new golden age. But while we were ringing bells, and praying in silence, bombs were being loaded onto American planes on bases in Asia, and before the first twenty-four hours of the "peace" was over, we had flown over a hundred air strikes against targets in Laos and Cambodia. Far from there being a generation of peace, there wasn't even ten minutes of peace. It left us wondering how many times the United States was to celebrate the end of the Indo-China war before the war ended.

IN Vietnam, fighting also continued, but our troops and planes were mercifully out of it. And, much as everyone would like to see a generation of peace, an end to the American combat role is all that most of us ever really expected or asked for from this peace. This much has come—at least to Vietnam—and it has come for the best of reasons. It has not come because of great-power diplomatic triumphs, nor has it come because the United States has attained its objectives in South Vietnam, and it has not come, either, because the United States was defeated in Vietnam. It has come because the American people as a whole rejected this war and wanted it over. Millions of Americans simply loathed the war. They were of all ages and from all walks of life, and were by no means restricted to members of the peace movement. There were very few bellicose or enthusiastic supporters of the war. Most Americans, perhaps, tolerated it uneasily for a while, but many of them did so not because they believed in the war but because they believed in the government and the government said it knew things they did not know, or because they wanted to support the President. These people were put in the position of having to unlearn their trust in their leaders in order to learn the truth about the war. Millions learned that lesson. When it is all far behind us, it may finally be decided that this was a war started by the government and ended by the people. But for the moment this fact is disguised. One reason is that the government took so many years to respond to the public's signal. The public mood of disillusion with the war crystallized sometime around the spring of 1968. Its political manifestation was President Johnson's decision to limit the bombing, start the negotiations, and not run again for the Presidency. The stage seemed set for an end to the war. Then the four-year delay began, and the strain it placed on our political system and on the public's confidence in that system was so great as to constitute an entire fresh tragedy for the country. The public's mood moved from disillusion with the war to disillusion with politics in general. In the last week, one of the most striking signs of the general disillusion has been the refusal of a large portion of the public to believe that the war is ending even now. The willingness of these people to believe the announcement of the end of the war—or, probably, to believe any large piece of news—is one more casualty of the war.

The people's central role in ending the war has also been disguised by another unexpected peculiarity in the events of the last week: the President's manner of presenting the peace to us. The people's will was that we leave Vietnam. The President, when all is said and done, is the people's instrument. In leaving Vietnam, he was doing the country's bidding, and this is all as it should have been. But even as the President responded to the popular will in his actions, he seemed in his words to deny it and to be ashamed of it. He refused to acknowledge our rejection of the war. Instead, he congratulated us on our steadfastness in supporting the war, and assured us we were leaving now only because our aims had been achieved—because we had attained peace "with honor." That is to hide our country's light under a bushel. The American people were not steadfast in this cause, and it is a fine thing. We are actually leaving the war without attaining our war aims, and this is to our credit. It is too late for jubilation and congratulations. But hope is reborn with this peace. It lies not in the fact that we fought the war but in the fact that we are, finally, putting an end to it.



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THE thirty-sixth President, the late Lyndon Baines Johnson, was an absorbing study in contradictions—large and often unbelievable ones. Those who lived through his Presidency still dwell almost entirely on his flaws, which were grave and numerous. He was sly—sometimes transparently so. He seemed to lack all scruples against prevarication. He cared—genuinely and sometimes passionately—for his fellow-men, but he had little confidence in all but a handful of them, whose number grew smaller over the years. He was an authentic patriot who also knew that patriotism is often the last refuge of a scoundrel, and his world was populated largely by scoundrels, some of whom he cared for deeply. He was a man of much hard-won knowledge but of slight formal education, and an awareness of this lack seemed to lie at the root of many of his feelings of inadequacy and also of his many misplaced feelings of awe for those whose heads were full of book learning expensively acquired. He was a man of great shrewdness. He was a superb judge of the strengths and weaknesses of men who served with him and under him. It will someday come to light that his judgments were for the most part not only accurate but expressed in words uncannily appropriate to their subject, and sometimes very funny. He was a superb mime and anecdotalist. If there was ever a sounder judge of character in the White House, the biographers have yet to find him. Few biographers learned of this talent of his, because Johnson himself went to some lengths to conceal it. His public pronouncements were, as a rule, banal, and this was probably just as well, because those that were natural to him were acidulous and at times too cruel to be transmitted to a world that could not be expected to savor his language or grasp the odd spirit behind it.

Lyndon Johnson was undone, as was fitting, by the awful war in Vietnam. At least four Presidents can be held responsible for that disaster, but the judgment of history seems likely to be that he must bear the largest burden of guilt. A case could be made for having him share the honors with his successor, who carried the war to Cambodia and Laos, thus going beyond the limits that Johnson set. On the other hand, Richard Nixon extricated a half-million American men, and pursued a negotiated settlement that exceeded Johnson's best efforts and is now apparently a success. It will be argued for years why this was so. Johnson was no jingo, no war lover, no empire-builder, no gun-toting Texan. (During a fierce hour in the battle, in 1967, he said in a speech at Williamsburg, Virginia, "Shame on the world, and shame on its leaders. . . . We can take no pride in the fact that we have fought each other like animals, [which] is really an insult to the animals, who live together in more harmony than human beings seem to be able to do.") The simplest explanation seems at present to be that he just moved in the direction that he thought John Kennedy wanted to take and that most of the big-brain specialists told him he ought to take. This may be too simple, though; the future may tell more. At any rate, he escalated with a vengeance, and, on that account, lost the confidence of most of his country and came to feel that he could no longer be of service to it. Yet this was when he had already been of immense service to his people—particularly the poor, the black, and the young—and, while conducting the horrid business in Vietnam, put through the Congress more humane legislation than any other President in history, with the possible exception of the hero of his earlier days, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Cease-Fire

AT the United Nations, an organization that has consistently been pushed to the sidelines of the Indo-China conflict, delegates reacted to news of the cease-fire with a mixture of caution, detachment, and apathy. The figures who had dominated the last session of the General Assembly were either back in their own capitals or holed up in their missions conferring with each other by telephone; nearly all the ambassadors had sent second- or third-ranking colleagues to represent them in routine committee work. On the day the peace terms were announced, a Security Council committee discussed Resolution 253 on the Question of Southern Rhodesia (closed), a Working Group considered the International Sale of Goods (open), and the Governing Economic and Social Council of the U.N. Development Programme looked over individual-country programs (very closed). The only break in the normal schedule was a postponement of the regular noon press conference, which permitted the U.N.'s two press officers—William Powell and André Lewin—to extract a suitable statement from the Secretary-General. Promptly at 1 P.M., before a room overflowing with correspondents, Mr. Powell read a brief communiqué from Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim: "I am very gratified that this long and agonizing war, which has brought so much human suffering and destruction, is now at an end. . . ." The assembled correspondents greeted it with a short period of silence.

A man in the first row then asked if the U.N. had made any plans for the reconstruction of Vietnam.

"We do not have any plans," Mr. Powell replied. "So far, the U.N. has not been asked to take a role. Both sides have indicated, however, that they wish to have the S.-G. at the peace conference."

"Has there been a formal invitation to the S.-G.?" another reporter asked.

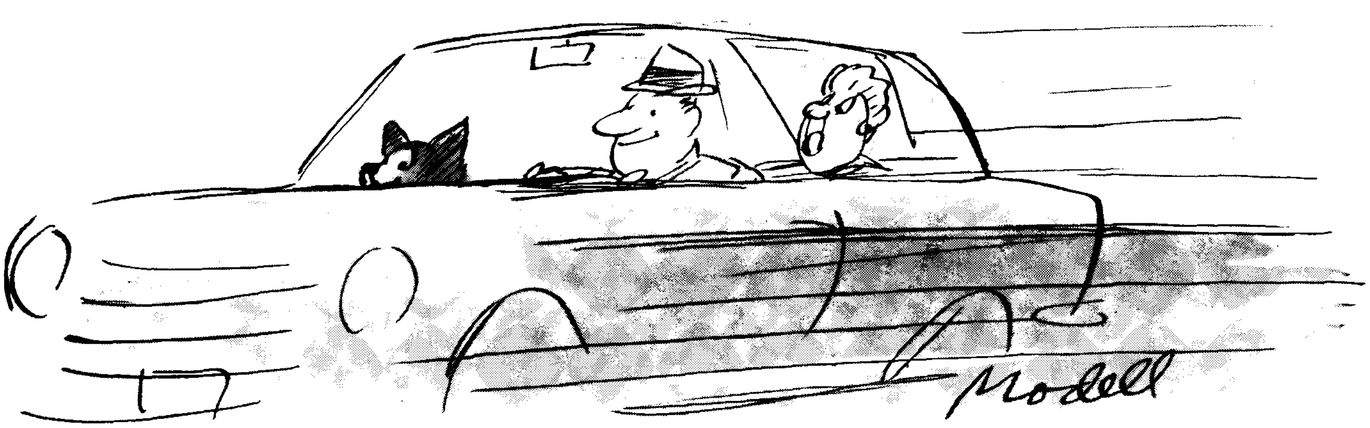
"Both North Vietnam and the U.S. government have informed the S.-G. that they wish him to attend," replied Mr. Powell.

"This is a political conference," said a lady with a French accent. "Does it encompass reconstruction? And what could be expected at a political conference from the S.-G.?"

"I think this is a perfectly legitimate question that I can't answer," said Mr. Powell, and the briefing broke up in a burst of well-mannered laughter.

We walked down the boulevard-size second-floor corridor to the Delegates Lounge. Its big, curving bar was virtually deserted. A few groups of U.N. staff members were scattered about the enormous, high-ceilinged room, sipping apéritifs and engaging in low-voiced pre-luncheon conversation. A second secretary from one of the French-speaking African countries passed by carrying two cups of steaming cappucino, and observed that the best news *he'd* heard all day was that the espresso machine was back in operation. A Secretariat economist paused to greet us and remarked that Americans had been so brainwashed by heavy doses of Vietnam news that they tended to forget there were other things going on in the world. "Vietnam as a political problem has always been outside the U.N., which is why everybody here feels so helpless about it," he said. "The relief problem is something else again; they're probably coming to grips with that on the thirty-eighth floor. But the one thing that we all noticed immediately is that the observer team is hardly neutral. The Canadians are kind of neo-Swedes, who want a great-power position without actually being a great power. The Poles and the Hungarians will parrot the Russian line. And the Indonesians, God knows, are the world's most *flexible* people."

We chatted briefly with Vergiliu Ionesco, of Rumania ("We would be happy to see Indo-China as one country. As you know, we have supported the People's Republic of Vietnam diplomatically and materially every step of the way"); Kenneth Jamieson, of Great Britain ("Oh, we're all very pleased with this agreement, and I assume that it will lead to peace. Let's put it this way. It's been nip and tuck, hasn't it?"); and Sinan Korle, United Nations Chief of Protocol ("I hope it will be a lasting peace this time"). Then we sat down at one of the round teak coffee tables and



"I don't recall anyone asking me where I might prefer to sit."

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shared a sandwich lunch with Kaj Sundberg, the No. 2 man at the Swedish Mission. "Of course, we are extremely happy about the cease-fire, because Vietnam is a subject that has exercised Swedish opinion to an unprecedented degree," said Mr. Sundberg, a tall, aristocratic-looking man who speaks impeccable English. "I'm sure you know that Prime Minister Palme made a speech that was widely misinterpreted in the United States, because of inadequate press reports. What he meant to do was paint a picture of the torture that human beings can be subject to in time of war. He was *not* comparing the United States to Nazi Germany. Sweden was very lucky to be spared destruction during the Second World War, but we did experience the feeling of being a small and vulnerable nation. This has made us, perhaps, more understanding of the Vietnamese situation. We have had diplomatic relations with Hanoi for more than two years, we have sent them a good deal of humanitarian aid, and, of course, we expect to help with the reconstruction of the country after hostilities have ceased. The big question is: Will it be a lasting peace?"

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WHEN the news came of the cease-fire agreement, we thought of David McReynolds. For a long time, since the days when few Americans knew there *was* a war in Indo-China (and those who did know about it thought of it not as a war but as a "policy"), McReynolds had been working to bring it to an end. In 1961, the year of the first American casualties in Vietnam, he joined the staff of the War Resisters League as field secretary, and he has since opposed the war every way but violently. The war had more charismatic opponents than McReynolds, and more famous opponents, and opponents who spent more time in jail or on television, but there were few who worked so hard and so consistently or who earned so much respect from all segments of an anti-war movement that was often bitterly divided.

The night after the cease-fire was announced, we had dinner with McReynolds and Igal Roodenko, a past chairman of the War Resisters League, at Casey's, in the Village. Roodenko, who went to prison during the Second World War as a conscientious objector, is tall and stout and has an enormous gray beard and gray eyes. McReynolds, who is in his early forties, is even taller and thin, and his beard is neatly trimmed. True to his heritage (four of his ancestors came over on the Mayflower), he is dour—as incurably dour as Roodenko is incurably jolly.

Food and wine were ordered, and McReynolds announced, "I'm hung over, but I'm hungry all the same. I watched Nixon's speech on television last night, and afterward I had a bottle of champagne, and much more besides. I'm sorry, but, damn it, it *has* been twelve years." Roodenko smiled beatifically. McReynolds frowned.

"If you had told me in 1961 or 1962 that we would still be fighting in '72, I would never have believed it, because the war was so cruel and so pointless even then," McReynolds said. "In a purely political, pragmatic sense, it's astonishing how *wrong* the experts—the supposed best minds in the country—turned out to be. Back in 1964, A. J. Muste and I wrote a memo pointing out that Vietnam was a genuine analogue of Yugoslavia—that the regime of Ho was a natural counterpoint to China, an independent buffer. The experts were locked into a kind of unexamined ideology that prevented them from seeing this. What bothers me more, though, is that none of them ever publicly resigned over the war—not McGeorge Bundy, not Robert McNamara, not even Adlai Stevenson. Except for Dan Ellsberg, who, after all, was not a Cabinet officer but an official of the Rand Corporation, none of them stood up and said, 'This war is morally wrong.'"

We asked McReynolds what he thought would become of the peace movement, and he said, "I think the Vietnam groups will collapse very quickly, the way SANE—the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy—did after the test-ban treaty was signed. But the League will continue, and it may even grow, as it did after the Korean war ended. Amnesty will be a major project for us, and though Americans, thank God, won't be fighting in Vietnam, the underlying problems of an unrestrained Presidency and a huge military establishment remain. Because the Vietnam war went on longer than it was supposed to, it educated us—it showed millions of people what American foreign policy was all about. The interventions in Lebanon and the Dominican Republic ended so quickly that it was easy to dismiss them as aberrations, but Vietnam didn't work. In Vietnam, we were dealing with a different kind of people—a people whose courage couldn't be programmed into a computer."

"What concerns me now, though, is the vast bulk of people who will be caught between the two sides," Roodenko said. "Hanoi will take care of its people and Saigon will take care of its people. But the little people in the middle, the ones who don't care about Communism or capitalism—there is no one to take care of them. It's true that the war in Vietnam was an outgrowth of American history and character, but so is the anti-war movement. There is a great tradition in America of independence of judgment and resistance to tyranny. The peace movement's problem was that it didn't really know how to address itself to it.”

“The problem that we pacifists have to face is that the war is ending less because of our nonviolent activities than because of the armed resistance of the Vietnamese,” McReynolds said. “All of us failed to be sufficiently courageous and outspoken and willing to face arrest repeatedly. If we don't recognize that, then we have missed our lesson from this war.”

Roodenko smiled fondly at McReynolds. “Dave,” he said, “you have an almost congenital Waspish habit of selling yourself short.”

McReynolds smiled, and frowned, and shook his head.

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THE day after the President's speech, the guys in Kilroy's Café, on Sixth Avenue, were watching Lyndon Johnson's funeral procession on the TV and talking about things. Kilroy's is the kind of place where they post the prices of the drinks over the bar. Steam tables up front, but not very many people go there to eat. Beer on tap: Rheingold, Schaefer, Ballantine, Piels. Also Ballantine Ale.

A guy named Jimmy was talking to a barkeep named Tommy about the retirement of Gump Worsley, star goalie of the Minnesota North Stars and ex-New York Ranger star goalie. “You could always count on Gump,” said Jimmy. Jimmy looks to be about forty-seven, is wiry, lives in Brooklyn. He wore a three-piece gray plaid suit, short in the sleeves.

Jimmy glanced up at the TV. “I appreciated where the President mentioned Johnson in his speech last night,” he said.

“What did you think of that treaty?” Tommy asked him.

“I can live with it,” Jimmy said. “A lot of these people don't realize how hard it is to get out of a war. You can't just pull out. Say you got a milk bottle. Now, if I asked you to fill that milk bottle with cotton, you could do that in ten minutes. But, now, if I asked you to take that cotton out, you'd need some time.”

Tommy nodded.

A man wearing a blue quilted work jacket and Levi's approached the bar. “Hey, what about the market?” he said.

Jimmy and Tommy looked blank.

“The stock market,” he said. “Did it go up or down?” He pointed a thumb first up, then down.

“It dropped fourteen points,” Tommy said.

“I win my bet,” said the man in Levi's.

Jimmy ordered a ham-and-cheddar, and Tommy walked off. “How do you figure?” Jimmy asked the man.

“It's this peace treaty. Don't get me wrong, I'm all for peace, but it's bad for business. Even a rag is worth more in wartime.”

“Oh, yeah, right,” said Jimmy. “Sure.”

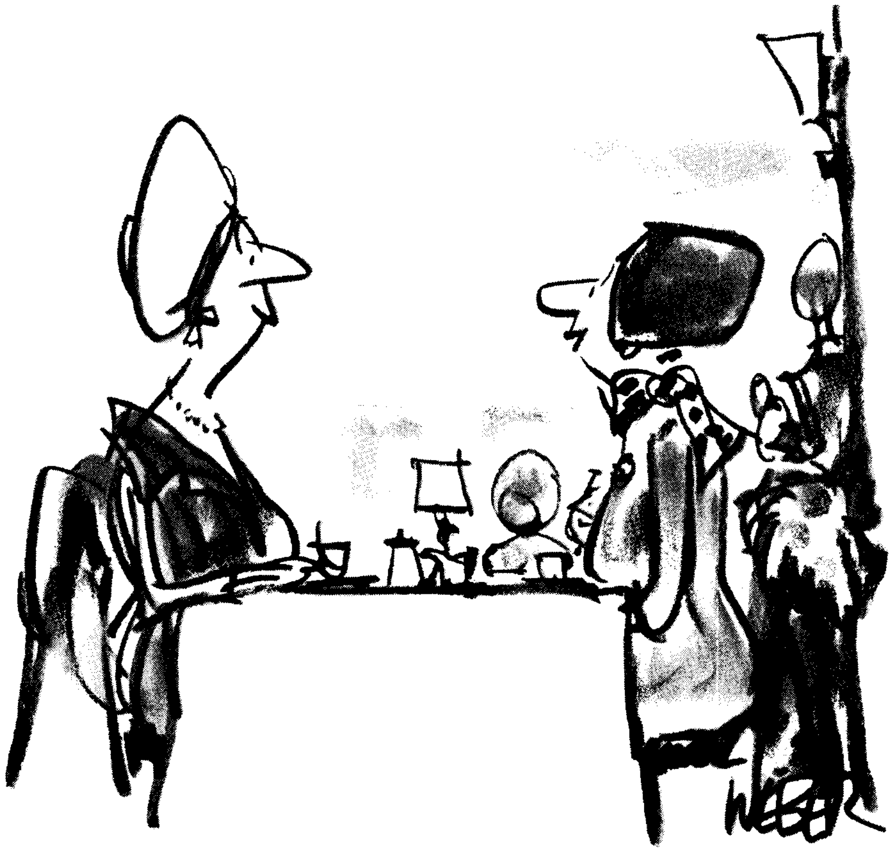
They both started watching the TV.

Two men at the far end of the bar were talking about the weather. “I was wearing a light jacket down at the Battery yesterday,” said one. “The wind damn near killed me.”

Tommy returned with Jimmy's sandwich. A man in a beige car coat entered and took a stool next to Jimmy. “Hi, Jimmy,” he said.

Tommy turned to him. “What'll it be today, Fred?” he said.

Fred grinned. “Lemme have a peace with honor to go,” he said. “Hold the honor.”



“When the President said each of us should ask ‘What can I do for myself?’—well, I just hopped in a cab and went right over to Saks.”

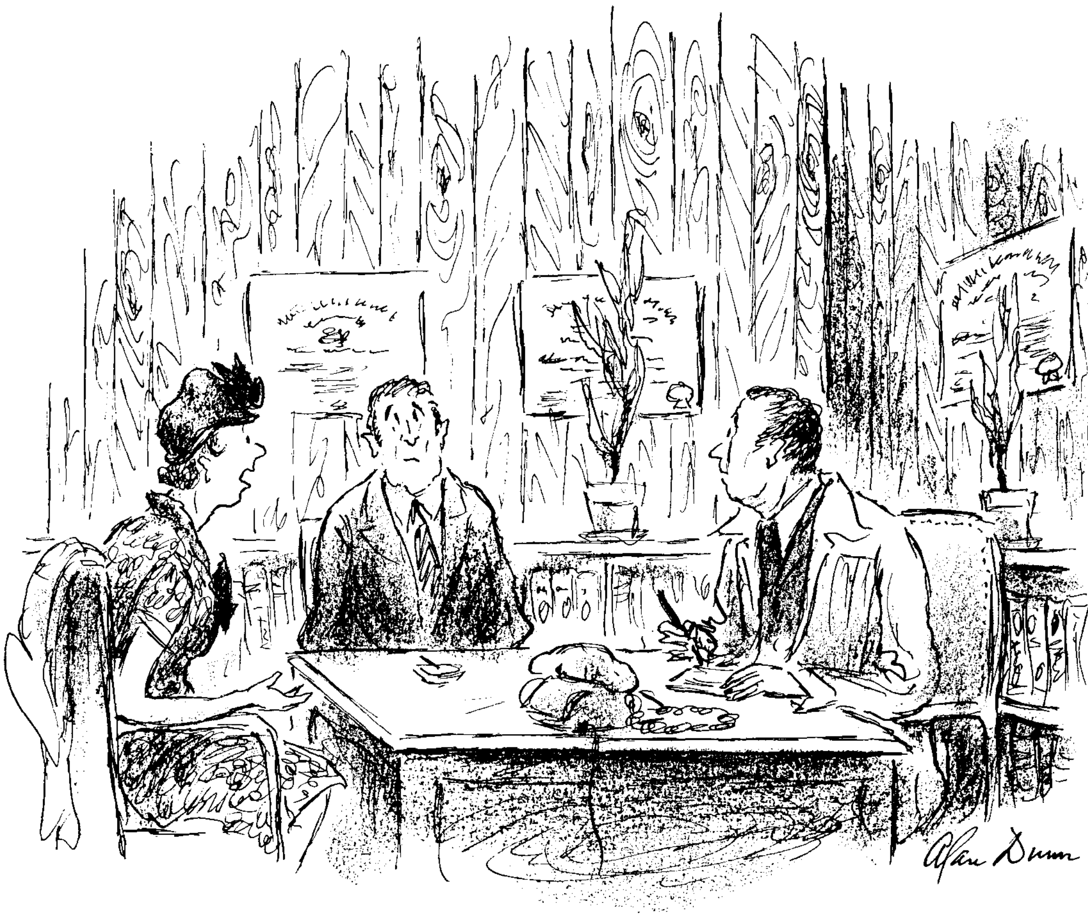
Hundredth Anniversary

LETTER from a friend, a working journalist in Boston:

“The *Harvard Crimson* celebrated its hundredth anniversary this past weekend with a cocktail party, a panel discussion, and a big dinner party at the Harvard Club of Boston, and I went to the dinner, because this was the first reunion I've ever felt like attending. I was at Harvard in the early sixties, and didn't like it all that much, so I spent all my time at the *Crimson*. If I'd gone to Harvard a few years later, maybe I would have just left school, but in my day no one had the imagination to think of dropping out. The result was that I enjoyed my years in Cambridge and graduated from college actually equipped to earn a living, because the *Crimson*, although entirely an extracurricular activity, was the only trade-school experience Harvard had to offer. I'm still in the business, and when I sat down to dinner, I wasn't very surprised to find out that of the nine other people at the table six were working journalists like myself and only two were lawyers (and neither one was digging being a lawyer all that much). *Crimson* training is that good. The ninth guy, Bob Wagner, Jr., '65, is running for the City Council in your town.

“The dinner was on Saturday night, and Saturday afternoon I went out to Cambridge and stopped in at the *Crimson* building, at 14 Plympton Street—the first time I had done that in a long time. It's the same building I remember—mock-Georgian, two-story-plus-basement. The A.P. machine was in the same spot, still clanking out stories about the day's potato prices, and there was still the rack of black-bound ledgers called 'comment books,' in which *Crimson* staffers were still subjecting their paper and their world to rigorous examination. Anyone who is elected to the *Crimson* has the right to be called by his initials and to write in the comment books and sign his initials, and the initialled comments I saw reflected the same convictions I used to feel—that putting out the *Crimson* is a very serious business, and that the buck stops on the managing editor's desk.

"The main change in the *Crimson* as a social institution, I was told, is that there are no more all-night stands. This is the result of (1) the paper's having gone offset, meaning early deadlines and a printing press in Arlington, far enough away not to exert any romantic and irresistible charm; and (2) the total triumph of coeducation, meaning that people have better things to do after midnight. Maybe they even get better grades.



"Doctor, he keeps hearing the voice of God, followed by a commercial."

"At the dinner, there were tributes to Miss Fickett (Eunice Fickett), the lovely woman who has been the paper's bookkeeper and secretary for at least a dozen years, God help her, and to Caldwell Titcomb, '47, an old grad who's a great music scholar and who lives in the area and has written in the comment books regularly ever since with the aim of trying to instill the difference between 'that' and 'which.' He is the *only* person in Greater Boston who in the final third of the twentieth century maintains this ancient knowledge.

"The scene of the dinner was the great hall of the Harvard Club, a vast room that for some reason looks more weather-beaten on the inside than the club does on the outside. The room was entirely filled. Four hundred and fifty-five people were there. The food was reminiscently collegiate—there was an argument at our table as to whether the soup was lobster bisque or cream of mushroom. The atmosphere was just very good. There were seven speakers—one representing each of the last seven decades of the paper—and although their speeches were, of course, too long, you got the feeling that all seven decades had found the *Crimson* a memorable and a shaping experience. David Halberstam, '55, was the speaker with, I guess, the biggest name. He spoke quite nicely about how the *Crimson* had taught his generation not to have too much awe of people in high places. The speeches that stuck in my mind, though, were speeches by Linda J. Greenhouse, '68, and James M. Fallows, '70, executives of the paper during Harvard's great period of unrest—a time when the *Crimson* was subjected to the most bitter kind of criticism by elements of the faculty and alumni who thought the paper was siding with the students who were occupying buildings, at the expense of the administration who had called in the cops to throw them out.

"Greenhouse said that it was probably hard for the old grads who had criticized the *Crimson* for a lack of objectivity in its reporting of the events of the late sixties to realize that, for the first time, students were being perceived as enemies by a large part of the country, and even by a large part of the university administration. In those circumstances, it was impossible to write the news as if you were covering a session of the Cambridge City Council or a change in course requirements in the Philosophy Department.

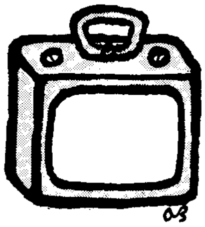
"Fallows said that now, when he thought about it, he had to admit that the paper had been an irritant at that time—but only because the truth of what had been happening was very upsetting. 'Mr. Halberstam spoke a few minutes ago about learning a lack of awe,' Fallows said. 'Well, saying we learned a lack of awe is like saying Spiro Agnew overcame shyness in the White House. It was like a sense of awe was not the biggest trouble we had to overcome. We did keep the *Crimson* strong, and were not afraid of being an irritant. I think the only thing I regret is that we were occasionally excessively cautious, and inclined to think that if those who were running the institution were upset, this was a sign that something was wrong. I hate to end this succession of seven generations or seven decades as the voice of youth, or any deadly thing like that, but I think I am almost uniquely qualified, since, as far as I can tell, I am the only member of *my* class who is not in law school or medical school or graduate school but is simply trying to earn a living by working as a journalist. And, if any of you are upset, the *Crimson* is still basically as it was when you were here, and still doing as well as it did.' "

THE BRIEFCASE

CONSTANT rushing is supposed to be a peculiarly American disease. Although foreign-born, I am one of its victims. There are times when I am in such a rush that I have to make an effort to remember that my name is Kohn. I'm always in a hurry, even when I sleep.

That winter I worked on a newspaper, wrote books, went on lecture tours, and also agreed to be visiting professor of creative literature at a Midwestern university. Though I spent only two days there every other week, I rented an apartment and had a telephone installed. The university supplied me with an office, and that was equipped with a telephone. Both phones kept ringing; the din greeted me each time I opened either door. Professors wished to get acquainted, their wives invited me to lunch or dinner, students had papers for me to read, journalism majors wanted interviews, members of the local Jewish community asked me to give a talk at their center.

Since I'm incapable of saying no, I agreed to everything. The little notebook in my pocket was so crammed with telephone numbers and addresses that I could hardly decipher my own handwriting. Since I had an apartment in Manhattan and an office at the newspaper, I was receiving mail and books at four addresses. There was no time to go through the bundles of papers that accumulated everywhere. Sometimes I didn't even open envelopes. People like me have secretaries, but I was never in one place long enough. Besides, I couldn't possibly have anyone know my crazy relationships with women. Over years of a long bachelorhood, I had assembled an invisible harem of has-beens and might-have-beens. I made promises to all of them. Some were still comparatively young, others had grown old. One had cancer. Some had married—several even a second or third time. Their daughters treated me like a stepfather. I was expected to send congratulations and gifts on their birthdays and other anniversaries. I neglected most of them and woke up nights feeling guilty. I often communicated with them by telepathy, and they seemed to respond. Telepathy, clairvoyance, and premonitions became substitutes for letters, telephone calls, visits. I wronged everybody, but all these women continued to shower me with love. Maybe because—in my thoughts, at least—I was still devoted to them. Before I fell asleep, I'd pray for them.



In February of that winter, I had a week without any commitments. The rabbi of a California congregation where I was to speak died suddenly, and my appearance was postponed. As soon as I heard the news, I decided to spend the free days with Reizl. I had been with her the night before in the Bronx. My plane was to leave at noon and I was up at six o'clock. Reizl's sick mother, Leah Hinda, slept late. Reizl had prepared breakfast for me. When I reached home at eight, I found a wire under my door cancelling the lecture.

Before I left Reizl, she had complained, "You used to stay with me for days. Lately, you never deal out more than one night."

All of a sudden I had a whole week!

First, I lay on the couch and tried to make up for the night of broken sleep. We had come home from the theatre at 1 A.M. The telephone rang and I let it ring. I thought of Esau's words when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage: "Behold, I am about to die: and what use is my birthright to me?" The kind of life I led made me feel that I was slowly committing suicide. I had reached the point where I never bought more than five razor blades at a time. To purchase ten seemed to dare fate—I might have a heart attack or a nervous breakdown.

About eleven I woke up as tired as when I had lain down. I looked around the apartment. My cleaning woman had had an operation and gone home to her old mother in Puerto Rico to recuperate. The place was filthy. Books, magazines, shorts, ties, handkerchiefs lay scattered on the floor. The desk was littered with papers. Though I tried to be orderly, I lived in perpetual confusion. I couldn't ever find anything. I lost bills. I misplaced my pen and my glasses. I'd put one shoe on and not be able to locate the other. One day I discovered that my cashmere coat was gone. I looked for it, even in crannies too small for a vest, but it had vanished. Had I been robbed? There was no sign that my apartment had been broken into. And why would a thief take only that coat? I opened the closet again and found it among my other clothes. Can absentmindedness make a man blind?

I called Reizl and told her the happy news that I had a free week.

"Come up here right away!" she cried.

"No. You come and spend the day with me. We'll go to your house later."

"You know I can't leave Mother."

"You can for a few hours."

After much haggling, Reizl agreed to "come into town," which was how she described a trip to Manhattan. Leah Hinda had an old neighbor who would look in on her. Leah Hinda suffered from high blood pressure and half a dozen other illnesses, yet somehow she managed to stay alive. She took countless pills and kept the strictest diet I'd ever heard of. Having survived ghetto life and concentration camps, she was determined to live to be ninety.

Although Reizl had promised to come in an hour, I knew it would take her three. At home she ran around half naked and in worn-out slippers. But when she ventured into town she put on her Sabbath best. Before leaving the house, she would lay out the pills her mother needed: heart restoratives, diuretics, vitamins. Leah Hinda never knew how to take these American medicines.

Now there was time to shave, have a bath, maybe even look over a manuscript. But the telephone gave me no respite. I had lost my razor and spent over a quarter of an hour searching for it. Suddenly I remembered putting it in the valise to take to California. As I began to unpack, the phone rang again. The voice was the voice of an adult imitating a child, and I guessed that it was Sarah Pitzeller. Though she suffered from cancer, she had remained playful. "Did you know your Sarah had died?" she said, in the childlike voice.

I was speechless.

"Why don't you answer? Are you afraid of the dead? They do no harm. You can't even hurt them anymore. Isn't that wonderful?" She hung up.

THE doorbell rang three times. That must be Reizl. She always arrived in turmoil. She brought with her the tensions of ghetto life, of secret frontier crossings, of the D.P. camp. She was blond, blue-eyed, and slim and, though almost forty, looked like a girl in her twenties. A dressmaker by profession, she had been asked to be a model. But she knew no English. Besides, in the ghetto she had developed the habit of drinking.

Before she closed the door, she was shrieking, "I won't ever go anywhere by subway again! I'd rather die!"

"What happened?"

"A bum attached himself to me. I said to him, 'Go, Mister. I no understand English.' But he wouldn't stop pestering me. Drunk like Lot. A cutthroat's eyes. When I got out, he did,

"Here's another: 'When whippoorwills call and evening is nigh, I hurry to my' what?"

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too. Dear Father in Heaven! I thought any minute he'd take out a knife."

"Your dress is too fancy, and so—"

"Are you justifying him? You're always on the side of my enemies. You could be Hitler's advocate. Anyway, this is a plain dress. You'll never believe it, but I bought the material for one dollar off a remnant table. . . . I've forgotten my matches. I need a cigarette."

I brought Reizl matches.

She inhaled, blew out a cloud of smoke, and said, "I have to have a drink."

"So early in the day?"

"Give me a glass of brandy. I've brought you some lunch."

Only now I noticed that she was carrying a basket. I had asked her many times not to bring me food. Her dishes attracted cockroaches and mice. But she did as she pleased. She ignored my warnings that her smoking and drinking would make her sick. She used three packs a day. She even smoked in the middle of the night. I wanted to give her a small glassful, but she snatched the bottle from my hand and filled a tumbler. She gulped it down with the speed of an alcoholic, and for a moment her features were oddly distorted. Then she became cheerful.

Though she had brought lunch for the two of us, I had to eat it almost all myself. Cigarettes and liquor satisfied Reizl. She had cooked the dishes she knew from her home town: potato kugel, noodle pudding, mushroom gruel, and prune dessert. While I ate, she complained, "I didn't even dare to dream of a meal like this in the ghetto. All we prayed for was dry bread. I once saw two Jews beat each other up on account of a moldy crust. They were both whipped by the Nazis for disturbing the peace. Where is the God you scribble about? He's a murderer, not a God. If I had the power, I'd hang anyone who babbles about Him."

"Then you'd send me to the gallows?"

"Not you, dear. I'd muzzle you, that's all. You don't know what you're saying—you're like a tiny tot without any sense. How a little boy like you can write books is a miracle. The truth is you don't do the writing—a dybbuk has entered your body. He is the writer. If you don't eat that kugel down to the last crumb, I'll go home and never look at your face again. Pour me another drink."

"I won't give you any more—not even if you stand on your head."

"Oh, come on! I want to forget this stinking world for a few seconds. Who did you take to the theatre to see 'The Turkish Wedding'?"

"No one."

"But you spoke of a woman companion in your review."

"Oh, that's just my style."

"What style? Don't use fancy words with me. I know you run around with women. I hope they all burn up. Don't I satisfy you? You went to 'The Turkish Wedding' with some bitch. Let Pharaoh's plagues strike her. She probably wallowed in luxury here in America while I was rotting in a bunker with rats and lice. Now she steals my man. I hope she roasts in Hell!"

"You're damning someone who doesn't exist."

"She exists, all right, along with the others. I wish they didn't. That's why I drink. Give me another drop."

"No."

"You won't? Then you're a cold-blooded murderer. You may be descended from rabbis, but my guess is that your mother gave birth to a bastard. Don't look at me like that. It's happened in our accursed history. How else do you account for the blond heads and snub noses among us? We're not Jews. It's Gentiles persecuting Gentiles! The real Jews perished long

"I'll bet not many men your age are in the Yellow Pages."

since. Maybe a handful have survived in Jerusalem. Give me a little whiskey or I'll die."

"Go ahead."

Reizl fixed her light-blue eyes on me. "I don't know why I love you. What do I see in you? For years I yearned for a man. Finally I found one. Crazy and wicked."

We embraced and I tried to lift her up and one of her shoes fell off. The telephone rang. They were calling from my university. The chairman of the English Department wanted to remind me of a lecture I was to give the following day. Heavens, I'd completely forgotten! I asked him whether it could be put off. He said a special hall had been reserved for it, and a change would be out of the question.

As I spoke, Reizl's face grew flushed. She wrenched herself from my arm and limped over to get her shoe. On the way, she fell. Lying there, she began screaming, "That's how all our plans end up! I curse the day I—"

"Come with me."

"You know I can't, you conniver. Unless I poison my mother first."

"But I have to go."

"Go then, but when you come back you'll find two corpses. I've earned this fate for wanting to stay alive. No one should survive what I have—it's a sin. They died around me like flies, and I had fantasies about meat cutlets and love. That's why I'm being punished. Don't come near me again. You're my worst enemy."

I looked at her and saw a bony nose, a pointed chin, sunken cheeks. When she came in, she had looked like a young girl. Now middle age had caught up with her. I noticed wrinkles at the corners of her eyes. Her nostrils flared.

She yelled, "Give me the bottle! I'm going to get dead drunk."

"Not in my apartment."

"Hand me that bottle. There's nothing else for me to do but drink. Why did God create the world? Answer me that. He's no God. He's a devil. He's a Hitler, too—and that's the bitter truth."

"Shut up!"

"So you've turned pious, eh? You're afraid of my blasphemies? He sat in His seventh heaven, watching children being dragged off to gas chambers. Angels sang Him songs of praise and He basked in heavenly glory. Give me the bottle. If you don't, I'll kill myself right now."

THE title of my lecture was "Is There a Future for the Literature of the Subconscious and the Absurd?" Even while I spoke I could tell that the audience disagreed with me. There was mumbling and coughing, followed by hostile silence. One woman tried to interrupt me. I did not realize it but I had attacked the psychologizers and the sociologizers of modern fiction. At the discussion period, the students used Kafka and Joyce in their arguments against me. And how about the symbolists? Did I mean to turn the clock of literary history back to the realism of Flaubert? Some of my class had written long, obscure stories portraying the "inner man." Others were trying in their writing to rebuild society—or at least to tear it down. A professor pointed out that my theory of literature did not tally with my own writing, which is symbolical, often mystical. I tried to clarify my views, but the chairman announced that it was time for refreshments. We went to a hall where liquor and punch were served. This reception had been arranged in my honor, but the professors of literature ignored me and chatted among themselves. They told each other "in" jokes. I withdrew to a corner, sipping my punch—an outsider.

A woman came up to me. I recognized her, but I couldn't think of her name or where and when we had met. She looked both young and aging, as if she had just emerged from an illness or some crisis. Was she a graduate student, a professor, I wondered. She had black eyes, black curly hair, a high forehead, and a slightly hairy chin. Her black dress did not suit her. The glass she held was almost empty. She spoke in the hesitant manner of the tipsy. "Don't you recognize me?"

"I know you," I said, "but I haven't any notion who you are."

"Rosalie Kadisch."

"My God!"

We made a motion to kiss each other, but our glasses got in the way. I was afraid of drenching her in punch. She said, "I've grown old, but you haven't changed."

"What else is there besides growing old?" I said. "But what are you doing here? Where have you come from? What's been happening to you?"

She smiled shrewdly, showing her poorly spaced, yellowed teeth. "I've come from the Holy Land and am giving a course in contemporary Hebrew literature. I'm also writing my thesis."

"What happened to your Gentile boyfriend?"

"You do remember, then. He married a rich divorcée."

"Has he stopped wanting to redeem humanity?"

"His wife has a tight hold on him. She has four children by her first husband and is pregnant now."

"Where do they live?"

"In California, like all crackpots."

"How about you?"

She winked. "What about me?" Then she told me about herself. In Jerusalem, she had fallen in love with a young professor who was to get his divorce any day but stayed with his wife. She had had an affair with an Italian student years her junior, but marriage with him was out of the question. She had had a liaison with an Arab. Now she rejected love entirely.

"What do you do instead?"

"I smoke pot."

"Is it enough?"

"Better than listening to the confessions of impotent men."

"Have things gone that far?"

"Yes, I've grown cynical," she said. "I'm totally disillusioned about everyone and everything. But I have to get my doctorate. Without it you earn next to nothing."

"How are your parents?"

"They've given up expecting anything good to come of me."

It had grown late. Rosalie said, "I have an apartment here. Would you like to come over for tea or coffee? I never go to bed before two o'clock. I don't have to teach tomorrow. Don't worry, I won't seduce you."

I wanted to say goodbye to people, but the chairman and his wife had gone. I didn't know the other guests. This university was like a city. As we left, Rosalie took my arm. The temperature outside was freezing. An icy wind blew. I had bought myself specially warm boots, thick gloves, and a mask to protect my face. Peering through the openings, I felt like a member of the Ku Klux Klan. We walked along dimly lit, snow-covered alleys, the wind forcing us backward. It penetrated my clothes, chilling me to the ribs. Drifting snow whirled around us. I remembered the descriptions of journeys to the North and South Poles I had read as a boy. The snow-laden street lamps diffused a dim glow. The pavement was slippery and we hung on to each other so as not to fall. A greenish-blue star sparkled above a roof. Down here it was eleven below zero; up there it might be a hundred million degrees above.

Rosalie Kadisch and I climbed three flights to her apartment. There were books and magazines everywhere—on her Hide-a-Bed, her chairs, the floor, even on the refrigerator and the gas range. Quickly she cleared them away and put on the teakettle. She offered me liqueur and cookies. I'm no great drinker, but I wanted to warm up after the walk. We drank "*L'chaim*" and she said, "I never forgot you. I wanted to write my thesis on your work, but I couldn't find enough reference material."

Suddenly I remembered that I was supposed to call Reizl. There she was in the Bronx, waiting. She might try to phone me. When I told Rosalie, she said, "You needn't be embarrassed. Call her."

I dialled and heard Reizl's voice. It was harsh. She had not forgiven my leaving her.

She asked, "How was the lecture?"

"So-so."

"You've forgotten that it's an hour later here. I wanted to go to bed."

"There was a cocktail party for me. I couldn't call from there."

"Are you in your apartment now?"

"Yes," I lied, regretting it at once.

"You're not. You're a cheat and a liar. I called your apartment five minutes ago."

"I just walked in," I said, knowing I was making matters worse.

Reizl said, "O.K. Hang up. I'll call you right back."

I was about to answer, but she had already rung off. I sat there dumb. I could hear the phone ringing in my empty apartment. I could hear Reizl's furious tirade. Well, I thought, this time I've lost her. It's all over between us.

Rosalie gave me a sidelong glance. "Don't worry," she said. "She'll make up with you."

"Never."

"Try a reefer. You won't get hooked on one."

"No. I'd rather have another glass of liqueur."

I tried to console myself. This wretched love, I thought; the entire romantic claptrap wasn't worth a chipped penny. How right the younger generation was—they no longer demanded faithfulness and were putting an end to jealousy. Ninety-nine and nine-tenths of our so-called instincts are inculcated by social hypnosis.

Rosalie served tea and cookies. There was no sense in rushing home. She was cultured, not bad-looking. In any case, we both belonged to a tribe that was destroying itself.

A WEEK or more passed. I went on another lecture tour. The weather continued to deteriorate. Newspapers announced snowstorms and unprecedented cold waves across most of the country. Trains couldn't get through, and help had to be sent to the half-frozen, hungry passengers. In the winter, I usually travelled by train rather than by air. My little notebook indicated that I was to be in the town of M——, in the Midwest, by evening, and the hotel where I was to stay. Somewhere I had a letter from the organization that had invited me, but I had packed it in my briefcase with my lecture notes. Ordinarily I had no need of addresses or directions. As soon as I checked in at the hotel, I'd be called by whoever was in charge of the program. He would take care of me from that moment until my

departure. I gave the same talks at synagogues and universities, to Hadassah ladies and librarians.

In Chicago, I tried to get a sleeper or roomette, but none was available. Because of the weather, I had to get to my destination some fifteen hours before lecture time. My train was to arrive at 4 A.M. No harm in that, I decided. I could stay in the hotel and work. The organization's representatives would most certainly invite me to lunch and to dinner. I was no longer accustomed to travel by coach, but it's not my nature to brood about trifles. I found a window seat. The car was warm. In Chicago, I had picked up a newspaper, a magazine, and the autobiography of a sex maniac. I had also bought a sandwich and an apple, in case I got hungry in the night. I was afraid that some bore might sit down by my side, but the coach was half empty.

WHITE

I am in the middle of my life.
All things are white.
I walk under the trees,
under the frayed leaves,
under the wide net of noon,
and the day is white.
And my breath is white,
drifting over the patches of grass
and fields of ice
into the high circles of light.
As I walk,
the darkness of my steps is also white.
And my shadow,
the white of sorrow, the white of death,
blazes under me.
In all seasons
it is the same.
The silence in which I find myself
and what I make of nothing
are white.
It shines
in the slightest
turns of my thought. When I stand
and look around,
my life rises from the tall cage of its blindness
and even the night
that calls like a dark wish
turns white.
And in my sleep,
as I burn in the wild
weather of dreams,
the white of my sheets, and the white
shades of the moon,
drawn all night
over my floor,
save me for morning.
And out of my waking
the circle of light widens
and the day begins.
Trees turn in the clear
reaches of sight,
and birds, and the bright
pockets of cloud.
The rim of light
is crowded with hills,
stars, and the pale echoes of night.
It reaches out.
It rings the eye with white.
All things are one.
All things are joined even beyond
the edge of sight.
All things are white.

—Mark Strand

• •

We passed through a city hidden by snow and dense fog. Trucks and cars inched along the road. Factory stacks spewed smoke. Here and there a chimney belched flames. After a while I lowered the shade and began to read. As usual, the newspaper told of murders, rapes, fires; the editorials dealt with the Mafia, the danger posed by drug addicts. The magazine carried a long piece about an actress who had suddenly become famous and was getting twenty thousand dollars for an appearance. The sex maniac described the circumstances leading to his psychosis: a broken home, an alcoholic father, his visits to brothels, his mother's lovers. It was all both shocking and tiresome. I began to ponder the future of literature: What could a fiction writer add to the naked facts? Sensationalism and melodrama had become our daily diet. The unbelievable was all too believable.

I yawned and turned pages. Though I wasn't hungry, I ate the sandwich and apple. For a quarter I rented a pillow from a porter, leaned back, and tried to nap. Gradually darkness enveloped the car. I closed my eyes, half dozing, half musing. I had surely lost Reizl. Whenever I called her, she hung up. Someone will turn up, I thought. I started dreaming, though I could still hear the conductor calling out the stations. I must have fallen asleep later, for he had to rouse me. We had arrived at M——.

I took down my coat, my garment bag, and briefcase. I was the only passenger to get off. The wind was freezing. It was quite a walk from my coach to the platform. For a hundred years or so, the station had been a symbol of hurly-burly and noise; now it was dark and empty. A black man was snoring on a bench. I went out to look for a cab. It seemed hopeless, but at last one turned up. The driver took my things. I told him the name of my hotel.

"Where is that? I never heard of it."

I put my hand in my breast pocket to check. My notebook wasn't there. The driver got out a little book of his own, and a flashlight to read directions. I was surprised. Reservations were usually made for me in well-known, first-class hotels. We passed through brightly lit streets, then drove around dark, narrow lanes. Suspicion came over me. Was he intending to rob me? The taxi stopped in front of a shabby, third-rate hotel. I was furious at the group that had invited me. I decided to go back to New York early the next morning. I paid the driver, who rang and knocked at the locked door. After a while, a sleepy fellow came out. He had on a sweater. I asked whether there was a reservation in my name.

He shrugged. "A reservation? No."

Something was wrong. This place didn't even have an elevator. The fellow led me up a narrow staircase. It stank of gas and coal fumes. He opened a door and turned on a single bulb hanging from the ceiling. The room had peeling wallpaper, torn linoleum on the floor, a metal bedstead, and a rickety chest of drawers. It reminded me of the furnished rooms I had occupied during my poverty-stricken years. Soon the clerk left. Only now I realized that a real calamity had struck me. The briefcase I had carried off the train was not mine, and mine contained my speeches and other important papers; I must even have squeezed in my little notebook. As luck would have it, I had packed my traveller's checks, too. I don't know to this day why I did that, unless the forces that direct a man's life intended to cause me the greatest possible anguish. All I possessed was two dollars and some change.

I looked around for a telephone, but there wasn't one in the room. Anxious as I was, something inside me mocked at the trap I was caught in. I had one hope—that my hosts would come for me the next day. But I began to doubt whether I had gone to the right hotel. No organization would put up its speaker at a shambles like this. It was

"*I wish* we *had a life style.*"

• •

all a mistake. It became clear to me that I was being punished for disappointing Reizl. Her curses were coming to pass. As usual in times of trouble, my faith reawakened.

I became aware that the room was cold. The radiator was covered with dust, and the paint was cracking; it gave off no heat. I turned down the bed and caught sight of a gray sheet and dirty-looking pillowcase. There was a whiff of bedbug spray. I closed my eyes and tried to listen to the unconscious in me, the power that according to von Hartmann can never be mistaken. Who and what drove me into this pitfall? It had all the signs of self-sabotage.

I undressed, got into bed, using my coat as an extra blanket. If only I had my little notebook! I couldn't remember a single telephone number except my own and Reizl's. My apartment in New York was empty, of course, and Reizl wouldn't talk to me. I was afraid I wouldn't be able to sleep, but I went off in a heavy slumber.

THE next morning I went to a public telephone and called Reizl's number collect. There was no answer. I tried again after an hour, then two and three hours later, without any luck. As a rule, when Reizl was out her mother would pick up the phone. Had she murdered her mother and done away with herself? I tried to remember other telephone numbers but was plagued with amnesia. There was only one thing to do—track down some Jews and find out where my lecture was to be given that evening. But I must eat first. I had had no breakfast, and hunger gnawed at me. I walked into a cafeteria and had pancakes, two rolls, and coffee. That came to eighty-five cents. My wealth now consisted of a dollar and fifty-eight cents. A taxi was out.

I walked till I found some shops. Among the names was a Morris Shapiro. I'll find out something here, I thought. Maybe Morris Shapiro was planning to go to my talk tonight. I entered the store. It was big, but the merchandise was shoddy. Tables were covered with nightgowns, blouses, dresses, sweaters, scarves, hosiery—all kinds of cheap odds and ends. It was broad daylight, yet the lights were on. I thought of the tale about King Solomon. Asmodeus had had him flung out four hundred miles from Jerusalem. The King of Israel went about shouting, "I am Solomon!" At least he was a king. Who was I, after all? One of thousands of writers in America—a Yiddish writer, to boot.

I looked for someone who might be Morris Shapiro but could see only lady customers and saleswomen. I walked over to one of them. "Is Morris Shapiro here?"

Smiling, she took stock of me. "Mr. Shapiro is out."

"When will he be back?"

"What do you want him for?"

Stammering, I began to explain. She half listened. Occasionally, she called to another saleswoman. Her doll's face was framed by curly hair dyed blond.

"Mr. Shapiro is in Chicago today," she said finally.

"Could you direct me to a synagogue or to a rabbi?"

"I'm not Jewish. Hey, Sylvia!"

She pointed to a little woman with black hair, who was wearing the same light-blue smock as the other saleswomen. Sylvia was busy with a customer. I waited while a middle-aged woman twice tried on an apron, unable to decide whether to buy it. Sylvia stood beside her absentmindedly, chewing gum. Eventually the customer said, "I'll go look in the mirror."

I started to tell Sylvia about my dilemma.

She looked annoyed. I was wasting

her time. She said, "There are several synagogues here, but I think they're only open on the Sabbath."

"Would you know where one of the rabbis lives?"

"No. Look in the phone book."

"Where can I find one?"

"At the Western Union office."

"And where's that?"

"Across the road."

I thanked her and left. I couldn't see a Western Union sign. Had she fooled me, or was I going blind? It was two-fifteen by my watch. My speech was scheduled for six hours from now.

In spite of the cold, the street was packed with pedestrians, and cars and trucks moved bumper to bumper, as in New York or Chicago. The people all looked sullen and impatient. An elderly woman dragged a dog on a leash. He had stopped at the trunk of a tree and would not budge. The woman swore at him. "Lord of the universe, what did You need all this for?" I mumbled. At that instant I saw the Western Union sign. I stepped into the office, got hold of a telephone directory, and turned the pages to "J." There was no organization beginning with the word "Jewish." Jews in the Midwest were probably not keen about advertising their affiliation. What was a man to do in these circumstances—lie down and die? I had a publisher in New York but couldn't recall the telephone number there. Anyway, the business was on the verge of bankruptcy. Recently, one of the secretaries had complained that she had not been paid for five weeks. Besides, my editor was getting a divorce and was somewhere in Reno.

I searched the yellow pages under the heading "Churches." I found two synagogues listed. I was about to make the calls, but I had no dimes. Meanwhile, someone had entered the only telephone booth. From the way he settled himself, I could see that he wouldn't be out soon.

I had forgotten the taste of poverty during the years I'd been earning my living by writing and lecturing. It came back to me now. I'd had a late breakfast, but I was hungry again. I waited for the Western Union operator to give me change; he sat at his telegraph key without glancing in my direction. I thought that writers should never get rich. They shouldn't even have a regular income. The well-fed can never understand the hungry. People with homes cannot identify with those who sleep in the streets. Memory, imagination aren't enough. Perhaps Providence wanted to remind me of my mission as a writer?

After I had waited ten or fifteen minutes, the telegraph operator changed my quarter. I called both synagogues. No response at the first number. A secretary answered the second and informed me that the rabbi was not in town—he was in England on a sabbatical. As far as she knew, no lecture was scheduled in the Jewish community that evening. She sounded irritable, so I decided it would be useless to tell her my story.

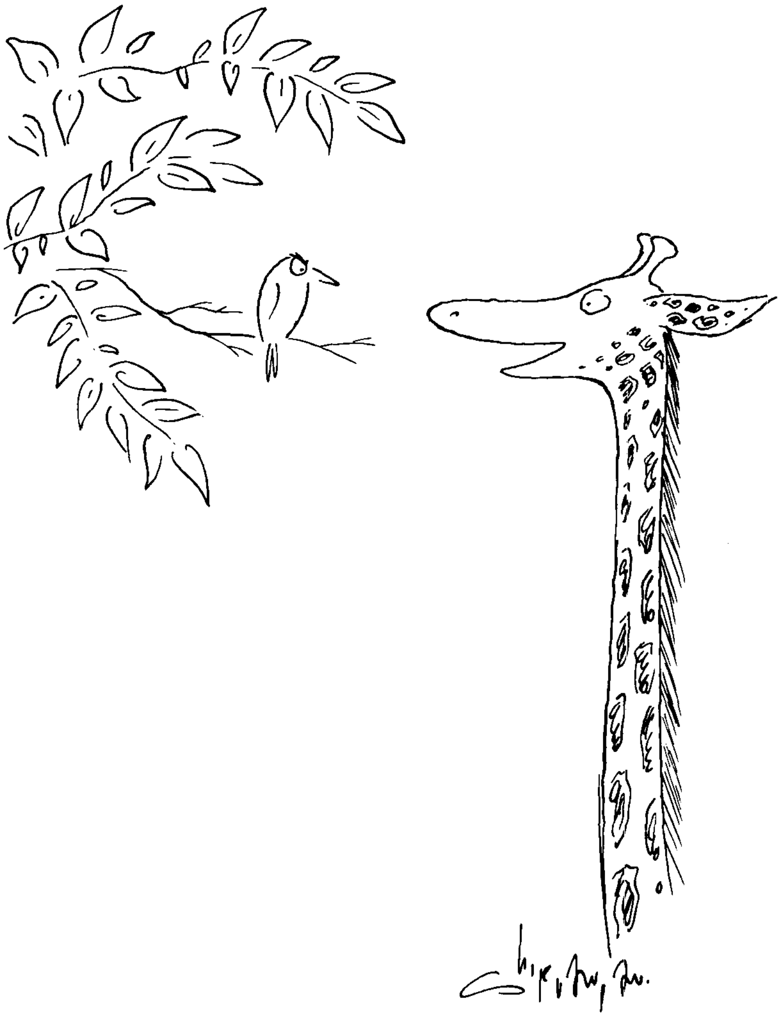
I made a sacred vow: if the Almighty saved me from my plight, I'd show more kindness toward anyone who came to me for help. Once more—"for the last time," I told myself—I called Reizl. No answer. It was obvious that some disaster had occurred there. Leah Hinda had died or had suffered a heart attack. Or had Reizl ordered her not to touch the telephone?

I went back to the hotel and hunted through my three suits. Maybe another address book would turn up. I might find money in my pockets. But there was only a stick of gum, which I began to chew to still my hunger. Then I tackled the briefcase I had carried off the train. Venting all my frustration on it, I broke the lock. What I had suspected was true—it belonged to a woman. I took out a nightgown, a plastic cosmetic bag, stockings, lingerie, a blouse, a sweater. No trace of a name or address. My briefcase contained my address as well as my New York phone number, but even if the woman were to call, there would be no one to answer. Besides, I couldn't be sure that she had my briefcase. She might have taken it to a lost-and-found office. I should call the railroad station, but strength failed me.

I stretched out on the bed and considered suicide. If a man's life and peace of mind depended on a briefcase full of paper, living wasn't worth a pinch of tobacco. You had only to lose a few scraps of paper to find yourself an outcast.

Should I pawn my suits? Or my watch? It was 3:20 P.M. In an hour or so, night would fall. The radiator pipes were barely lukewarm. I hadn't shaved or even brushed my teeth. A prickly stubble covered my face. Should I go to the police? Was there an institution devoted to cases like mine?

I began to doze off and pulled myself up sharp. I must try to call Reizl again. It occurred to me that I could call Information for telephone numbers of people whose addresses I knew. Why hadn't I thought of that before? My



"That was very clumsy of me, but I must say your nest was delicious."

• •

trouble is that I lose my head the second something goes wrong. Anyone else in my situation would have found a way out by this time. I felt ashamed to be so helpless and reproached myself for having remained essentially a yeshiva student. If only it hadn't been so cold, perhaps I, too, could have shown more initiative. The cold paralyzed me.

I put on two sweaters and another scarf before going out. I was afraid of nightfall in this strange, chilly town. I went into a drugstore near the hotel. Without looking, I started counting the money in my pocket. I made a mental note of those who might be willing to help me. I picked a discarded envelope off the floor and jotted down the names of friends and acquaintances whose addresses I thought I remembered. The trouble was that I wasn't sure of any of them.

There were four telephone booths in this drugstore, all occupied. While I waited, I beseeched the Lord, whose commandments I had broken, to deliver me from my plight. I vowed to give eighteen dollars to charity. A little later, I added another eighteen. I must do penance, I decided. I was being punished for not obeying the precepts of the Torah. The scoffer in me made fun of my piety and predicted that I would be my usual self the moment I returned to New York.

Apparently God heard my prayer. I called Information in the town where I was visiting professor, got Rosalie's number, and—I could hardly believe my ears—she answered the telephone. Upon hearing my name, she accepted the charges. I explained what had happened to me, talking with the intensity of someone in mortal danger.

"I'll do all I can, my dear," she said. "I'll wire you some money. I'd bring it myself, but I have an appointment tomorrow with the professor who has to pass on my dissertation."

"Rosalie, I'll never forget this till I draw my last breath. Of course I'll repay you immediately."

"Why are you so scared? Just find out where you are supposed to lecture."

"How?"

"Go to the police. They can trace anything they want to."

I gave Rosalie the address of my hotel. Again I swore eternal gratitude.

She said, "Wish I could come out to you. I'm sick of my thesis."

I replaced the receiver with a trembling hand, overwhelmed by my success, as if I'd just been saved from death. I was filled with love for Rosalie. She was dissolute and smoked marijuana, but the divine spark was still in her, for she was ready to help another human being. She is a thousand times better than Reizl, a voice screamed inside me. I was ready to marry Rosalie there and then. Her past was none of my business. New attitudes were needed between the sexes. There must be an end to the boredom and deceit of present-day family life.

My dime had dropped down, and I reinserted it to try Reizl once more. Some supernatural power told me that she would be at home this time. I could almost see her standing near the telephone. I heard the ringing and then her voice. Breathlessly I said, "Reizl, I implore you by all that's sacred to you to accept this call!"

"Will you accept this call or not?" the operator asked, impatient.

After a moment's hesitation, Reizl said yes. Her voice sounded hoarse, as if she had been quarrelling or crying.

"Reizl, something awful's happened to me. I've lost my briefcase, my traveller's checks, my little notebook. I'm penniless and stuck in a cold, suspicious-looking hotel in this town. Listen to me, if there's a spark of humanity left in you."

"Where are you—you murderer, you dog, you beast?"

"Reizl, this is no time for settling accounts. Unless you want me to die."

Since Rosalie had promised me speedy help, I realized I need no longer despair. But I wasn't sure she would keep her promise. I told Reizl my whole story, puffing and shaking, ashamed of the way I was exaggerating my peril.

Reizl said, "You were probably meeting one of your sluts, and she left you high and dry."

"I swear I'm telling the truth."

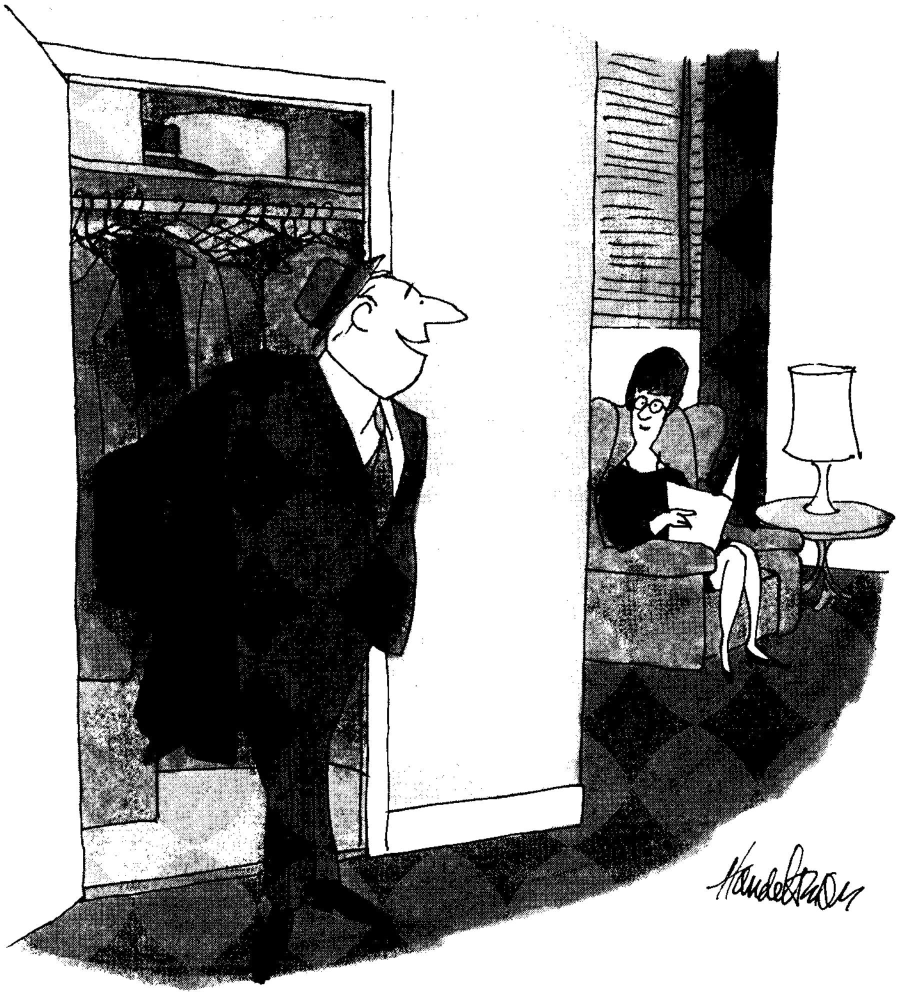
She let a moment pass. "What shall I do?" she said then. "I can't leave Mother alone."

"At least wire me money for expenses. I have to get out of this rathole."

"All right. I'll take your address."

I told her where I was staying. If the women kept their word, I'd be getting two money wires, but one could never be sure how people would behave or what might happen. In any case, fate had helped me reach Reizl and Rosalie by telephone—a sure sign that I was not to perish yet.

Once outside, I felt utterly exhausted from the cold, the wind, and my agitation. I went into a supermarket



"Well, so much for the work ethic. Who wants to join me in a drink ethic?"

and bought a container of milk and a loaf of bread. That left me ninety-four cents. Dusk had fallen when I came out. In spite of the marks I had made for myself, I had difficulty finding my way back to the hotel. It got colder and my nose turned wooden. A foggy haze blinded me. Every few minutes I checked in my pocket for my room key and the slip of paper with the hotel's address on it. Near the curb of the crowded sidewalk, pigeons were tossing around a bread crust that someone had dropped or thrown them. They couldn't cope with it or let it be. These creatures filled me with both compassion for them and rage against their Creator. Where did they spend the nights in this severe weather? They must be cold and hungry. They might die this very night. I wanted to pick up the piece of bread and crumble it for them, but I knew they'd fly off as soon as I came near their food. I took out my loaf, scratched and broke up bits of it, and scattered them. Passersby pushed and jostled me, but the pigeons accepted my offering. I bit off chunks and chucked them to the birds.

A policeman came up to me. "You're obstructing traffic," he said. "There's a law against feeding pigeons in the street."

"But they're hungry."

"Not that hungry." He gave me an angry look.

I moved on, but as soon as he had turned away I threw down another piece of bread. Startled, the pigeons flew off. The cabalists are right: "Ours is the worst of all created worlds. Satan rules here." I stopped someone to ask my way. It turned out that I was standing right next to the entrance of the hotel.

The clerk called me over. "How long will you be staying?"

"A day or two. I'll be receiving money by telegram."

He looked me up and down in disbelief. "Your room is taken starting the day after tomorrow."

I went upstairs and sat down to eat my dinner. How I relished the fresh bread and milk. Each swallow filled me with vitality. I ate in semi-darkness. I was tasting the holiness of poverty. Suddenly I realized that I had no proof of my identity. Even if the money arrived, they might not be willing to let me have it. What would I do then? At that instant, I heard the sound of steps, followed by abrupt knocks on my door. I jumped up. My fingers fumbled as I tried to turn the knob. By the hall light I could see the clerk and several other men.

One of them said, "Why is it so dark?" Then he spoke my name. Everything was cleared up within minutes. The organization that had invited me had been searching the town. I turned on the light. I saw the faces of well-to-do community leaders. Everyone talked at once. They had looked for me all day. They had made inquiries at hotels, railroad offices, airports. The police had been informed. The woman who had my briefcase had telephoned. It occurred to one of them that I might have gone to the wrong hotel. The miserable place I was in had a similar name to the luxurious hotel where a room had been reserved.

Proudly someone said, "You can't hide from us."

"He's a Sherlock Holmes," said another, indicating the first speaker.

They cracked jokes and laughed. One of them introduced himself as president and pointed disparagingly at the half-eaten bread and milk. "Come with us right now!" he cried. "The hall is sold out."

"I don't have my speech. It's in my briefcase."

"We'll send someone to pick it up. It's only fifteen miles from here. The woman who has it is one of our members."

"But I've had money wired to this address."

"They'll forward it to the hotel we're taking you to."

One of the men picked up my garment bag, another grabbed the briefcase, which would no longer close. I remarked that I hadn't paid my hotel bill, but the president said it had been taken care of. Downstairs, the baffled clerk stared at me. He nodded and apologized. A photographer's bulb flashed. I should have welcomed the turn of events but felt sad instead. Demons had been playing with me. I knew it wouldn't be their last game, either.

I was driven to a first-class hotel by limousine. I barely had time to shave and shower and change before I was whisked off to a restaurant for dinner with a large group of people. While I was eating, someone brought my briefcase. Then a reporter from the local newspaper came to interview me.

LATE that night, back in my room, I telephoned Reizl and Rosalie. How easy it was to make calls from a luxury hotel, one's pocket full of traveller's checks and an additional sum for a lecture just delivered. Both women were out. I went to bed and fell into a heavy sleep. I awoke at about ten the next morning, bathed, and ordered breakfast. I would have to wait at the hotel for the money to arrive. I no longer had to have it, but it mattered to me to know if they had kept their word. Besides, I needed to recover from my painful experience.

At one o'clock the president came to take me to lunch. Then he drove me around the town. We passed Morris Shapiro's store. I looked over at the Western Union office and recognized the cafeteria where I had eaten breakfast. The president kept twisting a cigar in his hand and repeated that M—— was a small town. He seemed to be apologizing for its size.

I said, "Yet one can easily get lost here."

"Impossible!"

He wanted to show me everything his town boasted: the museum, schools, agricultural college. But I had no patience for all of this. I was still tired and hoped to take a nap before being picked up for dinner by the chairman. Eventually, the president drove me back to the hotel. It was dusk. The windowpanes were turning blue. I lay down in my clothes. From time to time I tapped my back pocket with the traveller's checks. I slept.

A knock woke me. Night had fallen. I sat up, startled. I couldn't remember where I was. My legs felt flabby, as after an illness. I opened the door. In the light of the hall I saw two faces I knew well: Reizl and Rosalie. I stood there gaping. Reizl wore the shabby fur coat she had acquired in a German D.P. camp. She had a white shawl over her head. Rosalie also wore a fur coat. Both carried tote bags. I was too sleepy even to be amazed.

Rosalie said, "Well, aren't you going to invite us in?"

They must both have decided to come personally to extricate me from my predicament. They would have met at the other hotel, I thought, or perhaps in the plane that made a stopover in Chicago, but I was too weary to ask for an explanation or try to justify myself. I was numb. I stared at them for a long time. The imps had played a new trick on me—they didn't intend me to have repose. Rosalie's eyes were laughing. Reizl looked at me with a sort of mocking compassion. Was this my final downfall? Or had the powers that be answered a prayer I did not dare to utter?

I heard myself say, "Come on in. *Mazel tov*. This is a night of miracles."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Shulamith Charney.*)

THE TEACHINGS OF JOE PYE

(Field Notes for Carlos Castaneda's Next Epiphany)

Monday, January 8th:

SOMETHING tells me this is not going to be a run-of-the-mill ski week. Joe Pye, the instructor of the five-day intermediate class to which I have been assigned, is a Toltec Indian, who looks to be well up in his seventies. He is astonishingly spry and has red eyes. The others in my class—three earnest youths and a girl with prescription goggles—are graduate students in cultural anthropology from the University of Tulsa. Every time Joe says something, each of them writes it down in a spiral notebook. Not that Joe has much to say. This morning, in fact, he took us down the "Nosebleed" (Novice-Intermediate) three times before he said anything. Near the bottom on the last run, I crossed my tips and plowed head first into a drift. When I finally dug myself out, I could feel Joe Pye's stupendous eyes burning into mine, forcing me to reëvaluate my whole life up to that point. A nameless dread enveloped me; I sensed that he was going to speak.

"Upsa-daisy," Joe said.

Four spiral notebooks caught the phrase verbatim. I got up. Afterward, I knew somehow that nothing was ever going to be the same.

Tuesday, January 9th:

The second day was a lot colder and a good deal stranger than the first. Joe Pye took us up on the lift to "The Dells," a menacing glade rife with trees, and said that each of us should find his own "spot" there. The girl with goggles asked him what a "spot" was and how you recognized it. Joe explained that every intermediate skier had one unique place on a difficult slope where he was absolutely certain to fall down, or at least where he was even less likely than usual not to fall down, and that if he could find that place and seek it out at moments of great need he would overcome dualism and his boots would not hurt as much. The girl had a little trouble writing all this down, because she had forgotten to take off her mittens.

When we got to the bottom of the mountain, there was no sign of Joe, who had preceded us. All of us had fallen several times, but nobody was sure he had found his (or her) "spot." The others went back up on the lift to try again, but I was feeling chilled, so I slipped into the bar at the base lodge. Joe Pye was sipping a beer in the corner. We had a pleasant conversation. Unfortunately, I didn't write it down, and all I can remember is his saying that if you couldn't find your "spot" this one we were in wasn't half bad.

Wednesday, January 10th:

Joe took us up Mount Sleet this morning. There are no lifts up Mount Sleet, but Joe told us that by crossing our fingers and thinking hard about bonded bourbon we could climb it with no trouble. When we got to the top, Joe had us remove our skis and arrange them in the shape of an orrisroot. Then he said we were going to search for "power objects," which would help us to open our internal centers of radiation and maybe smooth out our stem turns.

"Joe, is this a power object?" the girl said, holding up a bristlecone pine nut. Joe laughed and shook his head.

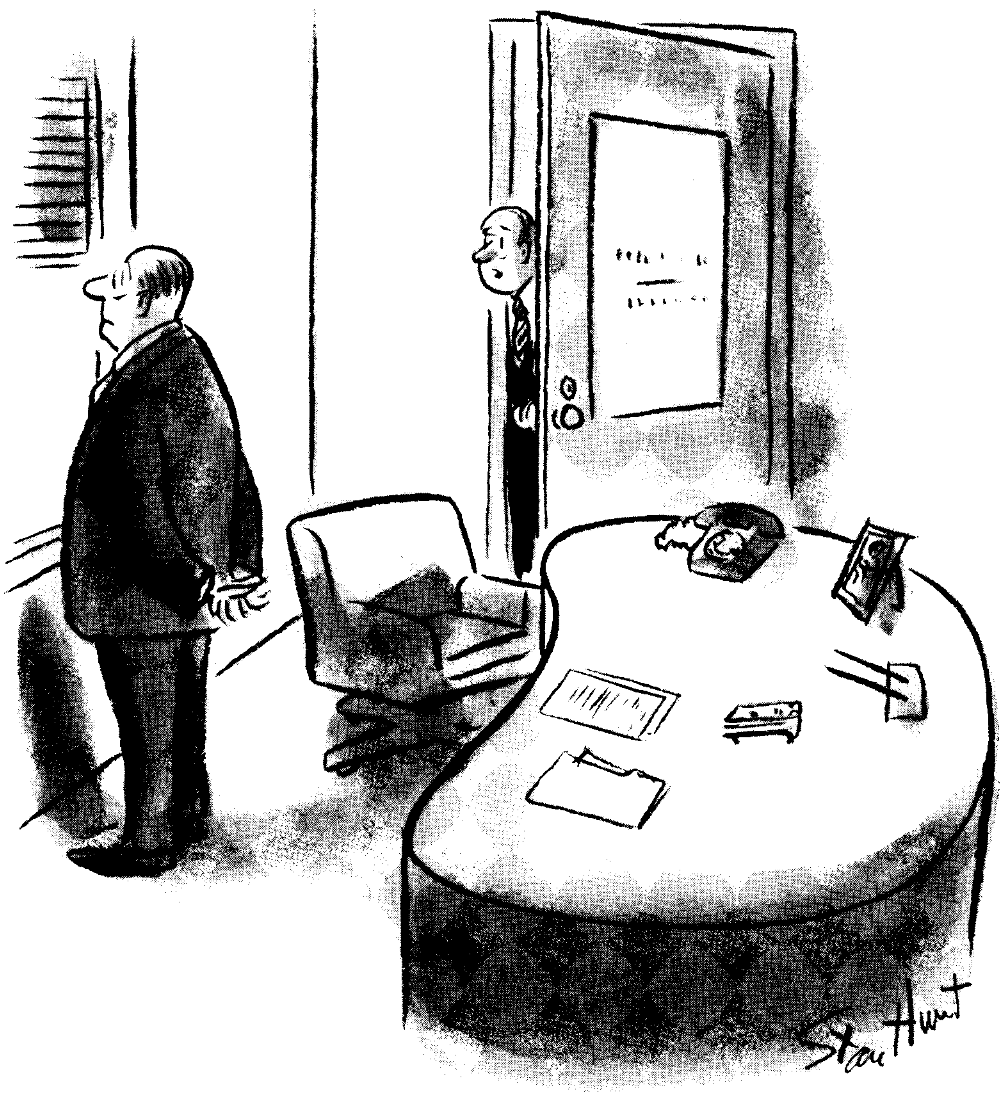
"What do power objects look like?" one of the youths cleverly inquired a half hour later.

"Like other objects, only flatter," Joe replied.

We searched for quite a while, under snowbanks and behind stumps. The wind, which had been merely bad-tempered, became more and more malevolent. Fog rolled in and shrouded the mountaintop. One or two avalanches took place. A frozen Mars bar fell out of my parka pocket and shattered into strangely upsetting fragments. I had a clear but brief vision of Sonja Henie skating on the Gulf of Aqaba, watched reproachfully by Golda Meir.

Nobody found any power objects, and as punishment Joe forced us to ski down the mountain without stopping. He was angry with us. "You counter-rotate when you ought to be capturing infinity," he yelled over his shoulder. "You do not live impeccably. Uggh!"

The four anthropology students began to weep. Halfway down the mountain, blinded by tears, they blun-



"Mr. Warfield, may a disgruntled employee have a moment of your time?"

dered into a terminal moraine. I suggested going for help, but Joe pointed to a crow overhead and said that the accident was a "meaningless signal." For the rest of the lesson we talked of Sonja Henie.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11TH:

The others didn't show up for class this morning. I was a little worried, but Joe Pye said it did people good to wander around a terminal moraine for a few days, and anyway he was tired of their questions. We rode the lift to the top of the mountain. As usual, it was bitter cold up there. We decided to go into the warming hut for a few minutes.

Joe produced a pint of muscatel from his hip pouch, took a swig, and passed it to me. We killed the pint fairly quickly, sitting in front of the wood stove. Joe produced another one and we killed that, too. The only other person in the hut was a caretaker, who said he didn't drink before ten-forty-five in the morning. I began to feel sort of queasy, or exalted. Joe offered me some "power food," which looked a lot like crumbled Oreo cookies, but I declined. He told me to hold on to it for later.

I lay down on the floor near the stove for a little nap. When I woke up, things looked different in the hut. The caretaker was playing hearts with a large, luminous shape that turned out on second glance to be a caribou. I went to sleep again. The next time I opened my eyes, I saw a chipmunk on the floor beside me, eating my power food. The chipmunk was luminous, too, but not as luminous as the caretaker's caribou. By this time, it was nearly noon. I still felt exalted, or queasy, but Joe said we had to go.

On the way down the mountain, I told Joe about the chipmunk. Joe said that what I had seen was not an ordinary animal but a mystical being—perhaps an "ally." He said that the spirit force "Muscatelo" must have singled me out, an astonishing event, inasmuch as I was neither a graduate student in anthropology nor a member of the Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin. "It's too bad about the chipmunk, though," Joe added, scratching his head.

"Why?"

"A chipmunk is not the best possible ally."

"What can an ally do for you, Joe?"

"In your case," Joe said, "not much."

FRIDAY, JANUARY 12TH:

Five-day ski packages are often a little disappointing at the end, but this one was an exception. I showed up at the base of the lift at ten o'clock. The others were still absent, and Joe Pye was twenty minutes late. "Where were you?" I said, somewhat irritably.

"I've been watching you," Joe said. "I've figured out what your trouble is."

"What is it?"

"You're hung up on skiing. It's high time you learned about *not-sküng*."

"What is *not-sküng*, Joe?"

Joe said that *not-sküng* was a warrior's way of life, requiring intense concentration and the total restructuring of physical reality. He motioned me to take off my skis. I followed him over to the base lodge and downstairs to the bar, which was pretty empty at that hour. We started off with beer but quickly switched to Stingers. It was nice sitting there by the fire with our boots off, concentrating intensely on the changing purple lights of the Wurlitzer. "This *not-sküng* is good fun," I said.

Joe looked at me sternly and said that one must pursue *not-sküng* seriously and "with heart." He also said that if I decided to write about my *not-sküng* lessons I should put everything down just the way it happened, more or less, and that if I neglected to cut him in on the royalties there would be big trouble. I was about to ask what sort of trouble, but then I decided what the hell, you can't learn everything in one ski week.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

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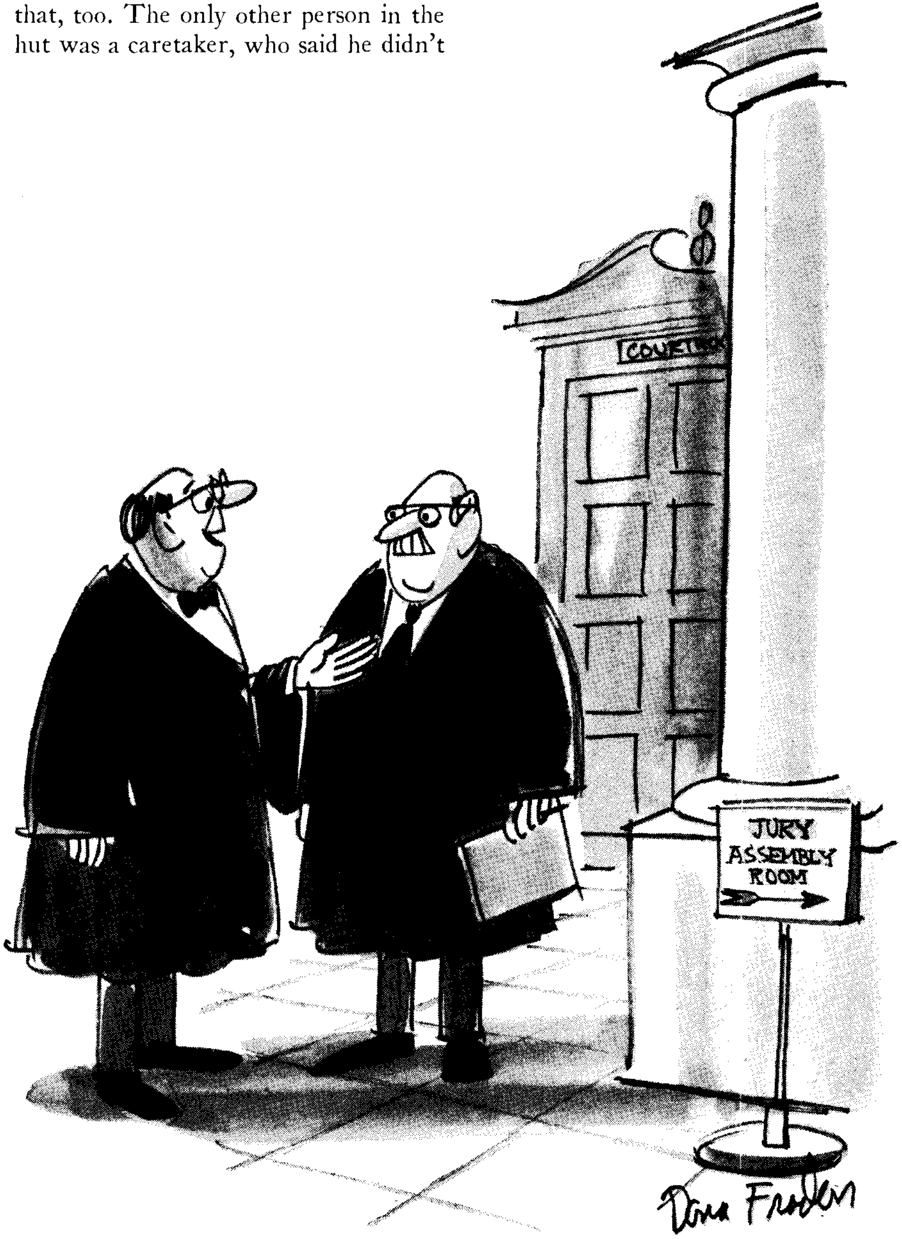


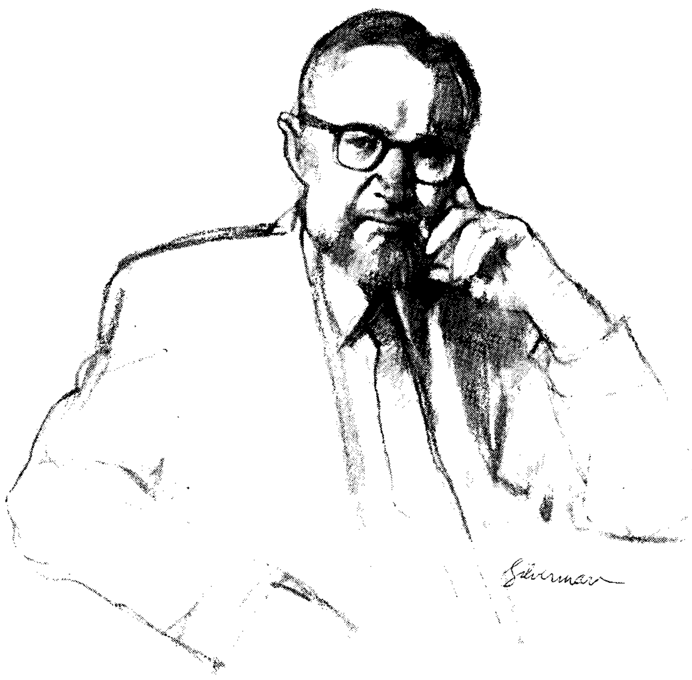
"I never worry too much about being fair-minded, because I know that in the end justice always triumphs."

This is the message of our production of "Camelot"—God grant that it does not fall on deft ears!—*Program of the Sayville (L.I.) Musical Workshop's "Camelot."*

Unfortunately, our right ear *is* deft. Other one's O.K.

❋ PROFILES ❋

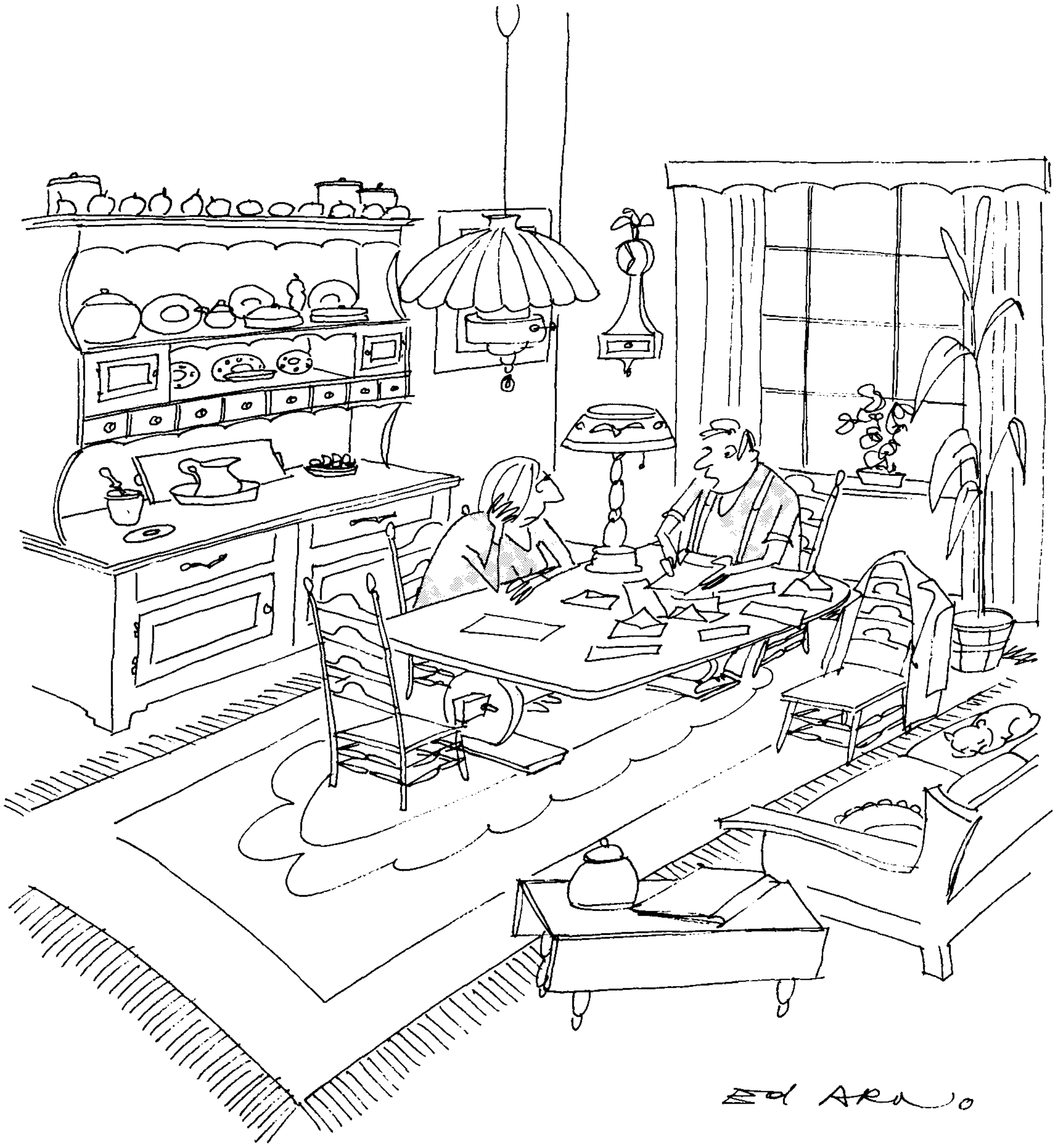
A GREAT FLOWERING OF FREE SPIRITS



John Gordon

EARLY in the third week of every January, a short, voluble, scholarly New York dealer in Americana named John Gordon nervously loads a small hired van with an all but priceless collection of American folk art (a pair of painted Windsor chairs, a tavern table, a settle, three or four frakturs, a Pennsylvania Dutch dower chest, assorted watercolors, silhouettes, and miniatures, a pillar-and-scroll shelf clock, a dozen slipware pie plates, an Elmer Crowell carved bird, several primitive paintings, two or three quilts, some Shenandoah jugs, a bannister-back chair, a joint stool, and a Bellamy eagle), almost all of it acquired in recent months, rides with his cargo from his shop, on West Fifty-seventh Street, to the 7th Regiment Armory, at Sixty-seventh and Park, where he has been invited to exhibit at the Winter Antiques Show, a benefit for East Side House Settlement, which is the most important antique show in America, drives in the back door of the armory, on Lexington Avenue, helplessly watches union hefties handle his cases and cartons, unpacks, sets up a small booth in one-twentieth the time he would prefer, and, for the next ten days, stands around for nine hours at a stretch (he is now and then spelled by his wife, Leah) and amiably gives the pedigree of each piece he has, watches eyebrows lift when he quotes prices, watches booted feet chip the original paint off the base of his dower chest, watches out for shoplifters, and occasionally writes out a sales slip and accepts a check from someone he has never seen before and may never see again. When the show ends, at 6 P.M. on the last Sunday of the month, he frenziedly packs up what he has left, has the truck reloaded, drives back to his shop, unloads, and collapses for a week. But this rigorous dance is performed every week at antique shows all over the United States by Americana dealers, who in the past decade have doubled in number. They are the chief movers and celebrators of American folk art, which, in the making since the early seventeen-hundreds, was largely unknown in its own land until well into this century.

AMERICAN folk art might be said to be any functional art invented and/or practiced in a spontaneous and often solitary fashion by largely self-taught artisans, among them primitive painters, wood- and ivory-carvers, glassblowers, textile-makers, tinsmiths, blacksmiths, carpenters, potters, and cabinetmakers. The first folk-art explosion all but ended with the Industrial Revolution. It was, unavoidably, mostly the work of whites, although there are a few examples of black painters, woodcarvers, and potters. (There have since been two other folk-art outbursts. One, which has been largely black and involves jazz musicians, dancers, singers, composers, and painters, started about 1900 and is just now subsiding. It gave rise to the innocent but persistent canard that jazz is America's sole original contribution to the arts. The other involves the American Indians, who began producing their pottery and rugs and jewelry and baskets in quantity in the last half of the nineteenth century—an outpouring only now being taken up seriously by Americana dealers, although it has long been highly valued in Europe.) Because of its richness and breadth and originality, the earliest American folk art is unique in the Western world, and it helped offset the overbearing, made-in-Europe culture America imported so long and so assiduously. But the counterbalancing didn't begin until the eighteen-eighties, when this country, stirred by the centennial celebration of 1876, suddenly realized it had a past. One of the exhibits at the Centennial Exposition, in Philadelphia, was a reproduction of a "New England" log cabin of 1776, which contained Peregrine White's cradle, John Alden's desk, and a Governor John Endicott chair. America was thus hilariously out of touch with its past. Log cabins were rarely built in New England—indeed, they were a specialty of nineteenth-century settlers in other parts of the country—and the cradle and desk and chair were Pilgrim and not Revolutionary War relics. Moreover, the guides at the exhibit reportedly dwelled not on the beauties of the furniture at hand but on how its crudity and quaintness pointed up American progress. This new if awkward absorption in American history was also a reaction to such celebrated phenomena as the robber barons, urbanization, the financial panics, the dark, bullying weight of Victorian houses and trappings, and the endless press of immigrants, who, it was feared, would turn the country into a Tower of Babel, thus removing English from its role as the mother tongue. The first patriotic societies—the D.A.R. and such—were formed, and patriotism became a secular religion. Books on Colonial houses and furniture appeared, along with the first antique shops, which had evolved from roadside "second-hand" stores. In 1909, the Metropolitan Museum of Art put on the bellwether Hudson-Fulton Exhibition, which was devoted wholly to Early American furniture, painting, metalwork, and pottery. And the following year the Museum acquired the Bolles collection, the pristine major private collection of Americana. The first important explorers were already out in the field, among them Edwin Atlee



"The cost of living must be jumping. We're broke by Wednesday now instead of Thursday."

Barber, a Philadelphia ceramics expert, who "discovered" Pennsylvania Dutch pottery, which had long been considered made in Europe. *Antiques*, the handsome, corseted doyenne of the profession, began publication in 1922, and two years later the Robert de Forests opened the American Wing of the Metropolitan. By the end of the decade, such pioneer restorations as John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, Williamsburg and Henry Ford's Wayside Inn were under way, and they were followed, during the next twenty years, by Old Sturbridge Village, Old Deerfield, and Shelburne. These were mostly the inspirations of wealthy, foresighted visionaries who at the same time were amassing folk-art collections that amounted to private museums. (They even had their own curators.) Then, in the early sixties, the country, as sorely perplexed by internal upheavals as it had been in the late nineteenth century, suffered its second great attack of nostalgia. The first symptom was the campy fascination with comic books, Orphan Annie mugs, old movies, and recordings of big bands and radio programs. The Museum of American Folk Art opened in New York. New restoration projects were begun (Doris Duke's current renovation of much of Colonial Newport is the most extraordinary), and more and more preservation societies, with Ada Louise Huxtable on bugle, went at it hand to hand with greedy real-estate developers. A flood of books on Americana appeared, and Americana dealers came to the fore in a field where they had long been regarded as country bumpkins.

Once the pastime of scattered antiquarians, the selling of antiques has now become a full-time business. There are at least fifteen thousand dealers in the country, and there are hundreds of antique shows, many of them run by little cartels that do nothing else. These shows range from the glacéed East Side House show to flea markets, which specialize in Niagara Falls memorabilia and the wicker porch furniture of the teens and the twenties, and which flourish on Sundays in supermarket parking lots. Very little of this has anything to do with real antiques. The definition of an antique has blurred in recent years. One hundred years has long been the rule of thumb, but today sixty-year-old Tiffany glass and thirty-year-old toy soldiers command handsome prices. Only so many good ladder-back chairs and decorated stoneware crocks were made, and the supply, because of attrition and increasing demand, diminishes daily. So chicanery is rife (and so, too, is thievery; rarely does an issue of *Antiques* go by without several cries for help from burgled collections), and there are fake old glass, fake old weathervanes, fake old theorems (stencilled paintings or watercolors done on velvet or paper by genteel housebound girls in the nineteenth century), fake frakturs (brilliantly colored birth, baptismal, or marriage certificates, whose ornate script and wild watercolor renditions of symbolic flowers, animals, and hearts were the work of Pennsylvania Dutch artists in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries), fake old furniture, fake old pewter, fake old ironware, and fake primitive painting. What are admittedly reproductions, sold in their own emporia, are on hand at prices often exceeding those of the objects on which they are modelled, and one can find elegant copies of Chippendale chairs as well as fair imitations of toleware—exquisite hand-painted tinware produced in the nineteenth century in Pennsylvania, New York State, Ohio, and New England.

Fewer than a hundred first-rate antique dealers occupy a pantheon above this maelstrom, and a dozen of them work exclusively with Americana. The latter are a rare breed. They are one-

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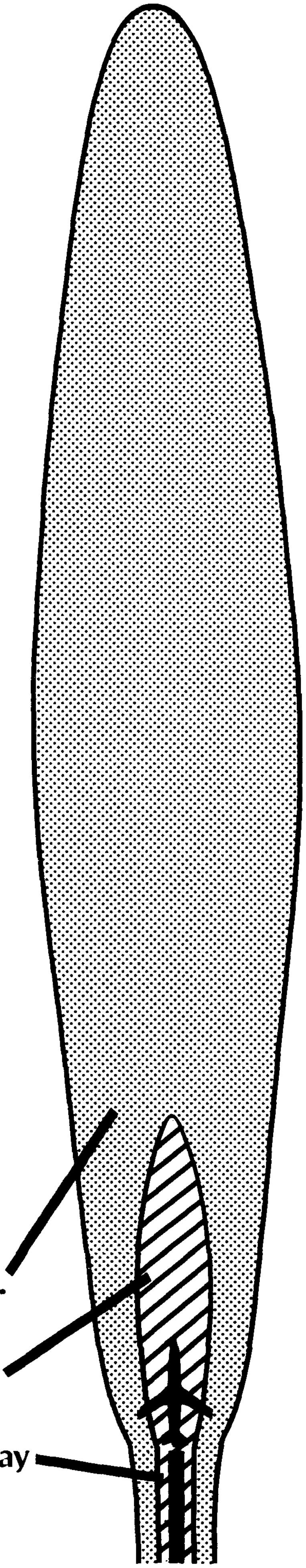
Watch for TriStar. It's hard to hear.



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man bands, who must be scholars, aesthetes, salesmen, accountants, indefatigable travellers, buyers, appraisers, and undercover agents. And when they are informed by one of their spies, or "pickers," of the existence, three hundred miles away, of a fine previously unknown Ammi Phillips portrait, they must be on the doorstep the next morning, cash in pocket and sporting an indifferent manner. (Pickers are odd, often highly skilled ghosts who, unequipped for the rigors of nine-to-five living, pass their days scouting for good stuff in the perpetual twilight of attics, barns, cellars, and the parlors of ancient recluses.) They must also be able to see beauty and value in objects that have hitherto been ignored. (Good toleware coffeepots sold for fifty dollars five or six years ago; one recently went at auction for over fourteen hundred.) Most important, they must, in a rapacious and seductive arena, where prices have doubled and tripled in the last couple of years, remain morally impregnable.

JOHN GORDON is singular even among Americana dealers. He is one of the very few first-rate folk-art dealers based in a major city, the majority of Americana dealers being bucolics who set up shop in the country, where overheads are low and where they feel close to their source of supply. He has been in business not quite eight years, but his knowledge and the extraordinary quality of his stock are such that he is consulted by restoration projects, auction galleries, and museums, the last of which also buy from him. His clientele includes both the glamorous (Rockefellers, Vladimir Horowitz, Andy Warhol, Katharine Hepburn) and the unknown, some of whom are wealthy and some of whom buy on the cuff. He does not make himself easily available. He exhibits in only one show a year—the East Side House—and he runs his business almost singlehanded; if he is out of town, as he often is, his shop is closed. (His wife, Leah, has now gone on a part-time basis at *Time*, where she has worked for eleven years, and she helps him out several days a week. Gordon, in fact, has recently changed his trade name from John Gordon to Leah and John Gordon. He is also on the verge of closing his present shop, and in March, after a month's vacation, he will reopen in more spacious quarters on Fifty-seventh Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues.) The shop, on a second floor between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, is difficult to find, yet it is almost never empty, and there are generally a couple of clients who have stepped off planes from Montgomery or Chicago an hour or two before. Gordon has little sympathy with the distracted bohemian look of most folk-art dealers. He is neat and compact, and he wears out-of-fashion spectacles, closely trimmed hair, and an immaculate Vandyke, which sharpens the heartlike outline of his face. His eyes are deep-set and shrewd, and he has a surprisingly big voice and a confident, easy laugh. Although he moves quickly, chin up, like a small Chris-Craft, he has an eighteenth-century sense of time, for he is an impassioned, oracular Ancient Mariner who will sit in his shop and discourse on the beauties around him for hours non-stop. It is impossible to drop in on Gordon for fifteen minutes; one sets aside at least two hours, which are invariably capped by a twenty-minute, standing-in-the-doorway farewell.

Gordon's shop is in a narrow, six-story apartment building, and it occupies a long room that looks south through murky windows onto Fifty-seventh Street. Several small rooms open off it, and until three years ago, when he secured the back apartment on the same floor, he and his wife lived in the shop. It is generally in mild disarray, and sometimes it smells faintly of pine incense. Its perpetually astonishing contents generally include half a dozen painted and unpainted Windsor chairs, several pairs of primitive portraits (their often middle-aged subjects bearing the patient, yoked look of people accustomed to cold rooms and a heavy Jehovah), several frakturs, a pale-red tavern table, a statuesque, grained Palladian-back side chair, shelves of slipware plates and redware jugs, a Pennsylvania Dutch dower chest (its colors soft, humming yellows and blues), two or three weathervanes, a red toleware coffeepot and a black toleware will box, three or four brilliantly colored Pennsylvania Dutch quilts, a stolid, knee-high black wooden horse (probably carved for a child), a seaman's chest with a crooked frigate brightly painted on the inside of its lid, a pair of sea-green metal wall sconces, a huge figurehead of a woman, her nose flattened by waves and weather, a tabletop covered with lacy, abstract butter molds, and two tall chalkware dogs with painted, rheumy snouts.

IT is a recent late morning, and Gordon sits in a small Windsor chair in his shop. He talks about some frakturs he has just seen. "Taste is not absolute. It is always changing, always creating a fresh sense of rightness. A genuine piece must speak to

SCULPTURE

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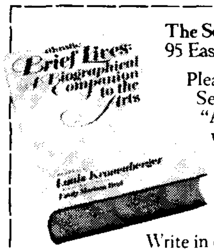

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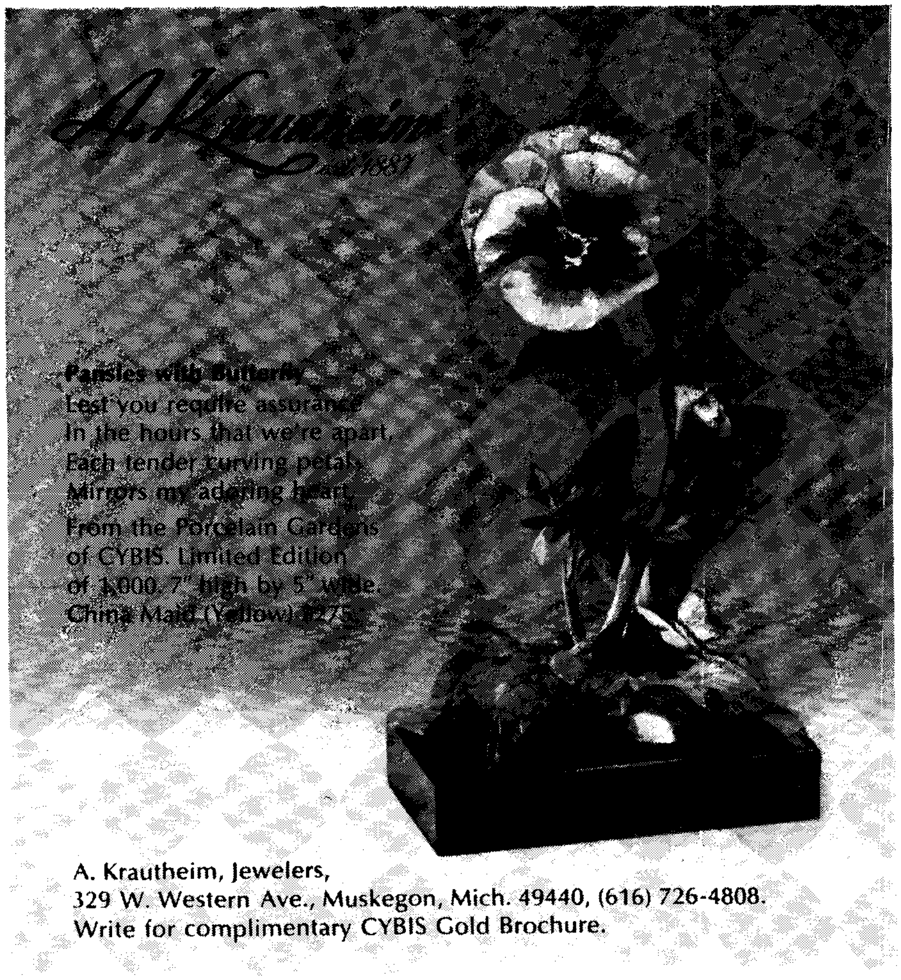

A. Krautheim est. 1887

Pansies with Butterfly
Lest you require assurance
In the hours that we're apart,
Each tender curving petal
Mirrors my adoring heart.
From the Porcelain Gardens
of CYBIS. Limited Edition
of 1,000. 7" high by 5" wide.
China Maid (Yellow) $275.

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you of a particular time and place. It must speak to you of its purposes and motivations. If it doesn't, there is something wrong with it. Eight pieces of fraktur were already on display for a New York auction when the auctioneers became suspicious and asked me to examine them. You examine such things aesthetically at first, then you look at them academically. They looked very real, very attractive, very neat. But after a while I became uneasy. Although they were in different styles and were supposedly from different periods, I had the peculiar impression that they were done by the same person. Several things put me off. The size and proportions of the paper were wrong, and each piece had a sharp center fold, as if it had been taken from an old book. I went out to lunch; I wanted a fresh eye. When I came back, I discovered that the script was brownish fading to purple. But old ink doesn't fade in that way. It bites into the paper. Sometimes it bites right through the paper. Then I examined the writing and the images, and I was convinced. In the time of frakturs not many people could write, and the men who did the script on frakturs were learned professionals. They wrote in a natural way, but someone trying to duplicate that naturalness would inevitably express *himself*. He'd either become sloppy or stiff. He would never capture the natural flow of the real fraktur artist. Also, the images on either side of each fraktur matched too closely. If the pedestal of a vase was slightly off on the left side, it was on the right as well, and the same with the facing birds and tulips. In a genuine fraktur, the facing images are almost always dissimilar, no matter how slightly. I went home and thought about it for a day and then passed on my suspicions to the auctioneers. The frakturs never appeared at the auction."

When he smokes, Gordon waves his cigarette like a baton, regulating the dynamics of his words. He likes to startle his listeners by frequently and abruptly changing the subject. "To some people, the term 'provincial furniture' is unappetizing. They prefer 'country furniture.' But 'provincial' is better if you think of it in terms of the provinces, of pieces made, say, in Worcester or Lancaster—places that did not have the great wealth in the eighteenth century of Newport and New York and Boston and Philadelphia, where high-style furniture flourished. High-style furniture—Queen Anne, Chippendale, Hepplewhite—and provincial furniture are diametrically opposite. High-style furniture was generally made of hard woods, like walnut and mahogany, and there tends to be very little distress in such woods, which is why so many high-style pieces are in almost pristine condition. Also, their owners were well-to-do and had servants who took exquisite care of their pieces. But provincial furniture was made of local woods, often soft woods. Hickory or ash bent easily for arms, and seats were carved from pine or poplar. Provincial pieces were often painted, and for two reasons—for decoration and to disguise the different grains of the woods used. This camouflage also helped preserve the wood. The colors were far brighter than we think. We forget the patina, the mellowness that age gives paint. Many of the deep greens we see now were gaudy greens, many of the grayish blacks were true black. And the paints were often homemade. Red was pulverized brick mixed with buttermilk, which was a natural adhesive. But the great appeal of a good provincial piece is its revelation of the life it has led. It takes on its own character with use. The effect of the human body on the chair shows—the way an arm is worn, the way a seat changes, the way a stretcher is rubbed flat by generations of feet. The reason for collecting such furniture is not nostalgic. There's no point trying to escape into the past. The past was just as difficult. But the pain involved in everyday living now is mitigated by having things around you that have grace and warmth and depth. Collectors are criticized for relishing material things rather than spiritual things. This may be true of the collectors of bottle caps and matchbox covers, and it may be true of the fanatical one-track collectors of, say, a certain kind of chair or quilt. Those are self-contained manias. But in acquiring American folk art you are consciously or unconsciously attempting to alter reality around you. You are surrounding yourself with the results of a great flowering of free spirits, of democracy *really* at work. It took an amalgam of people from the world over to cause this flowering, which became a flowing continuum of folk artists—not peasant artists, because there were no peasants here—who carved things and glazed things according to the dictates of the wood and the clay and their great taste. But it was not vanity expressed in wood or pottery. Everything made was functional. A weathervane showed the direction of the wind. A small carved wooden lion was a child's toy. A toleware pot held coffee. And a scrimshaw tooth reminded a sailor's girl that he

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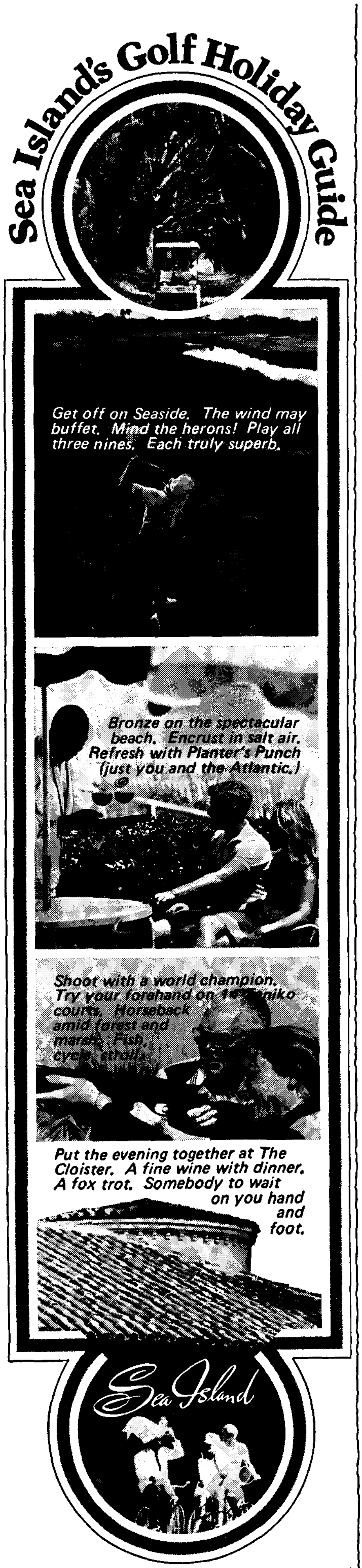
Sea Island's Golf Holiday Guide
Get off on Seaside. The wind may buffet. Mind the herons! Play all three nines. Each truly superb.
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Shoot with a world champion. Try your forehand on [illegible]niko courts. Horseback amid forest and marsh. Fish, cycle, stroll.
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was thinking of her five thousand miles away. But these functional, everyday things were beautiful as well. That weathervane pointed into the wind *and* enriched the sky, that wooden lion roared, that coffeepot, with its reds and yellows and greens, glowed and danced. Their makers desired to alter *their* reality because of the inherent need in people to lift and purify their environment, and in so doing lift and purify themselves. And, of course, their art did not come out of a mainstream. It didn't evolve directly from the work of predecessors, as European peasant art did. Nor was it stifled and trammelled by the things that existed in Europe, like an oppressive aristocracy and guilds and academies, which snuffed out originality. It was spontaneous in its time and place. Grandma Moses, despite her occasional sweetness and cuteness, was a good example. She had no consciousness of the existence of 'art.' Her spontaneity and individuality is obvious. Take an English Windsor chair. It sits there with this stolid, here-I-am-to-stay look, this forever-England look. It is anchored to the earth. But a great American Windsor takes off and goes into flight."

The antique business, like any specialized, introverted endeavor, has its own argot. This is especially true of furniture. Some examples:

Turning: The shaping of wood into a series of symmetrical circular knobs. Done on a lathe or by hand, often with turning chisels.

Crest or Rail: The horizontal piece of wood, carved in an endless variety of shapes, that tops the back of a chair.

Spindle: One of the spokes of wood that form the back and that support the arms of a Windsor chair.

Stretcher: One of the horizontal spokes, often turned, that are fastened between chair legs for support.

Ear: A decorative carving at each end of a crest, made in the form of an abstract human ear.

Onion Foot: An onion-shaped piece of wood on which a chest rests.

Reeding: A continuous narrow groove, used to decorate the edges of furniture.

Knuckled End: The end of a chair arm carved to resemble knuckles.

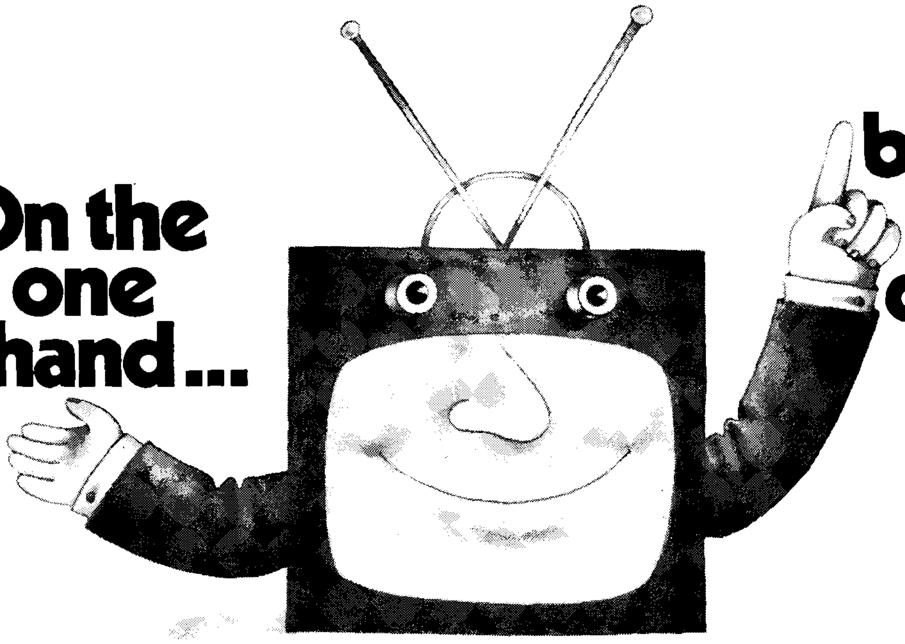
Splat: The vertical backrest of a chair, often carved in vaselike shapes. Flat or slightly curved.

Cabriole Leg: A furniture leg carved in a flattened S-shape. Its contours are almost a caricature of the human leg from the top of the calf to the ankle.

Gordon points to an unpainted comb-back Windsor armchair. It has a spidery grace. "Consider this American Windsor. Without doubt, it's an exquisite object. In the realm of Windsors, it's a high accomplishment. It's one of a kind, to begin with; there is no other chair precisely like it. And that's thrilling. In early America, there was very little room or time for nonsense. So there's nothing in the chair that shouldn't be there, except a little embellishment—the pieces of jewelry that bring out the sparkle in your lady's eye. The chair is light in weight, and the way it is put together is a challenge even to American creativity. It has no nails, no screws, no glue. There's a seat, four legs, some stretchers, some spindles, and a single, shaped arm, and they are all held together by the maker's understanding of wood. He wet the pieces before he assembled them, and when they had dried the *exact* amount of time, he put them together. Just enough contraction took place, and the chair's members are still gripping each other two hundred years later. The chair has subtle turnings. They are fully realized but not overly voluptuous. It has a continuous arm that was steamed into its curve, and there are delicate knuckled ends. The crest undulates quietly and has sculptured ears. There is a handsomely shaped saddle seat. Its legs and the spindles supporting the arm have an excellent rake, which gives the whole a spirited, jaunty look. Note that the arm and the seat are reeded. A distinguished touch. And the icing on the cake is that the chair is signed on the underside of the seat. It says, 'Made by D. B. Austin for his cousin Daisy Olive Berry.' Then there is a punched design of entwined hearts, and 'To my sweetheart.' I don't know who Austin was or who Daisy Berry was. But that chair is a very personal statement. It was the brilliant effort of one person in one particular place working at the top of his knowledge and wits."

A Well-Tailored, somewhat dour middle-aged couple arrive at the shop. They are from the South and they come to New York once a year, and they always make an appointment to see Gordon. They have the intense, preoccupied expression of collectors out to buy. They look at pottery and chairs. Gordon talks quietly but assertively, slipping into the editorial "we" that Americana dealers often adopt at work. It has an impressive, corporate ring, as if each opinion and fact he is expressing were being tacitly

On the one hand... but on the other...



Television is too liberal!
Television is too conservative!
Television clings too tightly to the middle-of-the-road!

Paradoxical as it may seem, there are people who voice each of those divergent criticisms. But this is really no paradox: One sure way to draw fire from all sides is to present all sides.

A national Roper poll has found that the overwhelming majority of Americans say television is fair "about showing different points of view in its news programs, discussion shows and interviews...opinions of community leaders, leaders of organizations, politicians, and just average citizens."

Because the airing of opinions—even those that are disturbing—is vital to democracy, television must and will make certain that voices all across the spectrum are heard.

We can't predict just whose opinions will be aired in the weeks ahead, but we can list some upcoming programs that should earn the high opinions of selective viewers.

The Last King of America. The American Revolution—Peter Ustinov portrays George III. Thursday, Feb. 1 (9-10 pm).

What Are We Doing To Our Children? CBS Reports—Dr. Robert Coles of Harvard probes society's effect on youth. Thursday, Feb. 1 (10-11 pm).

Much Ado About Nothing. Joseph Papp's imaginative New York Shakespeare Festival production. Friday, Feb. 2 (8-11 pm).

ABC Afterschool Special. Incredible, Indelible, Magical, Physical, Mystery Trip; Last of the Curlews. Wednesdays, Feb. 7; March 7 (4:30-5:30 pm).

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown. Hallmark Hall of Fame—New production of award-winning stage musical. Friday, Feb. 9 (8:30-10 pm).

Cities: Our Next Frontier. What About Tomorrow?—How technology can meet needs of city dwellers. Saturday, Feb. 10 (6:30-7 pm).

Duke Ellington...We Love You Madly. Tribute to Duke with Count Basie, Tony Bennett, Ray Charles, Billy Eckstein, Sammy Davis, Jr. Sunday, Feb. 11 (9-10:30 pm).

The Great Man's Whiskers. Charming story based on true Lincoln incident. Tuesday, Feb. 13 (8-10 pm).

America. Domesticating a Wilderness; Money on the Land; The Huddled Masses; The Promise Fulfilled and the Promise Broken. Tuesdays, Feb. 13, 27; March 13, 20 (10-11 pm).

The Violent Earth. National Geographic Society—Documentary on devastations of nature—hurricanes, volcanoes. Thursday, Feb. 15 (8-9 pm).

The Hippo. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—Capt. Cousteau and crew study animal life in East Africa. Friday, Feb. 16 (8-9 pm).

NBC Children's Theatre. The Street of Flower Boxes, Sat., Feb. 17 (12 noon-1 pm); Jennifer and Me, Sat., March 3 (11 am-12 noon); A Picture of US, Sat., March 17 (12 noon-1 pm).

Dr. Seuss. The Cat in the Hat, Tues., Feb. 20 (8-8:30 pm); The Lorax, Wed., March 28 (8-8:30 pm).

Jack Lemmon—Get Happy. Salute to composer Harold Arlen, starring Diahann Carroll, Johnny Mathis, Doc Severinsen. Sunday, Feb. 25 (9:30-10:30 pm).

Peter Pan. Mary Martin, Cyril Ritchard in Emmy-winning musical fantasy. Friday, March 2 (8-10 pm).

Honor Thy Father. Based on Gay Talese's book about human side of underworld. Friday, March 2 (9-11 pm).

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Kirk Douglas in musical version of Stevenson novel. Wednesday, March 7 (9:30-11 pm).

Long Day's Journey Into Night. O'Neill's brilliant drama with Laurence Olivier, Constance Cummings. Saturday, March 10 (8-11 pm).

The Virtuoso Orchestra—A Show-off Concert. New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert—Michael Tilson Thomas conducts Rossini and Ravel. Sunday, March 11 (5-6 pm).

There's No Time for Love, Charlie Brown. The "Peanuts" kids' reactions to school. Sunday, March 11 (7:30-8 pm).

The Singing Whales. Study of whale species that communicates musically. Wednesday, March 14 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Applause. Lauren Bacall in award-winning Broadway musical. Thursday, March 15 (9-11 pm).

The Red Pony. Adaptation of Steinbeck novel with Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara. Sunday, March 18 (8:30-10:30 pm).

Tom Sawyer. Mark Twain story starring Jane Wyatt, Buddy Ebsen, Vic Morrow. Friday, March 23 (8-9:30 pm).

Tony Awards. Honors for excellence in the theatre. Sunday, March 25 (9-11 pm).

Keep U.S. Beautiful. Entertainment with an ecological theme. Tuesday, March 27 (8-9 pm).

Academy Awards. Annual Oscar presentations. Tuesday, March 27 (10 pm-12 midnight).

The Selfish Giant. Based on story by Oscar Wilde. Wednesday, March 28 (8:30-9 pm).

Peary's Dash to the North Pole. Appointment With Destiny—Re-creation of historic expedition. Wednesday, March 28 (10-11 pm).

Pueblo. ABC Theatre—Dramatization of true story of the "Pueblo Incident," starring Hal Holbrook. Thursday, March 29 (9-11 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Watch Your Child/Sesame Street/Mister Roger's Neighborhood/Electric Company.

Tuesday: NBC Reports/First Tuesday (monthly).

Wednesday: ABC Afterschool Special (1st Wed. of each month).

Saturday: In the News/Multiplication Rock/ABC Saturday Superstar Movie/Sealab 2020/Kid Power/Around the World in 80 Days/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/Talking With a Giant/CBS Children's Film Festival/Zoom.

Sunday: In the News/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Multiplication Rock/Curiosity Shop/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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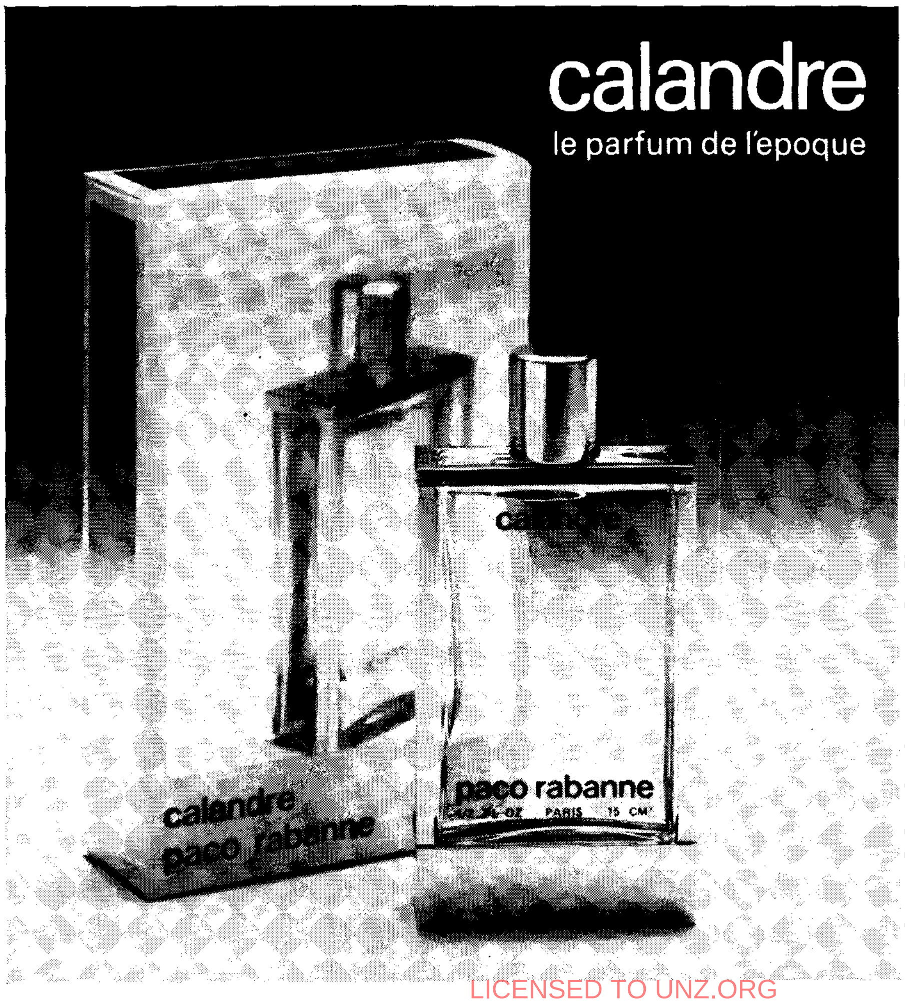

calandre
le parfum de l'epoque

echoed by a legion of watching, equally expert dealers. Gordon is an ingenious salesman; he sells simply by dwelling lovingly and eloquently and exhaustively on each object examined. The couple decide on a large piece of signed Shenandoah pottery, its dark browns and reds swirling smokily around its sides. And they choose a pair of handsome, matching unpainted Queen Anne side chairs with gracefully curved splats and fine cabriole legs. Their passion spent, the couple immediately surface and become cheerful. Gordon makes out a bill and closes the transaction with a joke. "Amazing! It comes to exactly seventeen hundred and seventy-five dollars. I'm tempted to add a dollar." He laughs, and the husband laughs and sits down and writes a check. The couple leave, after a fifteen-minute round of goodbyes. They have been there an hour and forty minutes. Gordon looks weary. He accepts a cigarette and sits down himself.

"It is astonishing how you find things," he says. "Most of the process is mundane, but some of it is very exciting. People call you and you receive pictures in the mail. You get to know collectors, and perhaps one of them, out of the need for money or because he is getting old and has no heirs, starts selling off his collection. I am buying an entire collection right now, bit by bit, from a man in New Jersey. He has been collecting for fifty years, and, with one or two exceptions, when he was fooled, he has beautiful things. The prices he paid are often still marked on the bottom of pieces, and they make you weep. Like that pierced-tin lantern over there. It's a beauty, and he got it for five dollars. A good, reasonable going price now is a hundred and ten. But your most important source is generally pickers. They're strange, dedicated people who are in love with the field, and they come in all varieties—poor, rich, uneducated, educated. I have a picker, a fantastic man, whom I can buy from sight unseen because he has such perfect judgment and taste. A picker from New Jersey, who was also a painter, told me about one of the most impressive things I've ever owned. It's a weathervane, and it's now in the Newark Museum. It's a cock with spurs, and it has a huge beak of a nose and an extraordinarily detailed cutout tail. It's four or five feet across and was made from a single sheet of iron, which is exceptional. It's in superb condition, and I'd guess it dates from about 1700. It was owned, the picker said, by a rather unstable woman. In fact, she was a drinker. He took me out to see her. She lived alone in a hovel, and the weathervane was in her barn. It had been made for a nearby Dutch Reformed church, and she had gotten it from her father. He had been a handyman who worked for the church and had helped take the weathervane down some fifty years before, when the elders decided it might fall off and kill someone. Her father put it away in the barn, and it was forgotten. I asked her what she wanted for it, and she told me, and I said, 'Fine.' Then, I don't know whether she took a dislike to my glasses or what, but suddenly she said, 'No, you can't have it.' I was terrified, but I played it cool, and said that I understood she might feel too attached to it to part with it, and we left. A year later, she relented, and I got it. I brought it here and hid it in a closet because I was so overwhelmed, but one day a close friend of the Newark Museum stopped by and the closet door was open and he said, 'My God, what's that?' and that was it. Other things are handed to you on a platter. One summer evening, fifteen or so years ago, I went to an auction at the Plaza Art Galleries, on East Seventy-ninth Street, and afterward I decided to walk home. Not far up the street, I looked in the window of a little shop called Bernal Antiquary. It's gone now, but it was typical of its New York kind—filled with bits of armor and marble statues and European ceramics. I looked a little, then I spotted a wall cabinet, about two feet square, with a door and iron hinges. It was sitting by itself on the floor at the back of the shop. I couldn't believe my eyes. It *looked* like a classic eighteenth-century Pennsylvania Dutch hanging wall cupboard. I went in and tried to be calm. I still wasn't a pro, and I was afraid I might muff it. Finally, I asked the owner about it. He said, 'Oh, God, that thing! That's been here for years. I'm sick of it. I'll sell it for thirty-five dollars. No, listen. I'm so sick of it I'll give it to you for thirty dollars.' I told him not to bother wrapping it and ran out hugging it and screamed for a cab. I discovered I was right when I got home. It was beautiful, wholly original, and very rare. It had a double raised panel in the door, marvellous rattail hinges, and exquisite details in the wood. It was a tremendous find, and the astonishing thing was that it had sat there so many years near an auction gallery that every dealer in the country visits at one time or another. It's hanging in my living room, and I'll never sell it, and even if I did I have no idea what I'd ask—eight,

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☐ Please send me further information.
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MUCH ADO
ABOUT
NOTHING

People have been lining up at the box office for tickets to an exciting new production of Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," set in 1910 America, complete with Gibson Girls, Keystone Kops, a ragtime band and draft beer.

Produced by Joseph Papp, the New York Shakespeare Festival show has been playing to capacity houses at Broadway's Winter Garden Theatre. We think all of America should have the chance to see it too.

So, this Friday, IBM is sponsoring the full three-hour production on The CBS Television Network, directed by A. J. Antoon with Nick Havinga. The show stars Kathleen Widdoes as the fiery, independent Beatrice in a comic duel of wits with Benedick, the town's most determined bachelor, played by Sam Waterston.

Don't miss it! Your teacher never told you they could do Shakespeare like this.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

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8-11 PM (EST)
CBS Television

Presented by IBM

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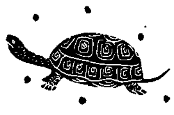
State__________Zip________

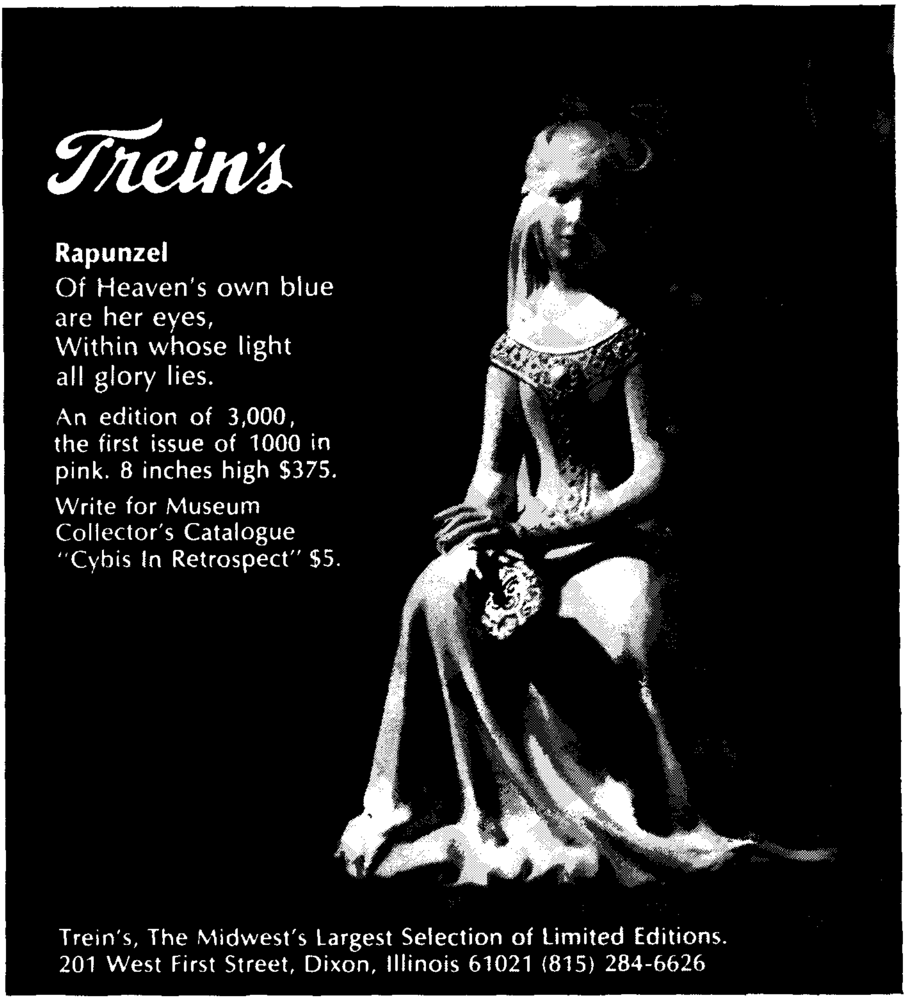
maybe ten thousand; I don't know. It's priceless. That's one end of the spectrum, but I've been to the other, too. Just after I went into business, I got a letter from a woman in Maine, saying that she had seen a picture in the *Times* magazine section of a cigar-store Indian I had. She said she had one just like it, and that she was interested in selling. I wrote back and asked her if she had a picture of it, and she said no, but the Indian was really worthwhile. I finally went up there, and the minute I arrived I smelled a rat. Her house was full of schlock. I didn't see the Indian, and she said it was in their summerhouse. Back into the car and to the summerhouse, which was dark and empty, save for a monstrous round pedestal table with snakes coiled around its base. I asked her where the Indian was, and she pointed to a corner, and there it was. It was about two feet high. I tapped it. It was made of plaster and was the sort of thing you win in a carnival booth by hitting bull's-eyes. And so you learn. You also learn about the occupational hazards of being on the road so much. Another time in Maine I was going inland to see a picker. Leah was with me. I was on a two-lane road, and I was going about fifty-five. It was a ten-day trip, and we'd been travelling all week. I momentarily dozed, and I lost it. The shoulder of the road was soft, and down we went. Leah screamed. There was a tree, and the tree didn't move. Half my head went through the windshield, and I broke my arm. My wallet somehow ended up out in a field. Leah was all right, but she was wearing a seat belt and I wasn't. The worst thing, I had several sheet-iron weathervanes in the car. We could have been beheaded. We were taken to a hospital, and the doctor on duty was Mexican. He was extraordinary. For hours, he picked glass out of me. But we didn't stay overnight. We left as soon as he was finished. We had to, or else I don't think I would have stepped into a car again. We even antiqued on the way home, and it was a way to celebrate being alive."



Gordon locks up the shop and walks quickly down the hall to the back apartment to get lunch. The door opens into a small kitchen, and beyond is a dark room filled with furniture. On the right, a hall reaches a bedroom and a bathroom. The kitchen walls are covered with frakturs and paintings, and there are shelves of pottery. (Gordon has one of the great all-round collections of American pottery, and most of it remains packed in floor-to-ceiling cartons in his bedroom, where it has been since the memorable one-man show he gave several years ago at the Wilton Historical Society.) Gordon rummages around in the refrigerator and comes up with a jar of pickles with garlic, a bottle of grapefruit juice, bagels, delicatessen mustard, and corned beef. It is, he says, with a laugh, all kosher. He eats rapidly and then brews some tea. The telephone rings, and he talks for twenty minutes with a man in Maryland whom he has never met but who calls him every week and buys sight unseen. He sits down with a mug of tea and talks of his upbringing in Philadelphia, where he was born in 1921. "My father, who recently passed away, was a concert violinist, and he became a furniture-maker and an upholsterer when he developed arthritis. He lived in a house there that I own, and he was always a quiet, unassuming man, albeit an enterprising and resourceful one. I did not have the closeness with him that I had with my mother, who died five years ago. But then he was not close to anyone. My mother was shy but friendly and not at all aggressive, but she was the one who set the standards. We had a deep understanding and I could always turn to her for sharing and discussion. Her father had been a Polish rabbi—a poor man but a typical devoted scholar. And she had a brother who was a mural painter in Poland and had studied in Paris. Eventually, he worked for the Czar and settled in Tashkent, where he surrounded himself with orchards and oranges and bolts of silk. He wanted my mother to settle in Tashkent, but she was afraid of pogroms. The revolution came. My uncle had become a member of the élite, and we never heard from him again. I had three sisters—one older and two younger. One passed away when she was sixteen, and none of us could get over it. Her passing haunted me, just as my mother's still does. My mother was the last member on her side of the family, and there was a great finality about it. But I often wonder why it is inconceivable that you will not again meet those very meaningful to you in some gentle eternity.

"I got a sixteen-hundred-dollar scholarship when I graduated from high school, and I went to the Philadelphia Museum College of Art. I studied advertising design three years there, and I took painting courses at night. It was a balance between art and commerce I have tried to maintain all my life. When I was twenty, I volunteered for the Army and went into the Signal Corps, which was inscrutable to me. I also got married the first time, and I think getting married was as frightening as the thought of being killed. I had never been away from home except for the summer of 1939, which I spent in New York with an aunt and uncle. It was a memorable summer. I got interested in the art scene, I went to the World's Fair, and I heard Gershwin played at Lewisohn Stadium and wept along with everyone else. After the Army, where I ended up painting murals in Army buildings for a marvellous Southern colonel named Rosenberg, I went to the Pennsylvania Academy of Art on the G.I. Bill. I spent the whole of one summer painting around Rockport and Gloucester. It was the only time I have painted and done nothing else. I took a job with N. W. Ayer in Philadelphia in the fall of 1944, and I was with them two years. There was no money in it, but it was a civilized place, and I won an award for a box I designed for facial tissues called Yes. And, along with a lot of the other people in the art department, I painted furiously at night. I think we painted more at night than most full-time painters. Then I enrolled in the Art Students League, in New York. It was a robust period in art in New York—Pollock and de Kooning and Rothko and Miró and Chagall and Lipschitz. I got to know Rothko, and I met Pollock. He was a wild man. He was introverted and couldn't mix, and he was always loaded. He gave the impression his shoes were always too tight. Then back to Philadelphia and to the Philadelphia Museum. It was not an anti-Semitic place; there was simply no history of Jews' making it there. And it was run by dollar-a-year men—a kind of private club that depended entirely on contributions from well-to-do Main Liners. At the same time, I enrolled at the Barnes Foundation, and came under the sway of old Barnes himself, who was irascible and brilliant. It was through visiting his country place that I first became exposed to Pennsylvania Dutch folk art, which he had been collecting since the thirties.

"In 1951, my wife and I moved to New York. I still had some of my G.I. Bill, so I studied art history at N.Y.U. for a year. Then I went with McGraw-Hill. I was there eleven years, and eventually became an art director. The last six years, I worked a lot at home, and, although I had been collecting folk art for a good many years, I became genuinely serious about it. I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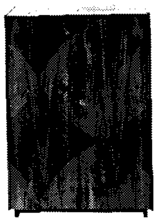

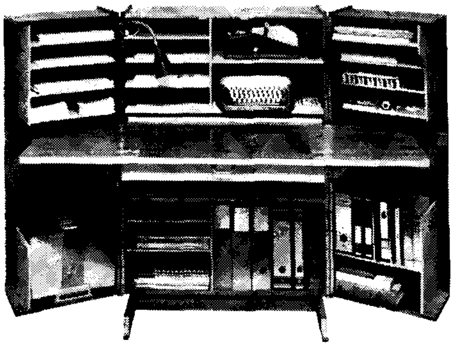

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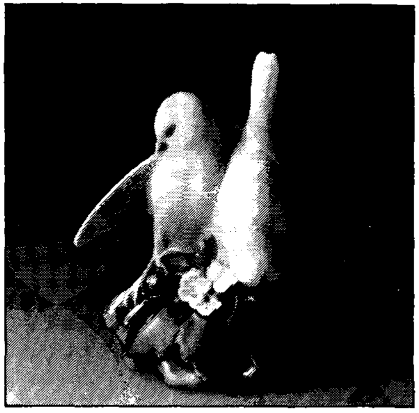

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even began selling on the side, and my first client was a lady who was donating a room to the Cincinnati Museum. A dealer had sent her to me. I wish I still had the things I sold her. One was a flat, wrought-iron fish, about ten inches long, and you'd swear it was made in this century by someone like Brancusi. It was meticulous in design and detail, and it was the epitome of American functional folk art, for it was an axehead holder that was fastened to the side of a Conestoga wagon. I sold it for thirty-five dollars, because I was so excited at selling something that would be in a museum. I've discovered since that there are only three known to exist. She also bought some beautiful miniature slipware plates and a New England wrought-iron finial depicting St. George killing a dragon.

"Then my wife and I got divorced. Leah and I were married, and it was time for a new venture. I had always considered the antique dealer's way of life with envy. And I now felt prepared to handle it. I had no fear of not being able to get good things, and no fear of not being able to judge things quickly and safely, which a dealer must do. It was no longer just the occasional piece you're buying for your own pleasure. My interests and acquaintances were broad enough so that I had good contacts. There were gaps in my knowledge. I didn't know scrimshaw, but I do now. There didn't seem to be anyone on the scene who handled things the way I had in mind, and I felt the time was generally ripe. I sensed a new and dynamic interest in Americana. The Folk Art Museum had just opened, and Americana dealers like Jim Abbe, in Oyster Bay, were going strong. Things happened quickly. I exhibited in the Thirty-fourth Street Armory show in the spring of 1965, and I had marvellous stuff, like a red toleware gooseneck teapot with a big yellow bird as a motif. It went for a ridiculous price. It would bring thousands now. In fact, with the prices I was charging, you could have bought the entire contents of my booth for a couple of thousand, and I would have been wiped out. I remember a certain New York folk-art dealer going through the booth from top to bottom and not buying a thing. But I guess no one had any eyes at that show. I opened the shop on April 13th, and I did the fall show at the armory, where I had another smashing booth, with things like an iron weathervane that had a witch riding a broomstick and chasing a bat. The managers of the East Side

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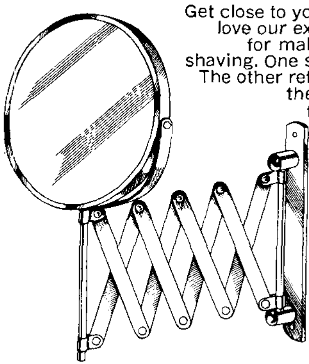

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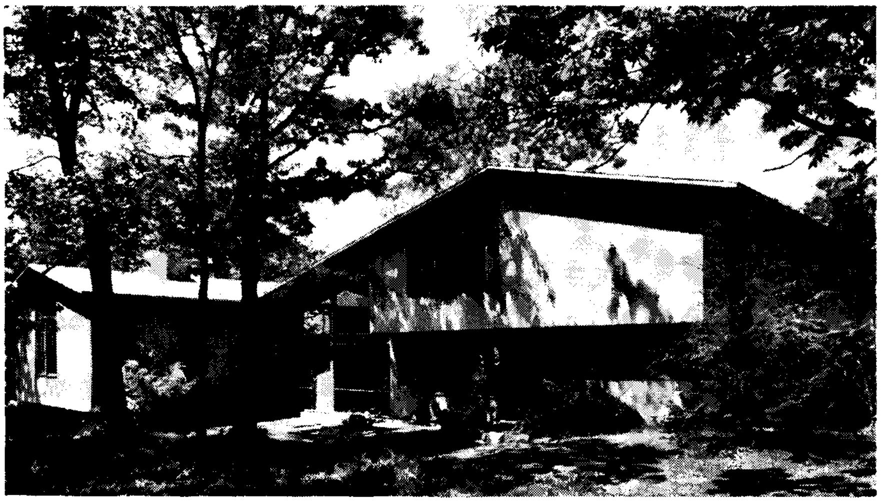
Answer on last page

House show spotted me there and invited me to exhibit the following January, and I'd only been going six months. It's the only show I exhibit in now. My turnover is steady in the shop, and I don't think any other show would help me. And shows are overbearing and exhausting and costly, to say nothing of the backbiting and internecine warfare that goes on between dealers. But it's amazing. I don't have any more *cash* now than I had seven years ago. I never take anything on consignment—many dealers do—and most of the money I make goes right back into stock. There are very few rich folk-art dealers."

GORDON gets up and goes into the living room. He turns on several lamps made out of stoneware jugs, and the room is breathtaking. It is dominated by two pieces—a large, square deep-brown Windsor chair with sumptuous turnings and a flying, akimbo rake to its legs, and a chandelier, four feet across, with twelve curved wire arms, each holding a candle at its outer end and each surmounted by a small, flat sheet-metal turkey that revolves when the candles are lit. Along one wall is a yellow arrowback bench, and crouching on it is a life-size wooden dog that is about to smile or jump, or both. A side table in front of the bench has miraculous spindly turned legs, a rural scene painted on its top, and flowered sides. It has the grace of an aged grande dame waiting in line for tea and leaning on her cane. Across the room is a slightly faded dower chest, its front decorated with a forest of peacocks, leopards, hearts, parrots, and fish. A tall, regal pottery whippet is seated beside it. A plain old sponge-rubber sofa is at the far end of the room, and serving as a coffee table is a small, exquisitely proportioned butterfly table. Next to the sofa sits a walnut provincial chest that just misses being high-style, and on top of it is a huge chalkware cat. More chalkware fills a set of blue hanging shelves, and catercornered to them is the Pennsylvania Dutch hanging cupboard. Another set of shelves holds carved wooden objects, one of them a black man with hat in hand and a ferocious, mock-servile expression. The windowsills are crowded with toleware coffeepots and trays and redware pottery, and there is a superb punched-tin coffeepot on a low painted stool by the kitchen door. There are frakturs on the walls, and a small, delectable mirror with a crest made of intertwined hollowed-out hearts.

Gordon sits down next to the dog



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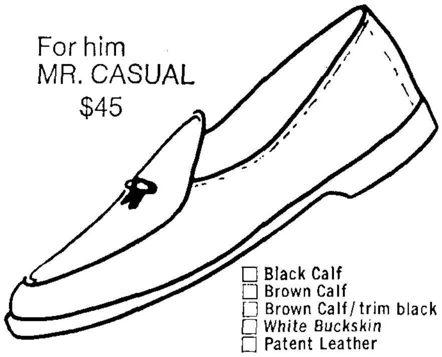
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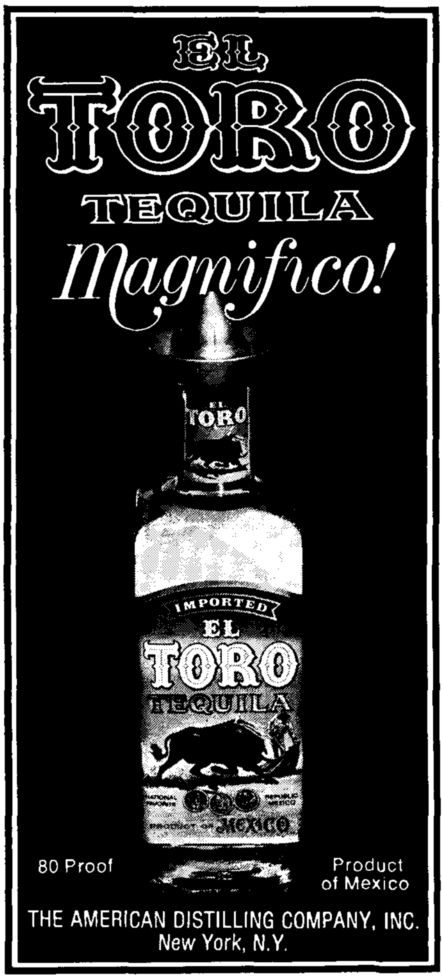

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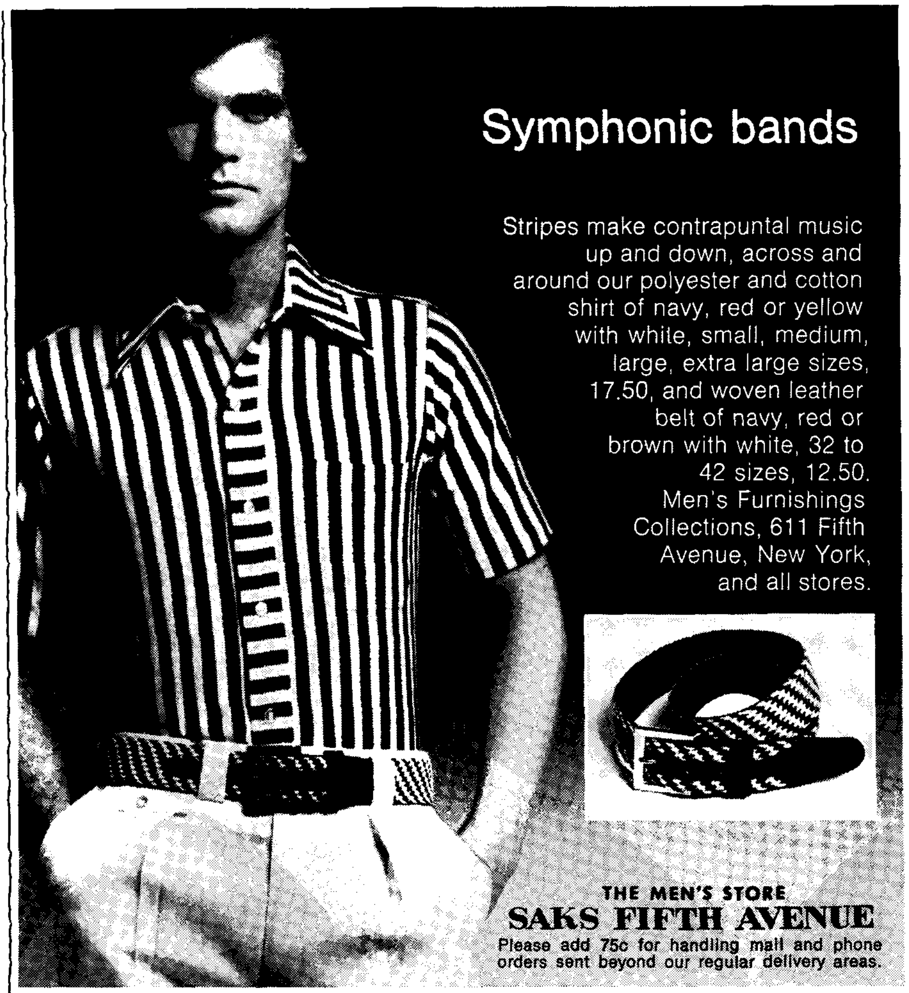
on the arrowback bench and pats it. “He speaks to me, he plays with me. This is largely a Pennsylvania room as it might have been a hundred and eighty years ago. I sit in here and breathe after I have been out in the city, and it restores me. I bring things in here and live with them, and if they live well they never leave. If they don’t, I move them out front. This room is redolent of the two greatest folk-art dealers I have known—Hattie Brunner and Joe Kindig. Hattie was my mentor in many ways. She’s in her eighties now, and she still lives in Reinholds, Pennsylvania. She started when she was sixteen, with her mother, who was one of the many early second-hand-furniture dealers. Some of the most joyously memorable days I have spent were with Hattie Brunner. I’d go out from Philadelphia by bus on a nice warm summer day. Everything always seemed lush, and there was a quietude. You felt God had been there just before you. We would have a lunch of fried oysters and scrapple and home-baked pie, and a drink of cool water from her pump in the back yard. And there were always Dutch pretzels. We would schmoose all afternoon, with her talking in that funny, high Pennsylvania Dutch voice: ‘Dat’s gute,’ or ‘Dat’s humbug.’ But she was never tutorial. She expressed her knowledge in a general way, and I drenched it up. Nobody knows Pennsylvania pottery better than Hattie, and it was from her that I learned how to distinguish between the various counties and makers. She could look at a piece of pottery and tell you exactly where it was made, when it was made, and who made it. Even when she had cataracts, she could judge a piece simply by holding it in her hand and feeling it. And she knew as much about fabrics and carvings and furniture and ironware. Her love and understanding of American ironware and fraktur rubbed off permanently on me. She dealt with dignity out of her own house. Sometimes two hundred people came—in fact, they still come—on Saturdays and Sundays, trooping through all her rooms, just so they could say they had been to Hattie Brunner’s. And she was lovely to all of them. She built whole collections for some people, and famous collectors, like the Garbisches, came to her. Hattie knew everyone in the county, and she knew every house and what was in it. She taught me that you cannot learn by looking through a glass case in a museum. You have to be *close* to a piece—if possible, hold it in your hands, rub it, smell it, look, look, look. Hattie will live forever. I don’t know how many fine pieces have passed through my hands from all over the country that have her pencil markings, her code, somewhere on them.

“The other great dealer, Joe Kindig, had a shop on the main street in York, Pennsylvania. He never washed the windows and he never swept the place. You had to wipe off the glass on his frakturs with your handkerchief before you could see them. He was lean and tall and wore his hair to his waist, and he had a yellowish-white beard. He never wore a tie and he never wore socks. He drove a yellow Cadillac and he was a vegetarian. I think he must always have had money. But he bought low and sold high, and he never lowered his prices. In fact, they always climbed. When I first went to his place, years ago, he had a fraktur that really knocked me out. It was a hundred dollars, but I didn’t have the money, and Joe wouldn’t come down. He’d say, ‘Don’t worry about money. These things are precious. They are works of art, and they will get scarcer and scarcer.’ Every time I went back, the fraktur was there, but it was always just beyond my reach. He finally sold it to someone else, seven or eight years ago, for sixteen hundred dollars. Very few people hit it off with Joe, because of his seignorial ways. But he was convinced there were a chosen few, and he either recognized you as one of them or he didn’t. A couple of years ago, mutual friends told me he was sick and withering away and that of course he wouldn’t see a doctor. I went to see him and found him a little embarrassed at being in bed. But it was business as usual, and we talked for an hour and a half, and then he sold me that whippet. He had always refused to part with it before. I paid him, and he gave me the usual five per cent off for paying in cash, and took his wallet out from under his pillow and made change. The last thing he said to me was ‘There’s something wrong between me and God, Jack, and I’ve got to go and straighten it out.’ He died that night.

“Naturally, there are bad dealers, too. One of the worst was in Connecticut. He was fat and Germanic, and he kept the shades pulled in his house and used seven-watt bulbs. All his stock was hidden upstairs under beds. ‘Hannah!’ he’d shout to his wife. ‘Bring down dat chug from under der second bed.’ He’d declare bankruptcy, but all his goods were in his wife's name. He had a black heart and no friends. And he was anti-Semitic. Even though he had very good stuff, he cheated everybody, including me and other dealers I know. The last time I was there, I bought a fraktur and a lovely fantail rooster similar to the ones that still come out of the Tyrol. The next morning, I examined them in the sunlight at my motel window. The rooster had some new paint on it, and the fraktur had been touched up. I took them back and told him this was the end, and to give me my money back. He did, and all he said was 'Ah, Jack. You too damn schmart.' "

Gordon has been staring through the living-room door off and on at a painting hung in the kitchen above the refrigerator. It is a rural winter scene, with several buildings, done in brilliant blues and reds and oranges. A snow-covered road, with a couple of wagons on it, bisects the painting, and the road is lined with straggling toothpick fences. The daring colors balance each other admirably against the blue-white snow, and the buildings are arranged so that they seem to hang in air. Gordon goes into the kitchen and brings the painting into the living room.

"For years, I had been on the lookout for the work of a true contemporary primitive painter, and, by God, I finally found one—Harry F. Long, or Shorty Long, as he was called. This is his work. I found him in a strange way. I had heard about a painter in the heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country, and I went to see him. He wasn't very good; he was copying magazine photographs. He said he had a brother down the road who also painted but that he wasn't as good. What the hell, I thought, I'll go see him. It was Harry Long. I was astonished. He had a startling and original sense of color, his trees were living, breathing presences, and he had a great clarity and sense about space, and what to do about space is a painter's greatest problem. I bought a couple of his paintings. The second time I went, he had changed, improved. The fact that a city man had bought some of his work had imbued him with extraordinary confidence. The third time, he had built himself a little studio. He was a carpenter by trade, and he had taken up painting at the age of sixty-six, after a heart attack. He wore a carpenter's apron when he painted, and his palette was a board with bottle caps nailed upside down on it. I kept buying paintings, but it was difficult to know how to handle the situation. I didn't want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him to think of himself as a discovered artist, because it might make him self-conscious. And I didn't want to be at all critical, because it might puncture him. The only thing I did was to take a walk with him one day out into the country and talk to him about the sky. The sky befuddled him; he gave it almost no expression in his paintings. I pointed out to him how the sky constantly changes—that it might be blue one day and white the next and gray the next. But he never solved the problem. What interested him, probably because of his trade, were buildings and their details. He painted the cloister at Ephrata—a nearby seventeenth-century religious enclave that has been restored—at least six times. And it is totally, stunningly different in each painting. Of course, he did not paint by sight but from memory. All the Ephrata paintings were based on visits made thirty or forty years before. And a marvellous foreshortened picture of a French village street was what he remembered of France from the First World War. Near the end of his life, I'd suggest subjects that he might have seen, like an Amish wedding or a quilting bee, and he'd say yes, he had seen them, and was interested. But then he died. He'd only been painting six years. I have almost everything he did—some fifty pictures. One mark of his great honesty and dedication was that when I asked him why he didn't paint more pictures—the more he painted the better he got—he said that painting was the most exhausting thing he had ever done, that when he finished a new picture he was worn out. In time, I suppose, I'll give a show of his paintings. Foolishly, I sold several of them for practically nothing the first year I was in business, and they were snapped up like hot cakes. Long was unique in this day. Except for the First War, he never travelled. He never went to the movies and he never looked at television. I don't think he even read magazines. He travelled in his head among the visions of what he had seen in the area he lived in all his life. He travelled up and down the fields and woods and roads of his past. He knew little about painting and nothing about art. What he did was spontaneous and private and absolutely pure."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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—*Headline in the Montreal Gazette.*

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THE THEATRE

ALL RASCALS

“The Jockey Club Stakes,” at the Cort, is a very funny play indeed, and I think you would have to be the stubbornest of Anglophobes, with a raging toothache and four cracked ribs, not to find yourself laughing at it from start to finish. The author, William Douglas Home, is an old hand at writing upper-class drawing-room comedies in which everyone wears nice clothes and speaks superior English, and for this one he has fashioned an adroit and welcomely old-fashioned plot, parcelling out humorous lines and business to the various members of the cast with the impartiality of a wise father bent upon keeping all of his charges happy as well as occupied. The story concerns a case that has been brought to the attention of the stewards of the august Jockey Club, in London: has or has not a certain horse in a certain race been pulled for the purpose of making a large profit for a bettor famous throughout the racing world as Red Mullet? The case is at once seen to be a nasty tangle—the trainer of the horse is the suitor of Lady Ursula Itchin, who is the daughter of the presiding steward, the Marquis of Candover—and the tangle becomes a maze when Red Mullet is revealed to be no less a person than the Marchioness of Candover, known to her husband as “old Maud.” Moreover, a vulgar Socialist life peer, Lord Green, is determined to expose the venality of the Jockey Club and its three old-school-tie stewards, and the stewards are no less determined to avenge themselves upon Lord Green for having discovered their venality. Well! The tergiversations of the play threaten to become infinite, and it is a credit to the author’s nimbleness that the curtain can be rung down with some show of plausibility after a mere couple of hours of heated wrangling, and a credit to his weakness for rascals that everyone in the play ends up more or less content with his lot.

For it is a remarkable fact about “The Jockey Club Stakes” that it is peopled entirely by rascals and connivers at rascality. (Lady Ursula comes closest to being an innocent, and perhaps she has been named Itchin because she is so pure; as a son of the thirteenth Earl of Home, the author has a natural gift for making up appropriate aristocratic appellations.) Rascals and their hangers-on provide very good roles, and in the present instance we are being treated to three classic performances—Wilfrid Hyde-White as the Marquis of Candover, a seeming ditherer but really an old fox; Geoffrey Sumner as Lord Coverly de Beaumont, contentedly corrupt in his dealings with men, women, and horses; and Robert Coote as Colonel Sir Robert Richardson, a man so virtuous that he insists upon other people’s swearing to the truth of their statements upon his ever-present Bible but who is nevertheless so devoted to his regiment and his club that he would silently perjure himself rather than cause them any scandal. The Messrs. Hyde-White, Sumner, and Coote are, taken together, veterans of almost a hundred and fifty years of acting, and they know everything there is to know about timing and stage presence; one cherishes their extended silences every bit as much as their utterances. Lee Richardson is admirable as Lord Green. So are Philip Kerr, as the trainer; Christopher Bernau, as a young prig; Thayer David, as a coarse and aggressive Q.C.; and Carolyn Lagerfelt, as Lady Ursula. The play has been directed with suitable aplomb by Cyril Ritchard, who must often have wished to be onstage among his fellows. The scenery and lighting are by Paul Morrison and the costumes by Albert Wolsky. Happy Cort, that has such artists in it!

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Wait for It, Wait for It

The entire second act of “Lemmings,” a new revue at the Village Gate, is devoted to something called the “Woodshuck Rock Festival (of Love, Peace, and Death).” It is, unlike the rotten first act, very, very good and very, very funny—parody so acute and audacious that it edges into satire, and so strong that one needn’t know the actual rock star or group that is being mocked in order to enjoy it. All seven members of the company can act and sing and dance, and most of them can play musical instruments as well. The announcer for the festival, an invaluable performer named John Belushi, steps—or, rather, staggers—to a microphone with bits of information about the drugs available to the crowd: the lost insulin has been found, the strychnine hasn’t been fully tested yet so can be recommended only in small quantities, and so on. Mr. Belushi, a witty and inspired mimic, sets the tone for all that is to follow. An alumnus of the noble Second City of Chicago, he is a credit to his alma mater and a real discovery. Chevy Chase, as a droopy youth, sings a wistful number about a commune in the Colorado Rockies where he and his friends lived until the Fascist health inspectors dug them out. A sodden Hell’s Angel, chain in hand (Mr. Chase again), reels to the mike threatening vengeance on the peace freak who touched his bike, and then bursts into tears. Funny little Alice Playten, her face a mask of feeblemindedness, comes out with her group to sing a “medley of her hit” for us, and later on does a wild impersonation of Mick Jagger. In one glorious number, Mary-Jenifer Mitchell appears as an insufferable Joan Baez, in a black Madonna getup and with an infant in arms, to sing, in a voice to set the teeth on edge, a perfect parody of a fatuous Baez number (“So many grievious wrongs/For me to right with tedious songs”). Christopher Guest is very funny as Bob Dylan, and funniest of all is Mr. Belushi as Joe Cocker, writhing and falling, and then back on his feet, all passion spent, in time for the closing chorus. I am hardly equipped to judge rock music, but the rock score (by Paul Jacobs and Mr. Guest), which is at the same time a caricature of a rock score, certainly sounded good to me when it wasn’t deafening. The lyrics, by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra, are first-rate—far better than just clever. “Lemmings” is a project of the new *National Lampoon;* most of the words for the sketches were written by *Lampoon* staff people, and the entire show was produced and directed by Mr. Hendra, a senior editor of the magazine.

Repeat: The first act is a pain, with just a scattering of bright spots. But to leave at the intermission, as several people did at the performance I saw, would be a bad mistake. That glorious second act lies ahead. Come to think of it, to arrive at the intermission might be a good idea.

Dennis J. Reardon’s “The Happiness Cage,” which ran at the Public a couple of years ago, was an ex-

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ceptionally promising and original first play. Last week, we were given an opportunity to see his second play, "Siamese Connections," again at the Public, and although it got me down and I had a hard time focussing on it, I must, in all fairness, admit that it, too, exists (unlike a lot of other plays that have got me down), but I wish it didn't. It is an extraordinarily lugubrious work about the lethal jealous hatred of a farm boy, named James, for his elder brother, Junior, recently killed in battle, who was the family favorite. In the course of the action, James murders a hired man, his grandmother, and a pregnant sow, and the ghosts of all the dead (except the sow) remain onstage to haunt him throughout. There is a good deal of dripping blood, as there was in "The Happiness Cage." There is one effective scene, in which the father of the family, beside himself with grief and rage, takes off his belt and whips the gravestone of his dead son, and the ghost of the son howls in pain and indignation.

The characters are not especially interesting, but for the most part they are adequately portrayed by the company. William Hickey is mysteriously cast in the role of the family grandmother—a pesky old soul, far gone in senility, with a nasty habit of screeching "Why? Why? Why?"—and he certainly appeared to be enjoying himself more than I enjoyed him. I also noticed a couple of instances of what is becoming a convention of male stage deportment, which I can only call "the gratuitous back massage." Nevertheless, all my complaints (and boredom) aside, "Siamese Connections" was written by a writer. Mr. Reardon still seems promising. —EDITH OLIVER

•

Norah Amin, wife of Ugandan President Idi Amin, has given birth to a girl, Radio Uganda reported. It is the general's fourth child born this year. As a Moslem, he is permitted to have four wives. His other three, Mama Maliyan, Kay Amin and Madina Amin, each have given birth to a child in the last eight months.
reg. people, kiss—*Los Angeles Times.*

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[*From "The Careful Writer," by Theodore M. Bernstein*]

PRIOR TO

A faddish affectation for *before.* Would you say *posterior to* in place of *after?* —*Page 347.*

SEQUENCE OF TENSES

An event prior to a simple past event is recorded in the *past perfect tense.* —*Page 410.*

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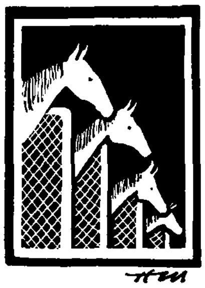

THERE'LL be some changes made, as the song goes, if the Delafield Commission, appointed by Governor Rockefeller last July to study New York's racing and off-track-betting situation, should have its findings adopted. The commission is said to favor a statewide authority that would not only control on-track and off-track betting but also supersede the organizations now governing the sport. As everyone has been hearing for more than a year, OTB has cut heavily into the attendance and mutuel handle at Aqueduct, Belmont, and Saratoga. (The New York Racing Association declares that it is three and a half million in the red.) Roosevelt and Yonkers Raceways and the other harness tracks upstate have also been hard hit. What's more, the state's revenue from betting has fallen off by millions of dollars, and Albany isn't happy about that. It's a good bet that when the Delafield report is released, sometime later this month, Governor Rockefeller and Howard Samuels, the head of OTB, who has built up a powerful political organization, will have some differing opinions. States that are contemplating the legalization of off-track betting will be listening.

THE last weekend in January was a big one if you were in Los Angeles. On Friday evening, there was the Eclipse Awards dinner, in which the honors for 1972, voted on by the Thoroughbred Racing Association's Board of Selection, the *Daily Racing Form's* staff, and the members of the National Turf Writers Association, were presented to the winning horsemen. The horses got their awards *in absentia*, and the Meadow Stable's Secretariat took the big one, Horse of the Year, and also one for being the best two-year-old colt. On Saturday, at Santa Anita, Bicker and Royal Owl ran one, two in the San Fernando Stakes, as they did in the Malibu. Commoner was third. Susan's Girl, the best three-year-old filly last season, took on the boys again, and finished fifth, as she did in the Malibu. On Sunday, at Hollywood Park, at the dispersal of the late Fletcher Jones' Westerly Stud, Typecast brought $725,000, the highest price ever paid for a horse in an auction. The buyer was the Heron Bloodstock Agency, of London, acting for an unnamed client. Typecast, seven years old, by Prince John out of Journalette, won the 1972 Eclipse Award for the best handicap mare. Incidentally, when she was beating Cougar II, Droll Role, and such last season, she was insured for a million dollars.

The Hollywood Derby will be something special this year. Jimmy Kilroe, who directs the racing at the track of the lakes and flowers, has made big changes in the conditions of the race: it will be an invitational affair, have a purse of $150,000, and be at a mile and a half over the turf course. Since the Hollywood Derby will be on July 14th, after the English Derby, the Prix du Jockey Club, and the Irish Sweeps Derby, the management hopes to attract colts from those classics. And while we're on races to come, La Prevoyante is a 3-5 favorite in the Canadian winter book on the Queen's Plate.

IN Argentina, horses learn early to run on both kinds of footing: grass, on Saturdays at Palermo, in Buenos Aires, and turf, on Sundays at San Isidro. So Hasty House Farm's Unanime, an Argentine, is good on grass. Last weekend at Hialeah, he came from far back to win the Palm Beach Handicap by a neck from Life Cycle. Gleaming, fancied the best of the thirteen starters, came out of the race with a cut leg from some crowding on the stretch turn. Though things are picking up—a crowd of 18,161 bet $2,159,561 last Saturday—Hialeah isn't having the success that was expected on its return to the choice place on the schedule, and Gulfstream, which had it last year, is waiting.

Plenty of money changed hands, though, at the sale of Florida-bred two-year-olds in training. In the course of four evenings at Hialeah, 257 colts and fillies were sold for $4,767,200, an average of $18,549 a head—both records for the vendue. The top price was $91,000, for a big, good-looking colt named Foremost Diplomat (by Diplomat Way out of Rhea Babe). The buyer, Mrs. M. J. Pritchard, is the head of a company that sells oats—Jockey Oats, they're called—so Foremost Diplomat won't go hungry if he doesn't win his purchase price in purses this season. Ed Bradley used to lay odds that any expensive yearling or two-year-old wouldn't, and he won most of his bets. —AUDAX MINOR

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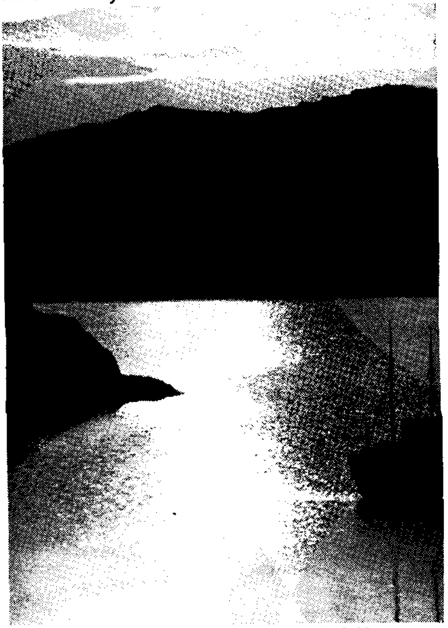

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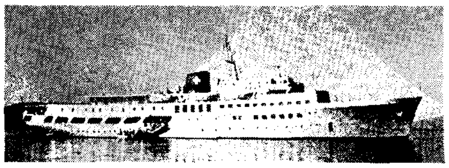

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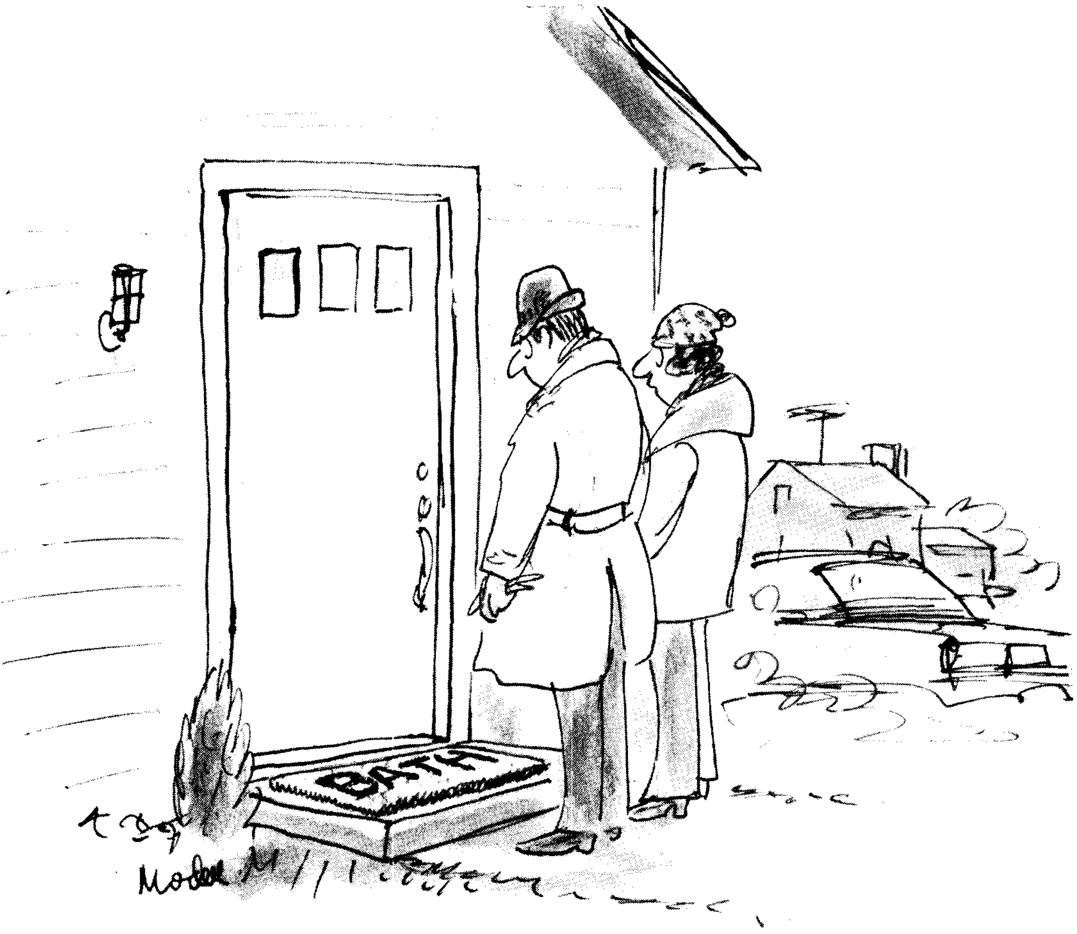
U.S. JOURNAL: OHIO

GOURMETS AND EATERS

I ARRIVED for dinner at the home of one of the leading gourmets in Columbus with high expectations, despite the fact that Columbus is not known as the gourmet center of Ohio. Ordinarily, anyone in Columbus who wants to take a serious fling at *haute cuisine* goes to Cincinnati. I have met people in Columbus who regularly drive the two hours to Cincinnati for dinner, stay the night, find some way to occupy themselves until lunchtime the next day, eat lunch, and return to Columbus—fortified against another five or six weeks of deprivation. Cincinnati's reputation for French cuisine extends beyond the borders of the state: of the eleven restaurants awarded five stars by the *Mobil Travel Guide*, three are in Cincinnati. Anyone familiar with a couple of the New York restaurants given five stars by the *Mobil Guide* may have the impression that its restaurant critic was promoted to that position as a reward for the initiative and efficiency he demonstrated as a service-station attendant. But just the presence of three serious French restaurants, however many stars they deserve, is likely to make a béarnaise-sauce addict in Columbus look toward Cincinnati with the kind of envious expression that a shameless profligate trapped in some particularly pious Judean village must have worn when discussing life in Sodom. Columbus has a chapter of the International Wine & Food Society—my hosts, Joseph and Jane Cooper, are founding members—but, the supply of suitable restaurants for dinner meetings being what it is, the society once responded to a special occasion by flying in a cook from the East, more or less the way a community of pioneer families with a backlog of unconsecrated marriages and unbaptized babies might have pooled its money to bring in a proper preacher. Apparently having been thoroughly briefed by telephone on the marketing situation, the cook arrived from Boston bearing her own Ballottine de Pigeons à la Périgourdine.

One reason I expected an excellent meal at the Coopers' is that I knew Joe Cooper's standards are high enough to keep him from eating anywhere else. Other Wine & Food Society members risk Columbus restaurants regularly, but Cooper has boycotted the entire city. Sitting at his own dinner table, he often says, "This is the only decent restaurant in town." There is one restaurant in Akron he rather likes, but he hasn't been there for a while. One of the reasons I was in Columbus was to find out how someone who thinks of himself as a gourmet survives in a city that is not the gourmet center of Ohio, and the simple answer in Cooper's case is that he stays home—a man put under house arrest by his own palate. The Coopers probably come closer than anyone else in Columbus to living off the land. Joe Cooper raises every vegetable the climate will allow. Jane Cooper bakes all of their bread. Once off his own property, Cooper has the wariness that one might expect to find in an Arab peddler who works rural Alabama in the full knowledge that anyone who invites him to stay for a meal is unlikely to put anything on the table without frying it in pork fat first. Cooper does not assume that the home of a fellow-member of the International Wine & Food Society is a safe harbor. "I went over there for dinner once," he told me when discussing one member, "and they served Sara Lee cake."

Cooper had invited me to lunch to discuss dinner. Jane Cooper was not at home—she teaches school—but we were joined by Bruce Campbell, a Columbus lawyer who happens to believe that there is no food on earth superior to a properly prepared bowl of chili. Among enthusiastic eaters in Midwestern cities, the most serious food discussions are not over where to find a perfect terrine but where to find the world's best chili or fried chicken or steak or barbecued spareribs or even hamburgers. I speak as one who grew up in Kansas City among the kind of people whose response to a preposterous claim about Little Rock's having a place that served better spareribs than the ones served by Arthur Bryant's Barbecue at Eighteenth and Brooklyn was to fly to Little Rock, sample the ribs, sneer, and fly back to Kansas City. Some of those who engage in passionate debate about the world's best cheeseburger or the world's greatest milkshake may also have a sophisticated taste for French food and wine (others



"That's funny. They said the welcome mat would be out for us."

may look on people who talk about the bouquet of a wine or the perfection of a soufflé the way they look on members of a narrow, mildly loony religious sect), but they praise French restaurants with restrained phrases like "the best west of New York" or "very good under the circumstances." A man who is defending his favorite fried-chicken restaurant never qualifies his superlatives. When I told some people I met at the Coopers' that there must be a decent restaurant in Columbus if they would settle for something other than French food, they finally acknowledged the presence of one good barbecue place, and, as a matter of course, described its specialty as "the best spareribs in the world."

Bruce Campbell's culinary pilgrimages to Cincinnati are made to eat chili. Among devout eaters in the Midwest, in fact, Cincinnati is as well known for its chili parlors—particularly the Empress and Skyline chains—as it is for the French restaurants that have been anointed by the *Mobil Guide*. The chili served is so singular that a chili parlor may describe its product as "authentic Cincinnati chili." Because I had told Cooper that I have some interest in chili myself, he had decided to serve me some of his homemade chili for lunch and to have Campbell present as a sort of expert witness. Campbell had eaten Cooper's chili a number of times before, and Cooper, a man who knows a purist when he sees one, seemed particularly interested in Campbell's opinion of it. When the subject came up, just before lunch, Campbell appeared to spend a few moments gathering up his enthusiasm, and then acknowledged that he had found Cooper's chili to be "very passable." I thought it was very passable indeed. Cooper made a few remarks about the wine during lunch, but Campbell and I were too busy eating to offer any appropriate replies. The bread was spectacular—baked by Jane Cooper from flour the Coopers get from a woman who imports it from Texas in the kernel and grinds it herself. The Coopers manage to get their hands on some of the Texas flour by granting the woman who grinds it every other picking of the red raspberries in their garden—bartering being the normal method of commerce practiced by settlers in remote areas.

Although many people who have an intense interest in French cooking would sooner eat TV dinners than use the word "gourmet," I could tell that the guests at the Coopers' for dinner that evening were gourmets from the way they referred to the prominent figures of American *haute cuisine* by

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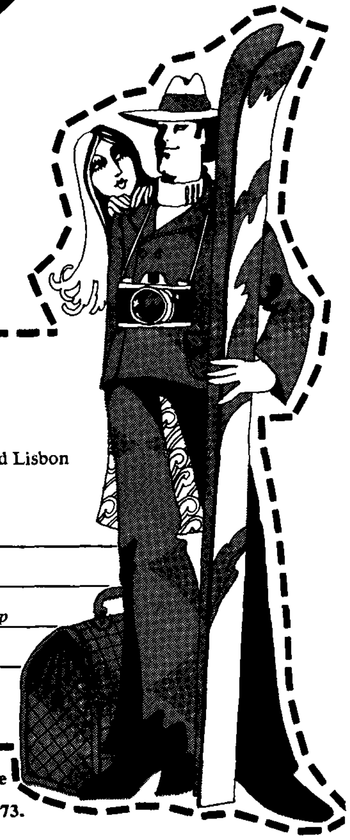

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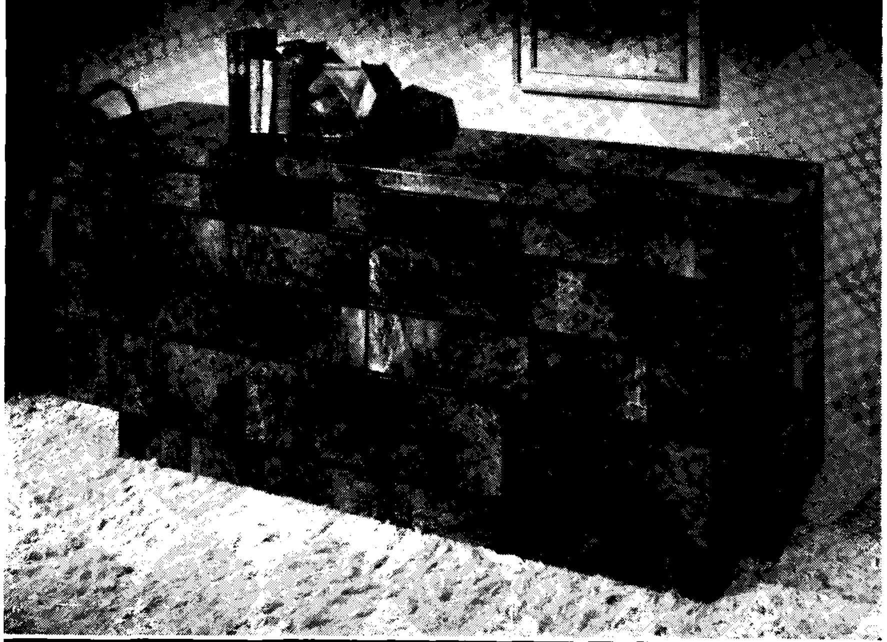

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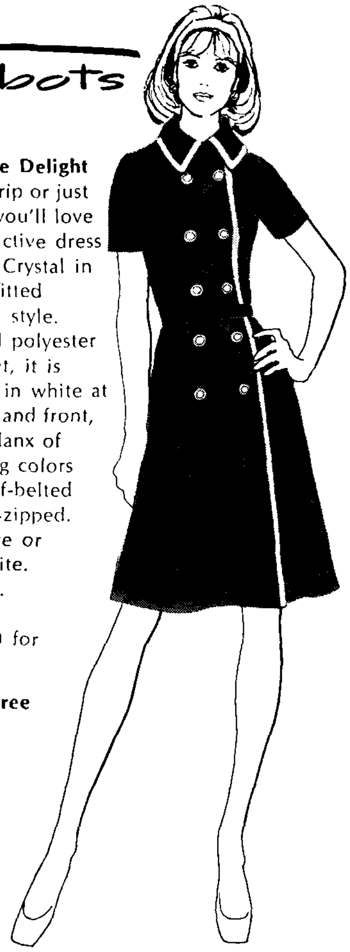

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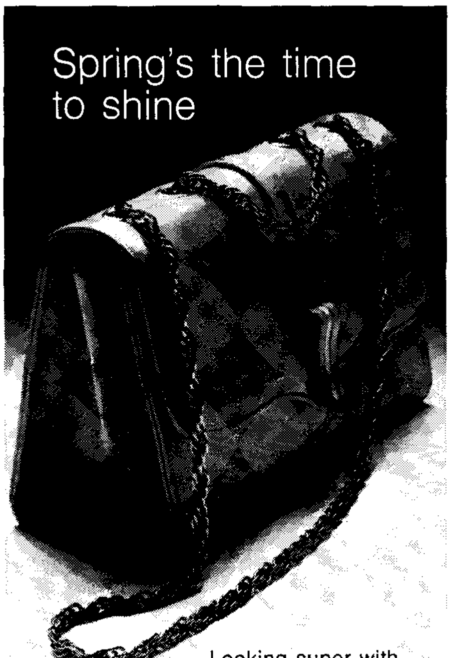

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their first names—not to give the impression they were personally acquainted but merely to use a form of respectfully affectionate address, just as a Cuban cane cutter might refer to the Prime Minister of his country as Fidel. "I got that recipe from Julia," one of them might say, or "Craig said it was superb." I asked one of the guests when he had become seriously interested in good food, and he told me that when he was twelve years old he had spent some time with his grandmother and that she had said, upon returning him to his mother, "He would kill for his stomach." The meal was delicious—a fish stew, pork with *sauce diable*, carrots and parsnips that Cooper had wrenched from his icy garden the day before—but the guests seemed much more interested in talking about wine than about food. It may be that an almost pedantic interest in wine is what separates a Midwesterner who thinks of himself as a gourmet from one who thinks of himself as a serious eater, or it may be that Columbus gourmets concentrate their attention on wine because it is one ingredient on which they do not have to compromise. (As Cooper regularly laments, he is not in a position to raise his own livestock.) Finally, around coffee time, the conversation turned to the traditional topic of which Cincinnati French restaurant serves the finest food between coasts, and the eating experiences put forward to support claims and counter-claims began to revive an appetite that I thought had perhaps been permanently satisfied by a huge portion of Cooper's chocolate mousse. I was leaving for Cincinnati in the morning myself, and I realized that before noon I could be sitting in a Skyline chili parlor.

HARRY GARRISON, the eater who had agreed to serve as my consultant in Cincinnati, had been described by a friend in New York who arranged our meeting as a calliope restorer by trade. My New York friend was not certain if it was Garrison who had put him on to a small restaurant in Rabbit Hash, Kentucky, that served what he described as the best fried chicken in the world, but he was certain that it was Garrison who had introduced him to Professor Harry L. Suter, an elderly musicologist who was able to play the piano and the violin simultaneously by means of an invention he called the viola-pan. Garrison, I found out, not only restores calliopes but also restores and sells player pianos, appears professionally around the state as Uncle Sam the Magician, delivers an occasional lecture on how to detect crooked gambling devices, and in the midst of all those activities manages to spend more than the ordinary amount of time at table. I was not scheduled to meet Garrison until early in the afternoon, and he had suggested on the phone that for my first taste of authentic Cincinnati chili, at noon, I might want to try the unadorned product and should therefore start with what is known locally as "a bowl of plain." He had no way of knowing, of course, that I have never eaten the unadorned version of anything in my life and that I once threatened to place a Denver counterman under citizen's arrest for leaving the mayonnaise off my California burger.

"What should I order if I don't want to start with the plain?" I asked.

"Try a four-way," Garrison said.

In Cincinnati, everyone knows that a four-way is chili on spaghetti, with cheese and onions added. I never saw any numbers on menus in Cincinnati, but it is accepted that a customer can walk into any chili parlor—an Empress or a Skyline or any of the independent neighborhood parlors—and say "One three-way" and be assured of getting chili on spaghetti with cheese. Cincinnati eaters take it for granted that the basic way to serve chili is on spaghetti, just as they take it for granted that the other ways to serve it go up to a five-way (chili, spaghetti, onions, cheese, and beans) and that the people who do the serving are Greeks. When the Kiradjieff family, which introduced authentic Cincinnati chili at the Empress in 1922, was sued several years ago by a manager who alleged that he had been fired unfairly, one of his claims amounted to the contention that anyone fired under suspicious circumstances from a chili parlor with the Empress's prestige was all through in the Greek community. There are probably people in Cincinnati who reach maturity without realizing that Mexicans eat anything called chili, in the same way that there are probably young men from Nevada who have to be drafted and sent to an out-of-state Army camp before they realize that all laundromats are not equipped with slot machines.

To an out-of-towner, the chili in various Cincinnati chili parlors may seem pretty much alike—less violent than Texas chili, it has a taste that is almost sweet—but there are natives who have stayed up late at night arguing about the relative merits of Empress and Skyline or explaining that the secret of eating at the downtown Empress is to arrive when the chili is at its freshest, which happens to be at about nine in the morning. In Cincinnati, people are constantly dropping in to a new neighborhood chili parlor only to find out that it serves the best chili in the world. One chili fanatic I met was a supporter of a place across the river, in Kentucky, that he claimed serves a six-way and a seven-way.

"What could possibly be in a seven-way?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "They won't even tell you."

Garrison had turned out to be a large man who wears three-piece suits and a full beard and has what used to be called an ample stomach. He appreciates good food, but even at a restaurant that he might patronize mainly because it has a pleasant atmosphere or is open late at night or charges reasonable prices he is what one of his friends described as a Clean Plate Ranger. One of his friends, a man who runs a barbecue restaurant called the Barn and Rib Pit in downtown Cincinnati, told me, "I love to see Harry eat ribs. He just inhales those ribs. You look at him and he's just glowin'." After spending an afternoon with Garrison riding around Cincinnati, I was a bit concerned that he might be someone who would be more excited about finding an authentic boogie-woogie pianist or maybe a mechanical violin in perfect working order than he would about stumbling onto, say, the classic corn fritter. But he relieved my fears somewhat by describing what we were going to have for dinner at his house as "the best fried chicken in the world."

There was a lot of food talk among the dinner guests at Garrison's that evening, and there was also some staggering acorn squash and the best apple pie in the world. Garrison finished off the meal by handing around made-in-Cincinnati cigars and treating the entire company to a display of smoke-ring blowing. Garrison's smoke-ring technique includes a remarkable motion by which he more or less nudges the ring along by pushing at the air a few inches behind it—a variation of the assistance curlers offer a curling stone by sweeping away at the ice in its path. Between rings, Garrison announces his performance with the kind of grandiloquence he must use on the magic stage, and he is as irritable as a matador about the threat of air movement that could mar his artistry. Just when everyone at the table expects a ring to emerge, Garrison is likely to pause, glance around sternly, and say,

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in a majestic voice, "I detect human breathing in this room." Watching Garrison blow smoke rings is the way any gourmet should end a meal.

GARRISON had promised me a special treat for my last night in Cincinnati, but even as we drove to the restaurant he insisted that precisely what the treat was would have to be a surprise. After the day I had spent, I figured it might require more than a special treat to induce me to take any food on my fork. At about eleven, I had stopped at the downtown Empress to see what it looked like, and, deciding that it might be rude to leave without eating (particularly so early in the freshness cycle), had polished off a three-way. For lunch, Garrison had led me to a splendid place called Stenger's Café, which he described as the last of the old-fashioned workingman's bars left in what had been the old German section of Cincinnati known as Over the Rhine. At Stenger's, I cleaned a plate on which the counterman had piled mettwurst, two potato pancakes, a helping of beans, some beets, bread and butter, and, at the last minute, a piece of beef from a tray I had spotted being carried across the room. For that, I had parted with one dollar and twenty-eight cents. My appetite was returning as we drove, though, and Garrison helped it along by describing what we might have had at a few of the places he had considered taking me.

The place he had finally settled on was a restaurant near Oxford, Ohio, called the Shady Nook. It turned out to be a normal-looking suburban restaurant with a sign in four or five colors of neon in the parking lot. The appearance of the Shady Nook did not curb my anticipation of the surprise I had been promised, since it was at a place with similar architecture that I had once eaten the finest cottage-fried potatoes in the world. Garrison insisted that we sit at the bar for a while to have shrimp cocktails and some wine. Behind the bar, there was a stage that went completely across the room, and in front of the stage was a covered square that looked as if it might be a small orchestra pit. I was beginning to wonder what the surprise was. I didn't see anything amazing about the shrimp except how many of them Garrison was eating. Between bites, Garrison was explaining how Professor Harry L. Suter happened to design the viola-pan as he whiled away the time on the top floor of his house in Moscow, Ohio, during the great flood of 1913. Gar-

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rison told me that he had hired Professor Suter to play a Christmas party in 1959, and had the pleasure of being able to say in the introduction that it was the Professor's first Cincinnati appearance since the summer of 1917, when he played the Bell Telephone picnic. I couldn't spot anything that looked extraordinary on the plates of the people already eating, but somehow I got it in my mind that the surprise was going to be either the Great Cherry Cobbler or maybe even the Classic Onion Ring. Suddenly, the recorded music that I had been listening to without realizing it was turned off. From deep within what I had thought was an orchestra pit came a rumbling noise. Before my eyes there arose a gigantic gold, intricately carved, four-keyboard, three-ton Wurlitzer Theatre Organ. A man Garrison had identified as the owner of the Shady Nook climbed up on the stool, high above the bar, and—by playing at least all four keyboards at once and flicking on and off several dozen switches at the same time—transformed the Shady Nook into Radio City Music Hall. I was indeed surprised. Harry Garrison looked at the theatre organ and looked at me and beamed. —CALVIN TRILLIN

●

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Daily Telegraph*]

The memory of an American woman wearing a canary yellow trouser suit at last year's annual open air sitting of Tynwald, the Manx Parliament, at the Isle of Man village of St. John's, has brought severe warnings over behaviour and dress for this year's ceremony, which takes place today.

She was an American magazine writer wearing a Press pass.

The Clerk of Tynwald, Mr T E Kermeen, said yesterday that many of the Manx Government dignitaries sitting on Tynwald Hill last year had been offended by the American woman's behaviour.

He said: "She seemed to be running all over the place near the foot of Tynwald Hill in great excitement. She was also smoking, which has been forbidden for this year.

"And when one of the boy soldiers in the guard of honour fainted, she dashed over and tried to resuscitate him. I think this last incident was the one which really went against the grain of British restraint."

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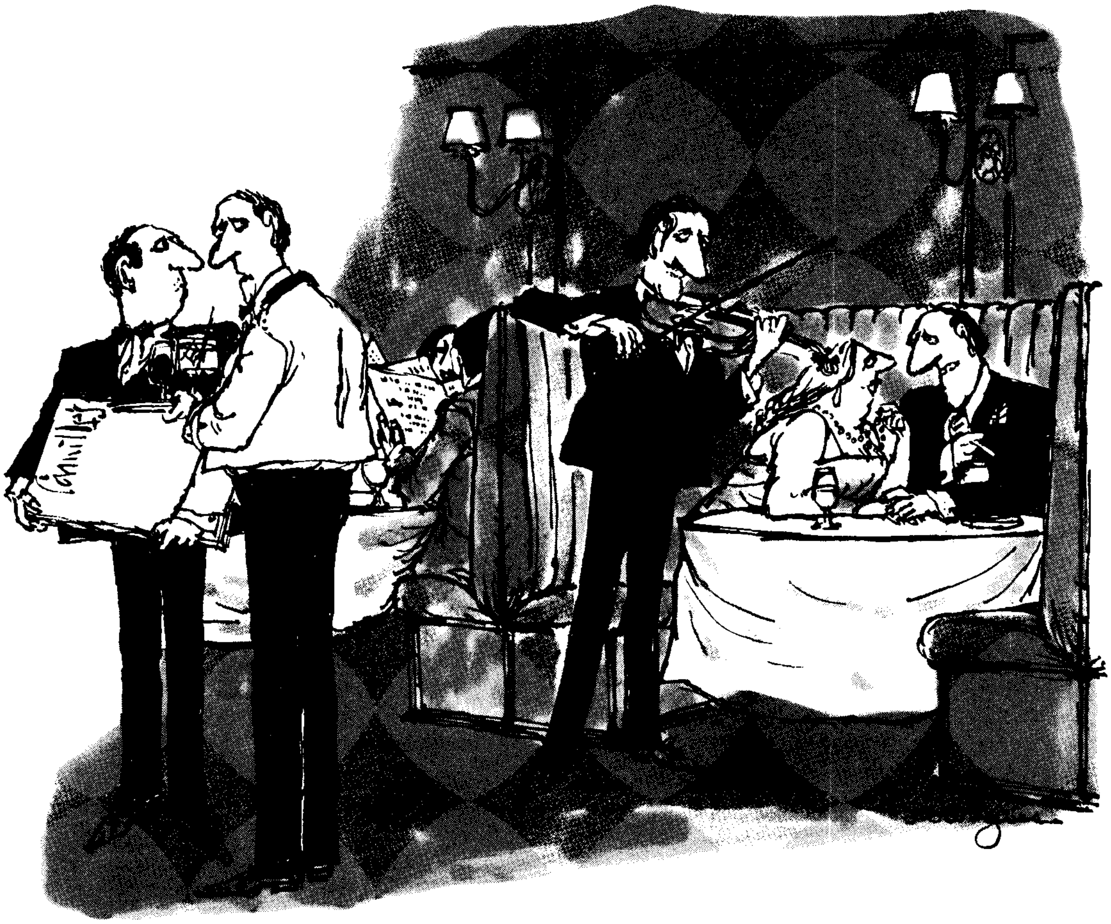
AROUND CITY HALL

WARMING UP

THIS year's opening session of Congress and of the New York State Legislature and the annual charter meeting of the New York City Council were all held on the same afternoon last month. On the previous day, Representative Carl Albert, of Oklahoma, the Speaker of the House, had announced in Washington that he would "work harder than I have ever worked in my life" to reëstablish respect for Congress as an equal partner in the governing of the nation, and in Albany Senator Warren Anderson, of Binghamton, the new majority leader of the State Senate, had told reporters that he hoped to "elevate the Legislature to full partnership in the planning and evaluation of programs on behalf of the people of this state" instead of dancing to the Governor's tune. Most seventh-grade social-studies books continue to suggest that when a chief executive has to cope with a legislative branch controlled by the opposition party—which, of course, is the present situation in the nation's capital—he is in serious political trouble. Events in Washington during the past few decades have hardly borne this theory out, however, and Speaker Albert's pronouncement was accepted as a serious, even tragic, assessment of the low point to which the powers of the people's elected congressional representatives have lately sunk.

Ironically, in Albany, where the Republican chief executive is a member of the party that controls both houses of the Legislature (by a margin of thirty-seven to twenty-three in the State Senate and eighty-three to sixty-seven in the Assembly), the legislative leader's statement was treated as comic relief—in the light of the large number of bills whose passage Nelson Rockefeller has strongly urged and which have been cavalierly rejected in recent sessions of the Legislature. Last year, in fact, Rockefeller found the predominantly conservative-minded upstate Republicans in Albany so resolutely unhelpful that he was forced to turn to the downstate Democrats for enough votes to pass even his basic tax package, and at the end of the session the dean of Albany reporters—John Greene, of the *Long Island Press*—described the Governor as having taken "the most unmerciful beating in his fourteen years in office." When Rockefeller later complained about the arm-twisting in the State Capitol that preceded the defeat of the no-fault automobile-insurance bill he had fought for, and someone asked him whether the governor of the state couldn't have prevailed if he had resorted to some arm-twisting of his own, his glum response was that all the arms he had had in mind were "already broken by others."

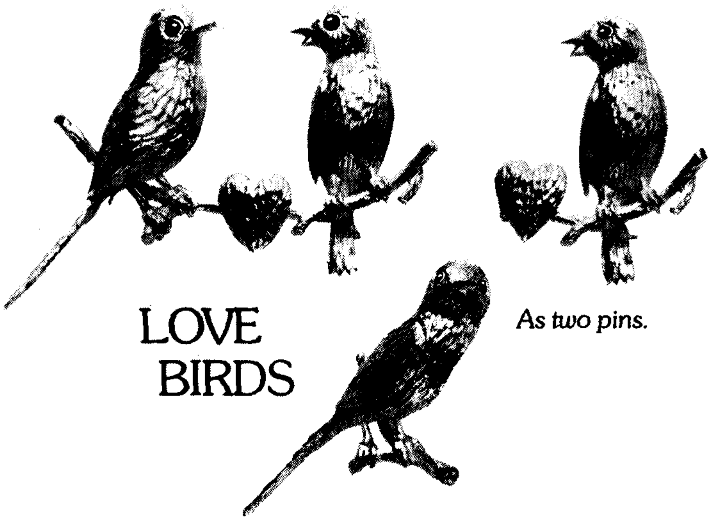
At the charter meeting of the New York City lawmaking body, the City Council, there were no preliminary pronouncements concerning conflicting governmental powers. The thirty-seven Council members, who in fact rarely inconvenience the local chief executive in any serious way, spent most of the afternoon arguing over the choice of a new minority leader. The debate took place in the City Council chamber—a room whose décor does not resemble the late-Colonial style of most of City Hall, which was completed in 1812. Heavily panelled and gilded, the room is a late-nineteenth-century contribution of John Duncan, the architect who designed Grant's Tomb, and it was once described by the *Architectural Review* as "a mild atrocity." Its most striking feature is a gaudy ceiling fresco entitled "New York City Receiving the Tributes of the Nation," which shows crowds of berobed figures thrusting gifts upon the city fathers, over whose heads, in two-foot-high letters, is a quotation attributed to George Washington: "Our Commercial Policy Should Hold an Equal and Impartial Hand." The afternoon's argument over the new minority leader was somewhat different from similar negotiations in Washington or Albany, since the Council's Republican delegation, the minority in question, consists of only three members, and, as it happened, one of these, Staten Island Councilman Frank Biondolillo, had declined to support the designation of Brooklyn Councilman Angelo Arculeo, who had thus been nominated on the strength of his own vote and that of Councilman A. Joseph Ribustello, of the Bronx. (The fact that all the members of the Council's Re-



"Laszlo's a truly dedicated artist. Imagine, his own wife there with another guy!"

publican delegation represent an ethnic group whose votes were once considered locked up for the Democrats has not escaped local political strategists.) The new election was necessary because the four-man constituency of the previous minority leader, Eldon R. Clingan, who represented the Liberal Party, had recently been reduced to two. Clingan and one other of the four Liberal councilmen, all of whom were carried into office as a result of John Lindsay's 1969 mayoral victory at the head of the Liberal ticket, have switched their allegiance to the Democratic Party, whose current margin on the Council is thus thirty-two to five. The defection of half the Council Liberals presumably had something to do with the declining political strength of the local Liberal Party—indicated by the fact that John Kennedy received 290,109 votes on the Liberal line in 1960 and Lindsay 872,660 in 1969 (when he had no major-party designation), but Senator McGovern got only 107,371 votes on that line last November. Nevertheless, the fight against the shift in minority leaders, led by the two remaining Council Liberals, was prolonged and raucous. One of the Liberals, Alvin Frankenberg, of Queens, was declared out of order nine times. "Don't pull this 'Catch-22' stuff on me!" he shouted at one point. "Just tell me *why* I'm out of order!" "Because he said so!" another councilman shouted back, waving an arm at Queens Councilman Edward Sadowsky, who, sitting in for the Council President, was presiding from the ornate mahogany throne at the front of the room.

When the shouting died down, however, Arculeo had been duly accepted as the new minority leader, and was thus eligible for a thirty-six-thousand-dollar annual stipend (eleven thousand more than an ordinary councilman receives), a staff of four, the use of a car and chauffeur, and, as an office, a room near the head of City Hall's great curving staircase, across from which the body of Abraham Lincoln lay in state on its way back to Springfield in April, 1865. Before the Council adjourned, it swore in four new members: one from Staten Island, to replace a civil servant who had been allowed to fill an interim term as councilman in order to fatten his city pension; two from the Bronx, to succeed councilmen elected in November as surrogate and as district attorney of that borough; and one from Brooklyn, to take the place of a councilman for whom Brooklyn Democratic leaders had arranged a safe nomination to the State Supreme Court. Con-



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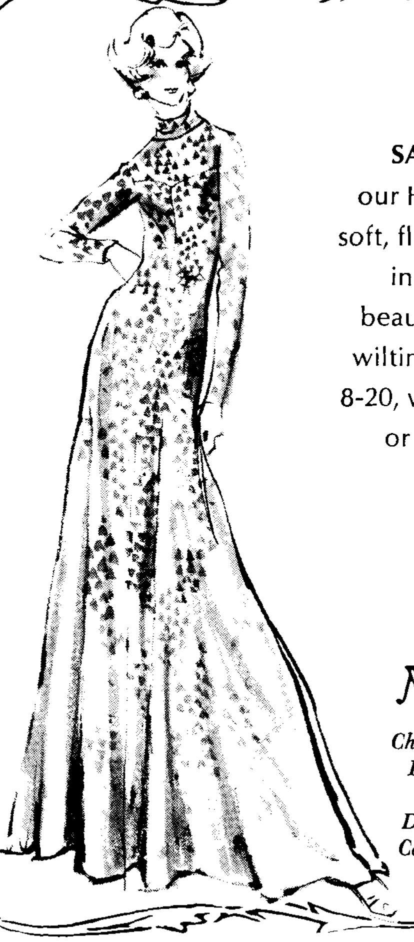

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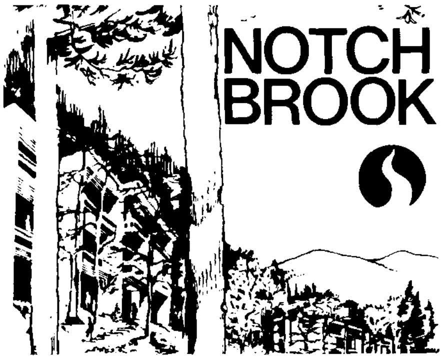

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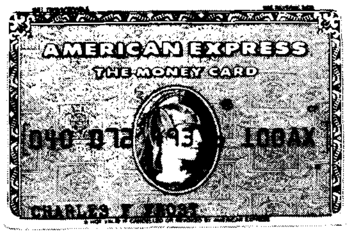
fusingly, that court is, despite its name, the lowest-ranking of the state courts, and is the ultimate political resting place to which city councilmen are traditionally believed to aspire; no Council member has ever gone on to become a United States senator, governor, or even mayor. However, Manhattan Councilman Robert Postel was the first man to announce his candidacy for mayor in next fall's election, and as the Council members left for home after their charter meeting they walked between City Hall pillars hung with crêpe in memory of Harry Truman, whose political career could have reminded them that at least one faithful party worker who was rewarded with a low-level judgeship by a big-city Democratic machine had not ended up in a dingy courtroom dispensing justice to small-time embezzlers and second-story men.

Although Mayor Lindsay's name didn't come up at the City Hall session that afternoon, the New York councilmen's occupational ailment, a concern over what the Mayor—*any* Mayor—may pull on them next, hardly vanished eighteen months ago when the incumbent registered as a member of the party to which most of them belong. A few months back, during a stormy meeting over internal Council problems, one Queens councilman made it clear where his mind was when he inadvertently referred to his colleague Arculeo as "Councilman Aurelio." Richard Aurelio, Lindsay's former Deputy Mayor and his campaign manager during the short-lived Lindsay race for the Democratic Presidential nomination, has now officially left politics to start a public-relations firm (no one seems sure whether there is any significance in the fact that one of his clients is Rockefeller Center) and, along with another City Hall dropout—Sid Davidoff, a former mayoral assistant—to open a midtown restaurant. This new establishment is called Jimmy's, and is named, it was announced, "for all the famous and infamous Jimmys of this city," particularly those in political life, starting with Jimmy Walker—and presumably including the former Tammany chief Jimmy Hines, who served five years in Sing Sing, beginning in 1939, for "contriving, proposing, and drawing a lottery." In the generations before Hines, many of the powerful Tammany leaders were keepers of saloons, in whose convivial precincts plots were laid to make or break political fortunes. Jimmy's, in its few months of existence, has become a popular gathering place for many of the city's more sophisticated and well-heeled politicians, including Lindsay, and the attraction may not be the food, which was recently given one of a possible four stars by the *Times* restaurant critic, Raymond Sokolov. Meanwhile, Aurelio continues to serve as one of Lindsay's two representatives (the other is former State Senator Basil Paterson, vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee) on the State Charter Revision Commission for New York City—a body that was set up by the Legislature last spring, at Rockefeller's instigation, to consider changes in the city's governmental structure, including, some conjectured, a possible reduction in the powers of the mayor. Presumably, Lindsay is counting on Aurelio to keep a sharp eye out for his interests in case he runs again, which most local politicians now consider likely, and wins, which few of them will publicly admit to be within the realm of possibility.

FOR a change, most of the talk in City Hall's corridors after the Council's charter meeting was not about whether the Mayor would run for a third term but about how he would dispose of the Council-reapportionment bill then awaiting his signature or veto. The bill, which had been passed at a Council session shortly before Christmas (the full Council meets, on the average, twenty times a year), had approved new councilmanic-district lines, to accommodate the election of forty-three, rather than thirty-seven, members. At the 1972 session of the Legislature, which is sovereign over the city government to a degree that few New Yorkers realize (the classic example being its right to control the duty hours of the city's policemen), Council leaders had successfully argued that the additional seats were necessary in order to provide more minority representation: in a city that was at least a third black and Hispanic, there were (and still are) two black councilmen and no Puerto Ricans. The seven councilmen named to a special reapportionment committee insisted, after the amended district lines were made public in mid-December, that five of the six new districts were so heavily populated by non-whites that the election of five blacks and Puerto Ricans was a virtual certainty. On the whole, the city's black leaders apparently found little fault with the committee's work, but in the public reactions of Hispanic spokesmen and of representatives of other lo-

cal minorities, which hadn't even been mentioned in the Albany negotiations, the word "outrage" made a frequent appearance. Herman Badillo, the only Puerto Rican member of Congress and a probable candidate for mayor in the Democratic primary, complained that predominantly Puerto Rican neighborhoods in the Bronx had been divided into three bizarrely shaped districts to reduce their chances of electing a candidate. Several of the new districts had been drawn, he added, so that blacks and Hispanics would be pitted against each other—a situation that not only would intensify hostility between the two groups but would perhaps make it possible for a candidate representing neither minority to be elected. (Mario Merola, the chairman of the reapportionment committee, agreed that the lines of one Bronx Puerto Rican district were "perfect" for the political interests of an Italian priest who had unsuccessfully run against Badillo in the 1970 Democratic primary.) Representatives of a large Greek community in the Astoria area of northern Queens complained that *their* neighborhood had been divided three ways to prevent the election of a Greek councilman, and similar charges of trifurcation and destruction of "neighborhood integrity and representation" were brought on behalf of Orthodox Jews in Brooklyn's Borough Park section—a protest led by the man in charge of liaison between Jewish communities and Lindsay, whose solicitousness for the interests of Jewish voters shows no sign of diminishing as the 1973 mayoral primary draws nearer.

The loudest outcry of all, however, came from the seventy-three thousand Queens residents of a new district that would take in parts of three boroughs. The Queens contribution to the district had been scooped out of that borough's western border to include sections of such communities as Ridgewood, Maspeth, Middle Village, and Glendale, where probably the densest concentration of registered Conservatives and Republicans in the city is to be found. (The scene-setting introduction to "All in the Family"—block after block of row houses, one of them presumably occupied by Archie Bunker—was filmed in Glendale.) Having drawn a zigzag line around this Queens enclave, which is over ninety per cent white, the Council's reapportionment artists had moved their drafting pencils across the East River to include, in the same district, thirty-six thousand residents of the South Bronx and a hundred and thirty thousand residents of Manhattan's East Harlem—both of these areas



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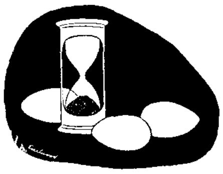
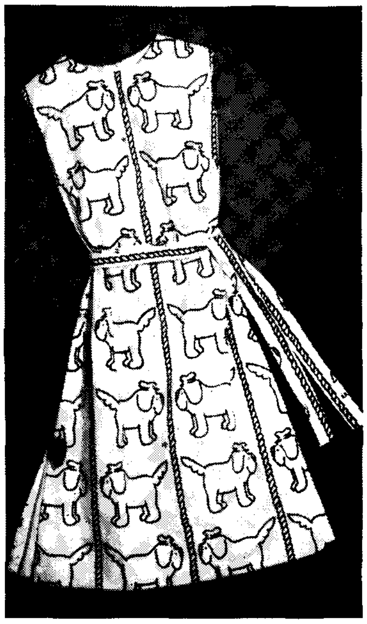
being at least ninety per cent non-white and, by almost as high a percentage, Democratic. Responsibility for this ingenious example of political artwork was widely attributed to Councilman Matthew Troy, of Queens, who was a member of the reapportionment committee and is also the Queens County Democratic leader. Having thus gerrymandered the Conservatives and Republicans of Glendale and environs out of the eight reasonably safe Democratic districts he had drawn elsewhere in Queens, it was charged, he had then as good as disenfranchised them—or so they would consider it—by insuring that, if numbers meant anything, their next councilman would be a black or Puerto Rican Democrat. Queens' four Conservative-Republican members of the Legislature joined the protest, basing their objections—publicly, at least—on conflicting life styles and real-estate holdings. "The interests of the hard-working, blue-collar, white-collar, homeowner, taxpaying communities in western Queens," said State Senator Martin Knorr, "would be swallowed up in such a district by the larger, teeming tenement sections of the other boroughs."

Queens Councilman Eugene Mastropieri had denounced the triborough district as a "farce, a fraud, a disgrace to the Council," and had then obediently knuckled under to the Party leadership and voted for the bill. Manhattan Councilman Carter Burden, whose word for the new district lines was "Mattymandered," had voted for it, too. Burden, a descendant of Commodore Vanderbilt, and a councilman whose political ambitions are presumably not limited to a State Supreme Court judgeship, had pointed out a great political truth—one that explains why so many local officeholders, including John Lindsay, seem to have an increasingly detached attitude toward ghetto leaders' threats of retribution at the polls when a politician openly favors middle-class interests over those of minority groups. "In view of traditionally low voter registration and turnout in minority areas," Burden said, it was "entirely possible for seventy-three thousand people from Glendale, where registration and turn-out figures are far higher," to outvote the hundred and sixty-six thousand minority residents in the two other boroughs and elect their own candidate. Before Councilman Biondolillo voted against the bill, he charged that it had never been intended to result in any substantial minority representation on the Council but was simply a scheme by the Council's Democratic leaders to add more councilmen. The Legislature, he said, had obliged them, at an annual cost to the city of a quarter of a million dollars, in return for some Democratic votes that certain Albany Republicans "needed for a housing project." Councilman Troy, before he cast his affirmative vote on the reapportionment bill, which passed by a vote of twenty-eight to seven, said he would like to point out that the trade-off with Rockefeller to expand the Council hadn't involved a housing project. "It was a deal over votes for the Newburgh airport," he said. A few weeks later, when a television interviewer, Gabe Pressman, of Channel 5, accused Troy of trading Democratic legislative votes on another matter for six new judgeships in Queens, Troy corrected him. That deal, he said, had involved not only six judges but also a surrogate, a district attorney, two assemblymen, and a borough president. Pressman then mentioned that one of the judges Troy had selected, a former state senator, hadn't worked out well, since almost immediately after the election he had been found unqualified, whereupon the Queens County leader pointed out that his judicial candidate had been not only found unqualified but indicted (for perjury and criminally receiving eight hundred thousand dollars in stolen United States Treasury bills, for which he was subsequently convicted). "It's about time that the politicians started admitting what the people know they do . . . because there's nothing crooked about it," added Troy, who was then asked whether he planned to join the race for mayor. He said no.



The city's councilmen were, of course, hardly the first legislators to draw new districts in outlandish shapes for the benefit of the party in power; the invention of the word "gerrymander" was long overdue even in 1812, when it occurred. Troy described the Queens Republicans' complaints over the proposed triborough district as "entirely ludicrous," considering "what the Assembly and Senate went through in order to make sure you had safe Republican lines during the past election." Despite President Nixon's landslide victory over George McGovern, the damage to the Legislature's minority party, as in the case of so many legislative bodies around the country, was minimal (a reduction of four Democrats in the Assembly and two in the Senate), and it was agreed by leaders of both



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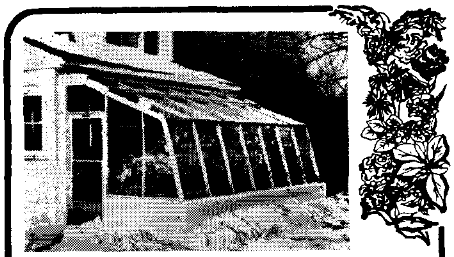

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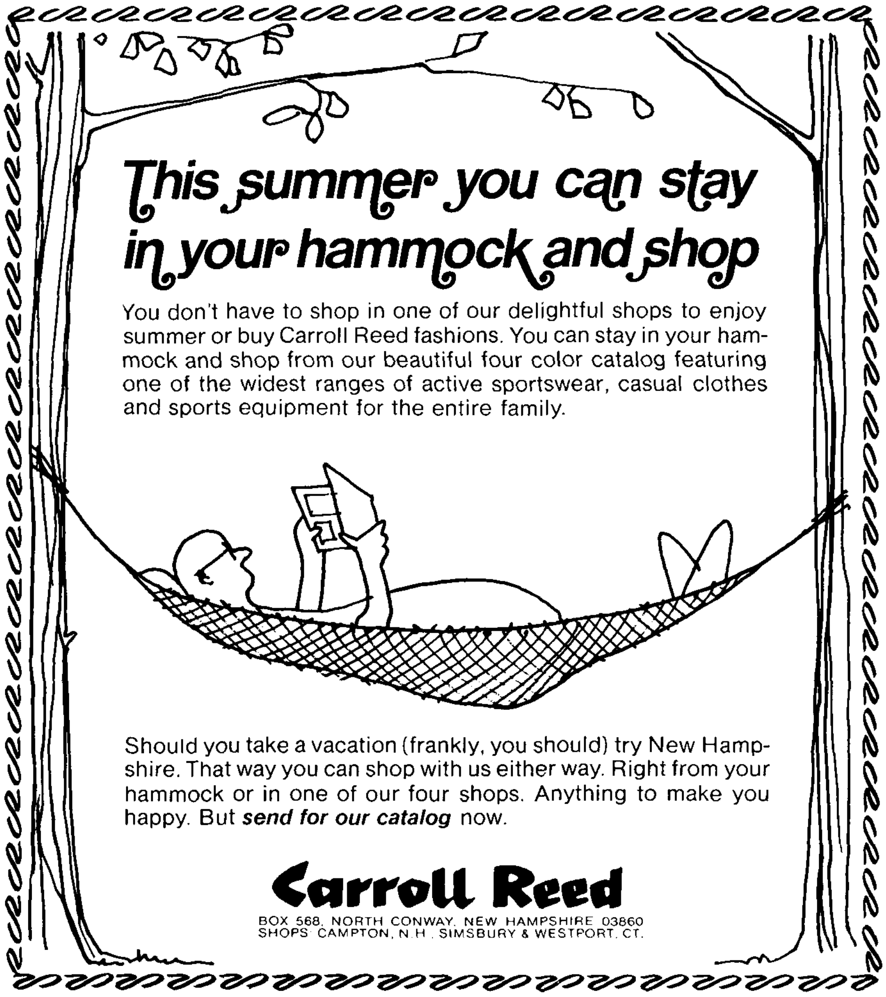
parties that most of the Legislature's Republican gains in November would never have happened if the new State Senate and Assembly districts required by population changes in the 1970 census hadn't been drawn in such a way that, as the Republican leadership recently boasted, they would insure G.O.P. control for the next decade. Although that outcome was the primary goal of Assembly Speaker Perry Duryea, of Montauk, who presided over the reapportionment process, certain downstate lines were reportedly drawn after consultation with State Senate Minority Leader Joseph Zaretzki, of Manhattan, and Assembly Minority Leader Stanley Steingut, of Brooklyn, in gratitude for their coöperation in rustling up some crucial Democratic votes for Republican programs. Since the two minority leaders are both regular Democrats, with a natural disinclination to advance the political fortunes of the reform wing of their party, the reformers tended not to come out well in the redistricting process. "I've not only been Perrymandered, I've been Steingutted," one of them commented bitterly. Later, certain political goodies at the disposal of the Governor also went to certain Democrats: for example, a young lawyer named Frank S. Rossetti, the son of the New York County Democratic leader, Frank G. Rossetti, turned up with a Rockefeller appointment to the State Court of Claims, at $37,817 a year, plus a $6,000 expense allowance, and the Governor appointed Stephen Gottlieb to a $31,325 post on the State Liquor Authority. Gottlieb, a popular young assemblyman, had been threatening to inconvenience Zaretzki by running against him in the Democratic primary. "Just a coincidence," Zaretzki commented recently. "I knew nothing about it."

BY the opening day of the 1973 legislative session, of course, such bipartisan largesse was stale news, and the big excitement was over that section of the Governor's State of the State message which proposed to deal with the state's drug problems by mandating a life sentence, with no chance of plea bargaining and without chance of parole, for all persons arrested for dealing in hard drugs, including hashish—a program that some thought was intended to outflank the law-and-order conservatives who had made life difficult for him in the past. Within the week, it seemed, virtually every politician in the state had had his say on the proposal. It was called "impractical, unworkable, and vindictive" by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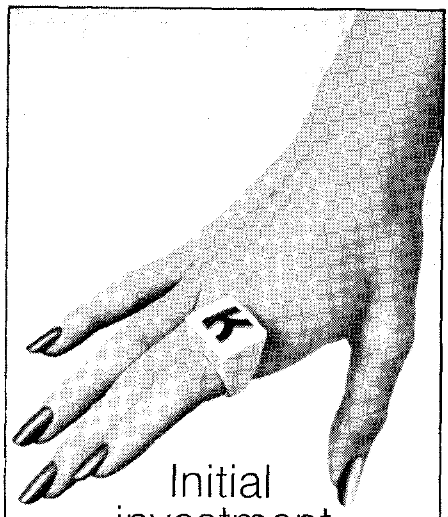
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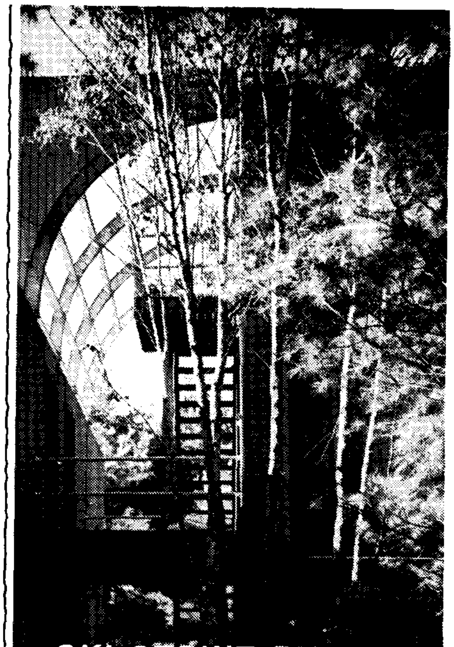
Lindsay, "illogical, inexplicable, impractical, demagogical, and inhumane" by Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan (a Democrat, who a few days later was endorsed for reëlection by Rockefeller's own party), and "a grandstand play" by Manhattan State Senator Manfred Ohrenstein. Manhattan Assemblyman Albert Blumenthal called it "the most cynical and immoral performance of a career that has been long and filled with cynical and immoral performances." Rockefeller's office dismissed Blumenthal's statement as an opening campaign speech, Blumenthal being a declared candidate for mayor, and, indeed, his comment did seem to represent the kind of verbal overkill that New Yorkers tend to treat as part of the show in an election year. (The City Council President, Sanford Garelik, who is still seeking money for his mayoral campaign, called Rockefeller's plan "a step in the right direction," without raising his voice; on the other hand, he had just described the Lindsay administration as "the worst since Boss Tweed.") Undoubtedly of more concern to Rockefeller, not only politically but as a suggestion of how widespread the involvement with drugs may have become even in middle-class Binghamton, was the comment of State Senate Majority Leader Anderson. It did worry him, Anderson said, that "the nineteen-year-old son or daughter of any of us" could be subject to a mandatory life sentence for selling a small amount of drugs as a first offense.

While the legislators were still issuing statements on Rockefeller's narcotics bill, he sent them his budget, of eight billion eight hundred million dollars, for the next fiscal year, beginning April 1st. Meanwhile, the city—whose fiscal year, to complicate matters, begins three months later—was making up its expense budget and, in order to fund it, was preparing, as Lindsay's Budget Director, David Grossman, described it, for the "annual pilgrimage to Albany to ask for permission to tax ourselves." In the case of the state budget, Republican and Democratic legislators alike expressed dark suspicions that the Governor had deliberately overestimated state expenditures and understated revenues to conceal a substantial surplus this year, so that he could save the big political bonanza of a tax cut for 1974, when he might be running for governor again, possibly against Lindsay. In a joint statement, Zaretzki and Steingut described the budget as "the first part of a two-year preëlection plan" and a political document. So far, Rockefeller has not adopted the comment that Lindsay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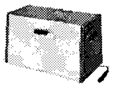
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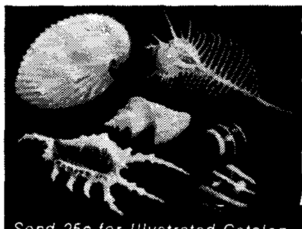
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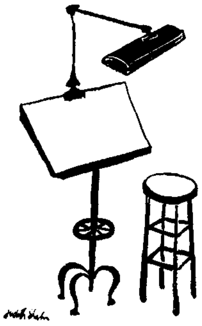
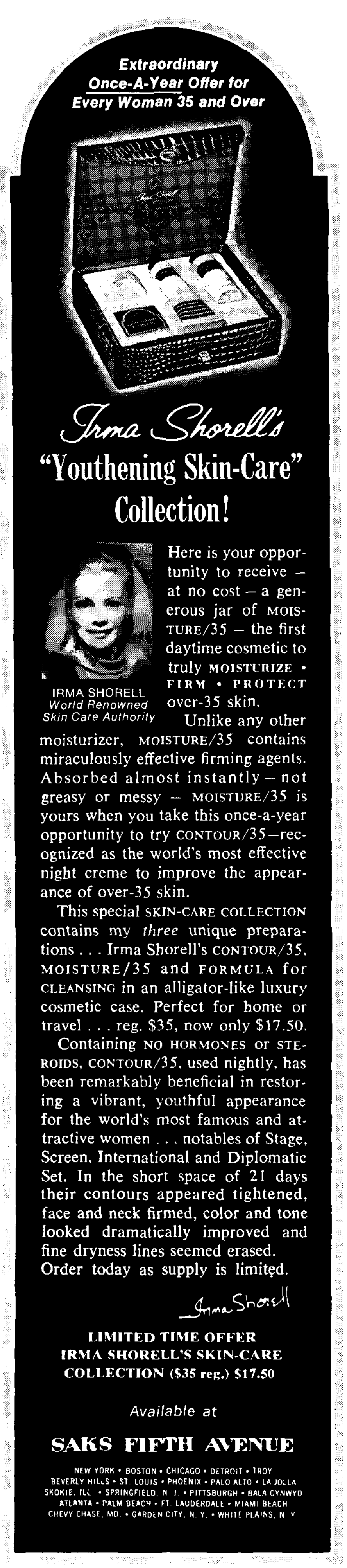
made after a similar charge about the city's budget two years ago. He was surprised to hear it, the Mayor had said, since he thought everybody knew that all government budgets were political documents.

A year ago, Lindsay was on the Presidential-campaign trail and had observed that as far as the mayoralty was concerned "eight years is enough." In Albany, where Rockefeller had been governor for over thirteen years—longer than any other man—some legislators were openly referring to "the Governor's last budget." For months, bets had been laid there on how soon he would leave to take a Cabinet post in Washington, and a number of Albany political careers were being busily programmed on that basis. For whatever reason, by the end of the humiliating 1972 legislative session the Governor was assuring reporters that he would still be around this year to see that the no-fault and other controversial bills he feels strongly about were finally enacted. It is possible, of course, that neither he nor Lindsay plans to run again, and that both men may only be trying to avoid the awkwardness and traditional decrease in political leverage of the lame-duck officeholder, which Rockefeller may blame for some of his last year's troubles. (On the other hand, one prominent figure at City Hall responded to a recent reference to Lindsay's declining power at City Hall by insisting that his "political clout" would continue "until the last day, the last hour, the last minute of the Mayor's term of office, during which he can name a judge.") Several weeks before the beginning of the current legislative session, Assembly Speaker Duryea commented that Rockefeller was "making noises relating to staying on for a fifth term"—a development that was understood not to be a welcome one to Duryea, who had planned to run for governor next year himself. Apparently in an attempt to establish himself independently as the taxpayer's best friend, Duryea recently announced that there might well be a state tax cut this year. Though Rockefeller immediately denied that fiscal prudence and his budget would allow it—not this year—Duryea, supported by Anderson, insisted that he "wouldn't rule out the possibility of some form of tax relief this session." Nobody was suggesting that Rockefeller's budget was in serious trouble. Even so, perhaps as a promissory note to downstate Democrats in case the budget or another of the Governor's projects should need help, Rockefeller, according to one published report, was not ruling out the possibility of a $32,904-a-year appointment to the State Narcotic Addiction Control Commission for Rudolph Di Blasi, an unfortunate Democratic city councilman whose district, in Brooklyn, had been carved out from under him in the City Council's reapportionment program.



A FEW days after the Council's charter session, the Mayor held a public hearing on the Council's redistricting bill. Of fifty-one speakers, only two favored it, both of them black. (Troy later accused Lindsay of having deliberately organized the opposition.) The next week, the Mayor vetoed the bill, on the ground that there had not been sufficient notice, awareness, and debate by the public. The Council's revision of district maps, its public hearing, and its vote, he pointed out, had all come within one week. Harlem's *Amsterdam News* bitterly attacked the Mayor for his "political maneuvering against us," and Assemblyman Guy Brewer, Queens' only elected black officeholder, said, "The Mayor is revealing the new John V. Lindsay who is daily attempting to change his image to conform with the prejudices of those who would retard the progress of black citizens. I trust that these stabs in the back will be remembered when he attempts to secure another term in City Hall." Council Majority Leader Thomas Cuite announced that he had ample votes to overturn the veto. What worried many councilmen, however, was the possibility that Lindsay might have made important political time not only with the bill's Puerto Rican opponents but also with such former non-Lindsay-admirers as the Orthodox Jews of Borough Park, the Greek community in Astoria, and perhaps even the Republicans and Conservatives of Glendale. Local politicians now and then recall uneasily that, for all the lynch words spat at the Mayor for the benefit of the television cameras before the 1969 election, he carried Queens in the end, though by a very small margin.

The Council's vote to override the veto—the vote was again twenty-eight to seven—came after a noisy two-hour meeting. Councilman Sadowsky, an occasional Lindsay ally, denounced Lindsay's action as "a cynical political gesture." Burden called it "cheap political grandstanding," adding, "It sounds



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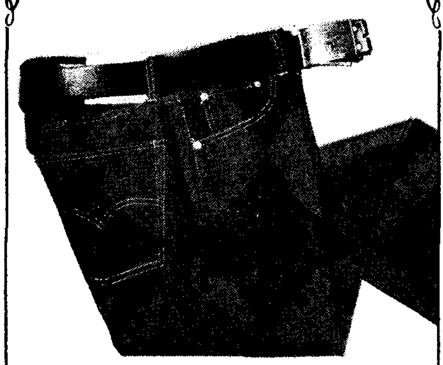

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like the first salvo in some kind of political campaign." Councilman Frankenberg, of Queens, was as critical of the bill as ever. "Minority representation, my foot!" he loudly told his colleagues. "What the County leaders are going to get are six more Democratic hacks, regardless of their color!" The next day, in a rare instance of a meeting of their editorial minds, the *Times* and the *News* took, in their different styles, almost identical positions on the event. The *Times*, commending Lindsay for his "fully warranted" veto of an "outrageous" bill that it described as delivering a "stab in the back" to Bronx minorities and as having been "executed with stealth," denounced Sadowsky, Burden, and others for the hypocrisy of labelling the Mayor political and cynical ("Where were the Liberals on the Council when the deed was done? They had their hands on the dagger's handle"), and called for a revision of the bill in the courts or by the State Legislature. The *News*, after noting that the Democratic majority had taken "turns decrying the mayoral turndown as cheap tactics and cynical politics," commented, "We're surprised they didn't choke on their words." The headline on its editorial was "Look Who's Calling Who What."

The day the Council overrode the Mayor's veto, Robert Wagner appeared before the State Charter Revision Commission for New York City, whose members include not only Aurelio but Assemblyman Blumenthal, the mayoral candidate, who was appointed to the Commission by Minority Leader Steingut. It was not only as a former Democratic mayor that Wagner had been asked to give his views on restructuring New York City's government but also as chairman of the Temporary State Commission on the Powers of Local Government. In 1970, Nelson Rockefeller appointed Wagner to that commission—appropriations for which have now reached $1,285,000, although, in nearly two and a half years of existence, it has not yet issued a report. His major recommendation was that the powers of the City Council be greatly augmented and that its size be enlarged to seventy-five members.

—Andy Logan

•

Princess Anne, daughter of Queen Elizabeth, has ridden two hounds at least three times in the last two months. Organizations opposed to blood sports have charged that her participation gives fox hunting "an air of respectability."—*Wisconsin State Journal.*

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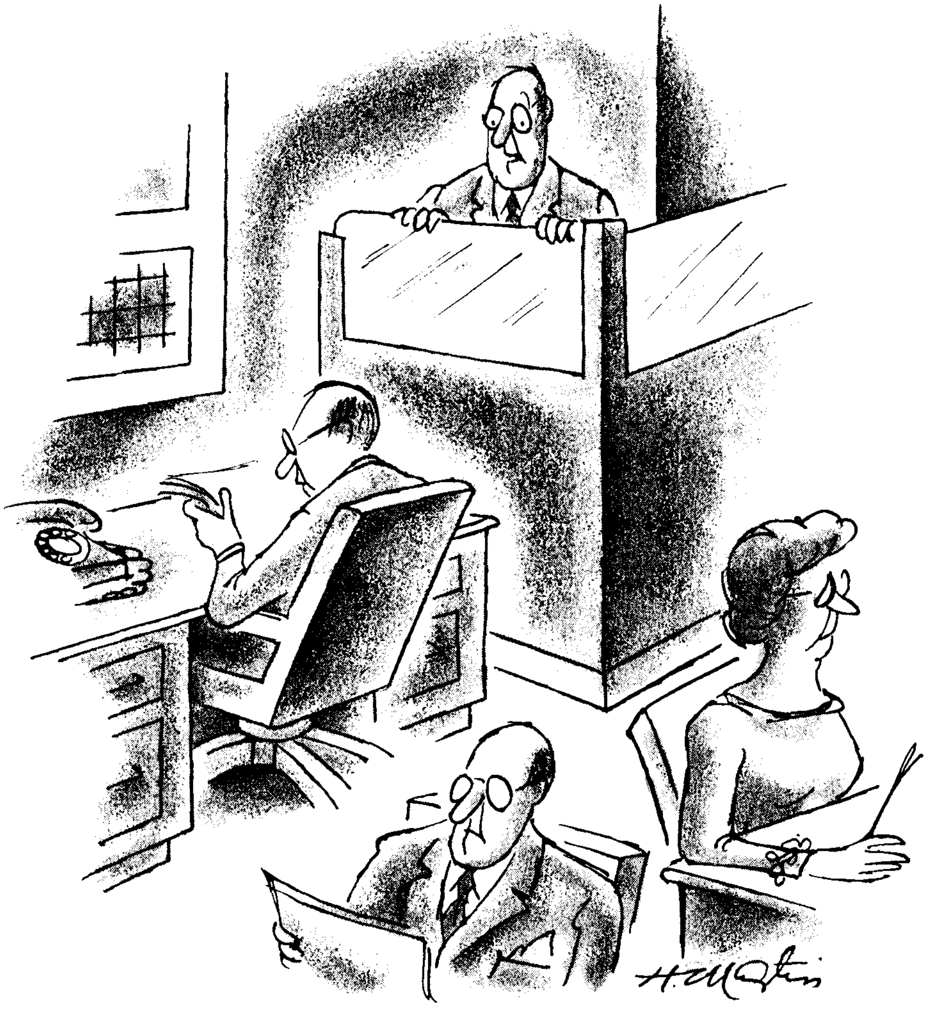
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Out of Tragedy, Suds

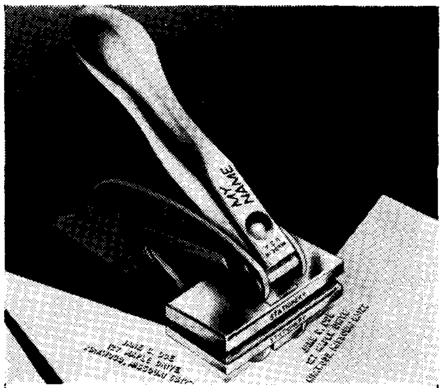
INCREDULITY is the first reaction to "Limbo," a movie about the wives of Americans missing or imprisoned in Vietnam. It's set on an Air Force base in Florida in 1972, though its spiritual setting is a deterged "Peyton Place"—a movie that, like "Limbo," was directed by Mark Robson, a director of no distinction and no visible style. (A week after seeing his last film, "Happy Birthday, Wanda June," I couldn't remember who had made it.) Yet Robson's impersonality is perfect for "Limbo;" because of his plodding, egalitarian attention to each detail, the movie can take up a "dangerous"—that is, war-related—subject in absolute safety. The look of the movie tells us it's not about the effects of the Vietnam war on the wives and children of those absent men; it's not even set in the America that the war has torn apart. It's about the perennial plight of women trying to cope, and it's set in a calibrated, canned dream world in which we know exactly how to read each nuance of feeling, how to interpret every inflection. It all fits together: this world is so Pop-ugly—like old Coca-Cola billboards—that the stale, sweet emotions are right at home.

Yet what are we to make of this vision? The film is a representation of a form of actual suffering, but everything in it seems synthetic. And the synthetic begins to seem *true*. The words spoken are pitifully simp-ordinary: "nice," "a lot of," "You're a wonderful woman," "You have wonderful kids." The scriptwriters might have worked for the astronauts. "Limbo" has a frightening superficial realism—it's the same kind of fright we feel when we walk into a suburban supermarket and see customers who look just like the people who polish and spray in TV commercials. These sanitized war wives, immaculately coiffed, taking care of their storybook children, writing daily letters to their husbands, are coexistent with Billy Graham and the President's Inaugural Balls. It's apparent that the mediocrity of their lives—the rooms devoid of reading matter, the absence of any sign of taste or thought—is meant to guarantee the audience's sympathetic identification with them. Even to be "too involved" with the war might make them seem "unbalanced human beings"—not "real people." So they don't listen to the news on the radio or watch it on TV; they don't even read a newspaper. If they knew anything, they might be controversial and off-putting. Their impeccable feminine ignorance makes them acceptable mass-market heroines. They take you back: they might be a collection of Miss Rheingolds. Their innocence, the cinematography that looks like enlargements of Kodacolor snapshots of a family vacation, the sound of "You Belong to Me" on the radio all contrive to turn the Vietnam war into the Second World War. The film might have come out of a time capsule buried in 1943—the "So Proudly We Hail" period of the sacrificing women on "the home front"—except that it's not as gaudy. There are no vivid personalities now—no boozing broad, no nympho, no psycho, no bitch—and no wisecracks. It's not meant to be fun; that's what's new about it—it's unrelieved.

There's not a single false note of originality. The clichés come at you full face: the bright-eyed cheerleader-ingénue (Kate Jackson) married only two weeks before her husband went overseas and disappeared; the devout-Catholic redhead (Kathleen Nolan) with her four kids and a husband who has been a prisoner for five years; the rich Southerner (Katherine Justice) who refuses to accept the fact of her husband's death; the standby suitors, decent and honorable. Most of the wives we see are educating themselves or doing professional work, but they're career women as *superior* housewives. Their ordinariness is perfect, a form of intellectual virginity; they live, metaphorically, in a supermarket. The movie is almost uncannily condescending in its touches—the orchid corsage given to the wife who goes to greet her returning husband, the crummy look of Christmas decorations in a house in Florida, the forties sound of the music that comments on the action. It's pure Pop, but lugubrious and ultimately baffling. This must have been the image of America that Antonioni was trying to get at in "Zabriskie Point;" Mark Robson, trying for poignance and mass-market "sensitivity," blunders into it. Robson has a knack for it, like Norman Rockwell; "Peyton Place" was probably his most



"Believe me, gang. Just because I've been given my own cubicle doesn't mean I'm going to forget my old friends."



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assured piece of direction, and "Limbo" equates obsolete trash with ideal Americanism in a way a satirist can't. This Pop aspect of American life is its own satire. Immersion in the media produces people who appear to be as "unreal" as the models they soak their imaginations in. Media zombies are spreading throughout the land. That's why we stare incredulously at the shallow universe of "Limbo"—because after a while its exactly detailed pseudo-realism begins to seem like a truer realism than we know what to make of.

This is one of the few films that attempt to touch on the war directly, but it comes out of a morally exhausted popular culture: the moviemakers can find no drama in their subject, no characters, and nothing to reveal. The movie never really gets into the hell of not knowing whether your husband is alive or dead, and though it's about love and loneliness more than anything else, it never gets into the predicament of wives who don't know if they're married or kidding themselves—or what they're married to, after five or seven years. The movie doesn't get into anything; it mentions things, but no thought is developed. It's about driving, and car trips in shiny new cars; even when a group of the women go to Paris to talk to the North Vietnamese, we see them in a taxi while the sound track gives us perky Paris music. It's about makeup; the creamy-beige and peach-bloom masks dominate the action, and they tell us that there's nothing underneath. Everything there is is on the masks. The precision of the actresses' features is a testimonial to American know-how: Kate Jackson (who comes to us via TV's "Dark Shadows") goes from crisis to crisis, but she never obscures the shining white of her eyes by so much as a blink, and her winged eyebrows are tweezed to a laser edge; her nostrils are never wet, her lips never dry, her hair never oily. These mask women all have skins that are triumphs of depilation. And they know how to dress properly—nothing sexy or sloppy that might diminish the respect we are meant to feel for them. They carry their self-image in every single article of apparel: they know their place in the middle class.

"Limbo" has a fascination as evidence of a decline in national style—a photograph album of a goody-goody nation in a depressed condition. Every detail says "regression"—even the way the movie yanks tears is regressive. When the Catholic who has waited five years learns of her husband's death

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by disease, Kathleen Nolan's exhibition of suffering perplexes us, because she turns on the spigot so efficiently, with such certainty, and yet we can't deny that by now, after generations of women have read slick housewives' magazines and watched television, her changes in makeup, posture, dress—her professional (veteran of over eight hundred TV shows) abandonment to grief—could be exactly how a woman might react to the death of her husband. Mightn't an Air Force wife have learned from TV how to express her emotions, and maybe what to feel? Pain itself is domesticated when it is made so explicit. Throughout the movie, there is a suggestion of baby talk in the women's articulation, and in the men's, too; nothing could be hidden under the sound of these childish voices. In the 1956 movie "Invasion of the Body Snatchers," our bodies were taken over during sleep by vegetable pods, and we kept on going through the motions of life, but soullessly, as vegetables. This movie represents a society taken over by the media: awake (or maybe only half-awake), we turn into the masks of a consumer society. The people on the screen live by the formulas of daytime television. Everything is revealed; they cast no shadows. There is no mystery in human behavior: that is the message of the shadowless style.

The black actresses, prettily integrated, also wear their tidy outfits and their glossy masks. There is no differentiation between black and white, not because the movie (which starts from the middle-class subject of Air Force wives) is democratic—condescension isn't democratic—but because it levels everything. No one in the movie wants for anything but love; as far as the material things are concerned, prosperity and sanity seem to be identical. If you plan for the future—and retool if necessary—everything goes as scheduled. It's a limbo in a fuller sense than was intended, but an orderly one. Nobody would guess from this movie that there had ever been public protests against the Vietnam war; "Limbo" allows itself only the merest hints of malfunctioning in the democratic system. The women don't bitch about the way they're treated; they don't resent the military men's bureaucratic paternalism. The Catholic redhead protests the inadequacy of the day of prayer a congressman proposes, but her protest might be something that came to her in a dream. "The war is an unworthy cause," she says, and "We have made a mistake. Why don't we admit it?" Even children have been saying these

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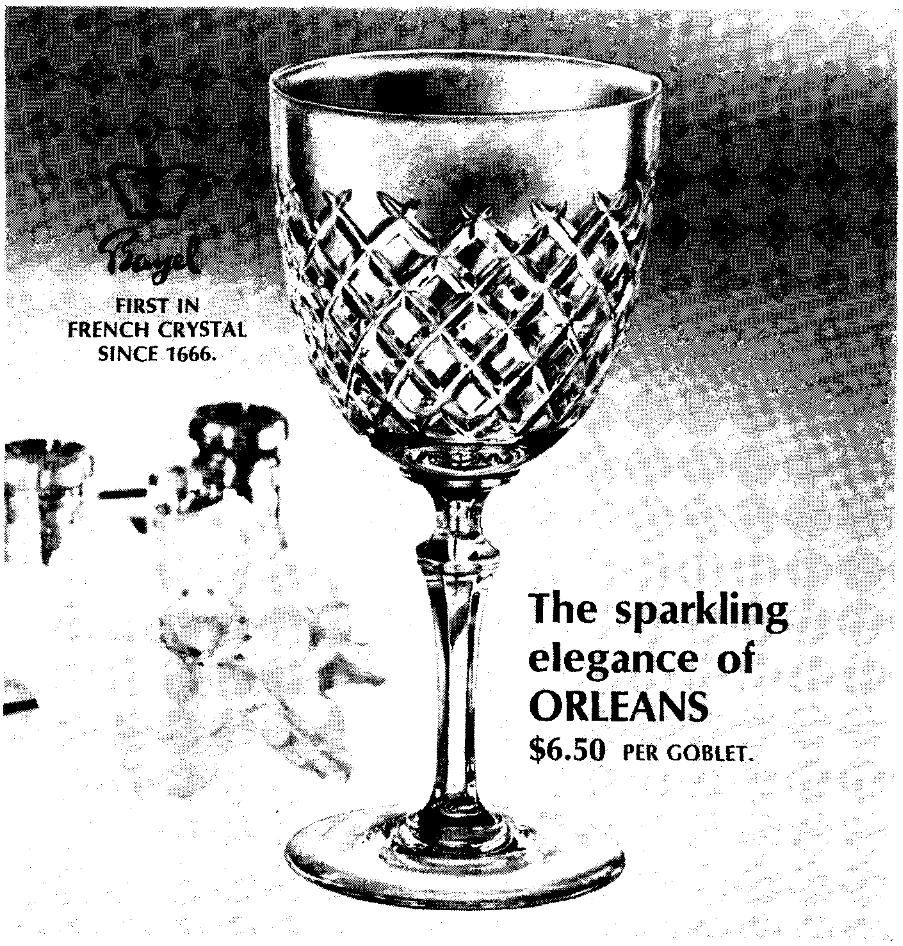
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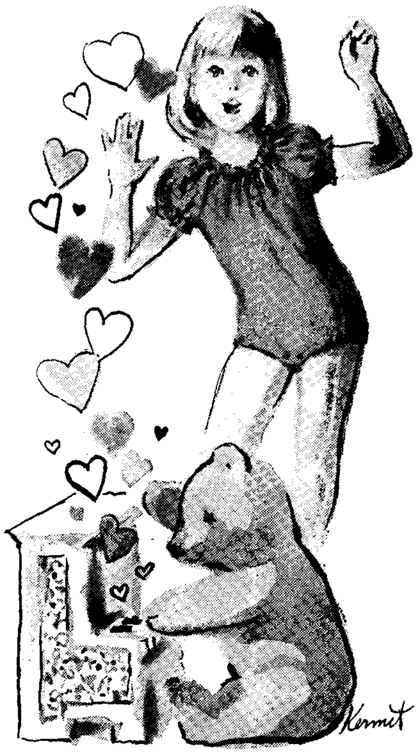

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things for years; that's why it's safe for her to say it. She's not tainted with radicalism; we can see that she and the others have no contact with the outside world. And the *ingénue* isn't tainted with brains: she is getting her teaching credentials, but when her new suitor tells her about his hope of doing some more space research because of the knowledge to be gained, she touches her head in bewilderment and says that that's too much for her to follow.

Are we back to this, and in a movie produced by a woman (Linda Gottlieb, Phi Beta Kappa, Wellesley, 1960, and a Woodrow Wilson Fellow at Columbia) and co-scripted by another woman (Joan Silver—Sarah Lawrence, 1956—in collaboration with James Bridges)? Can Linda Gottlieb and Joan Silver (who wrote the book on which the movie is based) get by in the movie business only by showing us a society more patriarchal than ours actually is? When educated women come up with a heroine who can't follow her space-dreamer's manly aspirations through two sentences before her poor little head begins to hurt, something is rotten somewhere. And something is rotten when it's considered expedient for the scientist (Russell Wiggins) to appear first as a filling-station attendant and to be so rustic and boyishly sincere he might be auditioning to play the young Tom Edison. This "women's picture" is so exploitative it's some sort of classic—a salute to banality. It's regressive even in its cue-card music. According to the publicity, Anita Kerr is "*the first woman in the history of* Hollywood to write the original music and conduct the score for a major motion picture;" she may be a pioneer, but she's something less than a heroine. The score makes it practically unnecessary to watch the screen: the music tells you how to react.

The release of "Limbo" is a masterpiece of timing; the returning prisoners of war are sure to be on the front pages. The film has already been highly praised by *Variety:*

> The Universal release avoids polarized politics, keeps its focus on real problems and people, and will evoke tears among audiences of all ages and philosophies.

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—PAULINE KAEL

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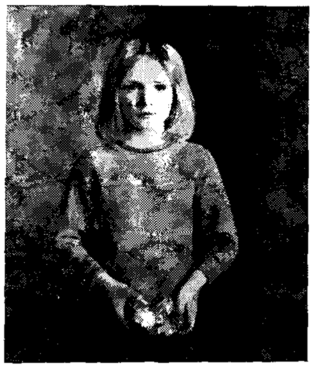

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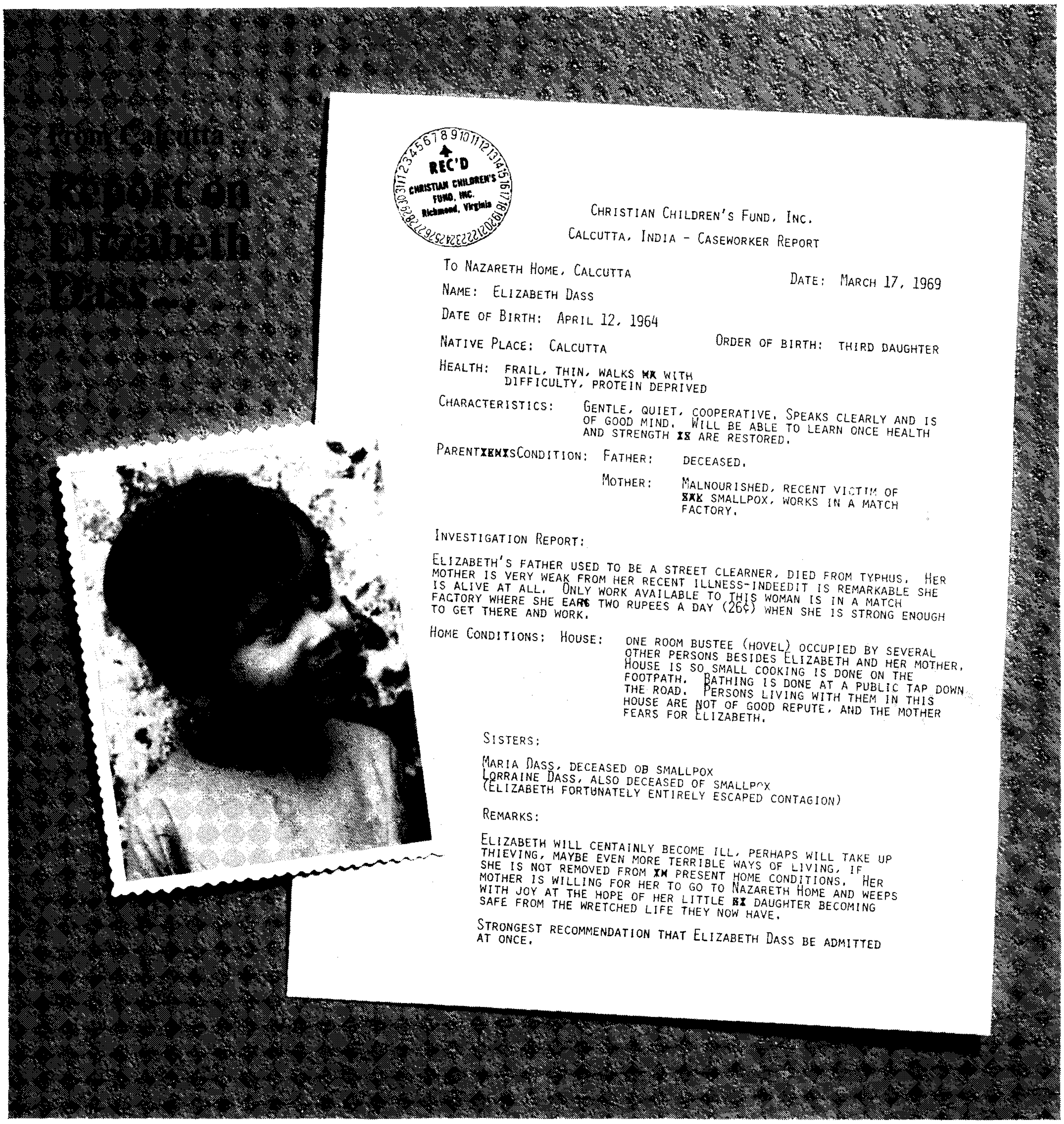

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Report on Elizabeth Dass...

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CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

DATE: MARCH 17, 1969

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA

ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS XX WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH XX ARE RESTORED.

PARENTXXXXSCONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF XXX SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER
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IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH
FACTORY WHERE SHE EARS TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH
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HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OB SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CENTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP
THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF
SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM XX PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER
MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Mutual Ordering

SCORN not the string quartet: Boulez, you have frowned, and dubbed it an old-fashioned form—but there are at least three good, linked reasons that composers continue to write the things. One is that, ever since Beethoven showed the way, they have found that two violins, viola, and cello provide a medium in which their most secret, personal, and intimate thoughts can well be shaped. (Consider Smetana's "From My Life," Janáček's "Private Letters," or the long series of quartets in which Shostakovich traces his spiritual autobiography.) Another is that, ever since Haydn and Mozart showed the way, composers have used the string quartet to test novel procedures of rhythmic or textural interplay, to break untrodden harmonic ground, and to try bold new devices of form. As H.C. Colles put it in the essay on chamber music which has run through successive editions of Grove's Dictionary: "Chamber-music combinations, and particularly the string quartet, have been found to be a peculiarly convenient medium for all those experiments with atonality, polytonality, quarter-tones and other divisions of the scale which are characteristic of the restless technical enterprise of today"—and likewise, he might have added, for all those experiments with metrical and rhythmic resource, with polyrhythms, "measures" unmeasured, elaborate subdivisions of the beat, and ever-altering time signatures. The third reason grows from these. Since composers have already cast so much of their most serious and striking music in string-quartet mold, since the quartets of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, of Brahms, of Bartók and Shostakovich are worth playing, they are played—and so there exist ensembles with minds, ears, and fingers finely tuned to subtleties, technically skillful, responsive to new ideas, and prepared to rehearse long hours together. The more adventurous of these ensembles like to undertake new music, and commission it. And so for the composer of a string quartet there is at once the challenge of the past, the chance of fresh exploration, and the assurance of finding worthy performers.

INTERNATIONALLY, Elliott Carter, born in 1908, is now America's most famous living composer. He unites two qualities that, particularly in their combination, strike a European as especially American: a breadth and range of cultural experience (not only musical), evinced in his education, his writings, and his compositions, that can make many otherwise comparable European creators seem nationalist, even local, and a "ruggedness" of artistic temperament, a heroism most conveniently termed Ivesian, which, when all the worlds of music lie known and open to him, leads him to choose and pursue his own unfaltering path—not blinkered but with a full, commanding view over the paths that others are taking. Only Roberto Gerhard, the Catalan exile who settled in Cambridge, England, comes to mind as a composer similarly farseeing and resolute, open-minded and single-hearted. Carter's orchestral pieces are perhaps closer to being repertory works in London than in New York (there is no Carter composition billed in the Philharmonic programs this season), but scarcely a week seems to go by here without performances of his chamber music. This week's bills, for example, show the First String Quartet in Carnegie Recital Hall on Monday, the Sonata for Flute, Oboe, Cello, and Harpsichord at Hunter College the same night, and on Thursday the Woodwind Quintet in Carnegie Recital Hall. Last week, on Tuesday, his Third String Quartet was given its first performance, by the Juilliard Quartet, in Alice Tully Hall. The place was full, the atmosphere electric. All musical New York seemed to be there. It was "an event"—as the unveiling of a Third Quartet by the composer whose First and Second Quartets are landmarks in the course of contemporary music could hardly fail to be. After the performance, both Carter and his interpreters were cheered.

"Darn you! I know you're there somewhere staring me right in the face!"

Carter has been drawn to the string quartet for all three reasons mentioned in my preamble. The First Quartet, dedicated to the Walden Quartet, of the University of

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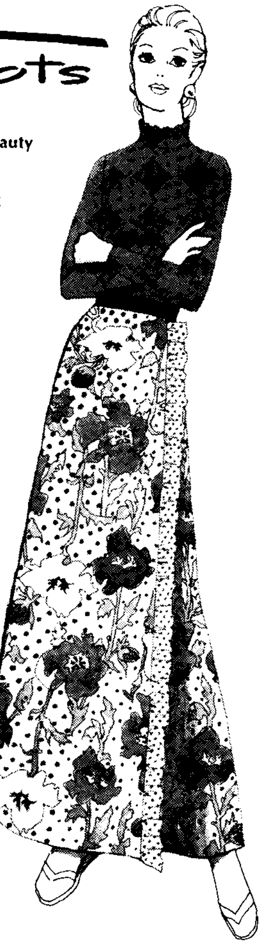

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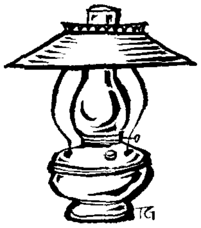
Illinois, dates from 1951, and the Second, commissioned by the Stanley Quartet (but first played by the Juilliard Quartet), from 1959. The Third, commissioned by the Juilliard School for the Juilliard Quartet, was completed in 1971. When Carter embarked on his First Quartet, the second reason—the need to try new procedures—was uppermost; as the composer recalled later, "There were so many emotional and expressive experiences that I kept having, and so many notions of processes and continuities, especially musical ones—fragments I could find no ways to use in my compositions—that I decided to leave my usual New York activities to seek the undisturbed quiet to work these out. . . . As I wrote, an increasing number of musical difficulties arose for prospective performers and listeners. . . . I often wondered whether the quartet would ever have any performers or listeners." It did have them. It became Carter's most oft performed composition. "It even received praise from admired colleagues." The work had gathered up and deployed in masterly fashion ideas that had been stirring in American music, while its liberating effect on young composers is a matter of history; as Martin Boykan wrote in the spring *Perspectives* of 1963, "It spoke, in fact, for the America of the fifties, in the same way that the 'Sacre' spoke for the Europe of half a century ago." The Second Quartet had a similar Janus quality. Its language, said Carter, "emerged almost unconsciously through working during the fifties with ideas the First gave rise to," while from its elaborate notions of concurrent but unsynchronous time scales, of character interplay between the four members of the quartet as individuals, and of scores as "auditory scenarios for the performers to act out with their instruments" there arose the Double Concerto (1961), the Piano Concerto (1965), and the Concerto for Orchestra (1969). The first two string quartets are recorded (by the Composers Quartet, on Nonesuch). Listening to them intently, again and again, provides the best possible introduction to Carter's later orchestral pieces—and to the new Third Quartet. Already, in the First Quartet, we can hear his fondness for passionate, rapturous melody measured against the beat of regular time; for the sudden dissolution of a long-breathed line into a rapid *scorrevole* scurry; for the tender, almost Wagnerian romance of long-held thirds and tenths, *tranquillo*, soft-shining high above the staff, which provide fleeting, elusive points of tonal reference. In the Second Quartet, we can learn that recurrence does not mean literal repetition (a tone, a manner, the general shape of a gesture recur); that the growth of a theme can be like the growth of a plant (no two leaves quite the same but all recognizable as belonging to one particular species); that counterpoint may be like a sapling twined with ivy (the slower, sturdier growth setting limits to and determining the general direction of the tendrils that scramble around it, the two related yet distinct); and that time can be measured by different clocks (the simplest example is the cello cadenza, freely declaimed while time ticks by at two different speeds). These are ideas that are developed in the Third Quartet. (Other things, such as the moments when the four voices draw together in a single statement, or when they suggest four-part harmony in the almost "classical" way inherent in a cello-based texture, do not recur.) When we have learned the ways that Carter's melodies move and grow, each in accord with its own time scale, we are ready to listen to the Third Quartet.

The new work, like the Second Quartet, lasts about twenty minutes, or about half the length of the First. The demands it makes of the four players are immense—and no praise can be too high for the Juilliard Quartet's achievement in having mastered so technically formidable a score and presented it so cogently. The players are divided into two duos—Duo I, of violin and cello, and Duo II, of violin and viola. Each duo pursues its independent dialogue, discourse, what you will. Duo I plays a kind of rondo made of the recurrence, in irregular order, of four episodes of contrasting character. They are marked "Furioso," "Leggerissimo," "Andante espressivo," and "Pizzicato giocoso," and each episode is heard three times. (The sequence could be represented schematically as FLAP, LFPA, LPFA.) Meanwhile, Duo II plays what can be most simply described as two movements. The first of them is an "arch form," in which episodes marked "Maestoso," "Grazioso," and "Pizzicato, giusto meccanico" are symmetrically grouped either side of a central "Scorrevole" (as it were, MGP-S-PGM). The second consists of two couplets, alternations of a "Largo tranquillo" and an "Appassionato," interrupted by a return of the "Scorre-



vole" from the first movement (LAL-S-A). Thus, each episode of Duo II is heard twice.

Though independent, the discourses of the duos are simultaneous; though they progress at different speeds, their coexistence in time is precisely defined, for their measures, four hundred and eighty-one of them, are ruled by the same bar lines. (Very rarely, however, is the first beat of any measure clearly marked by a simultaneous note from both duos.) The sequence of recurrences is so organized and overlapped that each of one duo's episodes is at some point heard in conjunction with each of the other's. Moreover, there are moments when each duo falls silent for a few measures, as if to draw breath, and these moments are so distributed that each of the ten episodes involved can be heard for a while in isolation (except, for some reason, Duo II's "Appassionato," which never achieves more than two consecutive measures "unaccompanied").

That is the "scenario," the "dramaturgy," of the piece. The effect might be likened to that of two intricate films projected simultaneously, each of which must be followed both in its own right and in relation to the other, since the coincidence of images is never the result of chance but is precisely calculated to provide what Carter calls "a sense of ever-varying perspectives of feeling, expression, rivalry, and coöperation." The film simile must not be pressed, since the Third Quartet is a "living" double dialogue; if Carter had wanted to achieve automatic precision he could have composed the work on tape, but the element of four distinct players, individuals in twin ensemble listening and reacting to one another, is inherent in his conception.

When the eye, as opposed to the ear, first meets the score, it boggles. The work is rhythmically complex to a degree which makes it appear impossible of comprehension, or, for that matter, of execution. Metrical elaboration is nothing new in Carter. Consider the "Presto scherzando" movement of his Second Quartet, marked to be played "with rhythmic precision in all parts." To achieve rhythmic precision in the first measure, that measure of five quarter-notes (which lasts only one and seven-tenths seconds) must be divided into sixty equal parts. The first violin must enter on the counts of twenty, twenty-five, and twenty-nine; the second violin on one, sixteen, thirty-one, and forty-six; the viola on forty-nine and fifty-eight; and the cello on one, thirteen, twenty-five, and thirty-seven. In the first measure of the

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new quartet, similar precision would require a count of one hundred and eighty (in a measure lasting three and four-tenths seconds), and in the final bar (where the scheme is twenty-one against fifteen against nine against six) a count of six hundred and thirty! But these things are a matter for the composer and his interpreters. They need not worry the listener. Let me venture a homely analogy. On the table where I write, there lie two natural objects that please me: a strip of bark from a silver birch, and a helix. The bark is patterned with small striations of differing lengths and intensities, and the dark-brown shell is spattered with white triangles, no two alike, in similarly irregular spacing. If I attempted to "notate" the rhythmic periodicity of these two pleasing natural patterns, I should arrive at something mathematically far more elaborate than anything in Carter's Third Quartet; yet I can contemplate them without boggling. Again, the analogy must not be pressed—Carter's quartet is not an *objet trouvé*, nor is it composed in simple emulation of nature's intricacy ("fashioned so purely, fragilely, surely")—but it may serve to suggest why the listener need not be daunted by the technical difficulties of the work and can "contemplate" them with an unworried ear. He will probably never know exactly how precise any particular performance is. But just as, without counting himself, he can, when listening to one of Messiaen's rhythmically tortuous compositions, quickly discern the difference in effect between a performance that has been scrupulously counted and one that is merely approximate, so in Carter's piece he will no doubt be more deeply moved by accurate than by loose executions. It should, however, be added that only Duo II is required to play "in quite strict rhythm throughout" (that "quite" is ambiguous, until a further "*giusto sempre*" defines it as "completely"); Duo I plays "quasi rubato throughout."

On the basis of two hearings (a rehearsal and the first public performance), some time spent with the score, and a trust in the composer inspired by the way some of his previous works that proved baffling at first encounter have become ever more dear and rewarding, I am prepared to affirm that Carter's Third Quartet is a major new composition, a piece that is passionate, lyrical, and profoundly exciting. It was not exactly baffling at first; response, though largely intuitive, was ready. But a myriad details passed by uncomprehended. May it soon be recorded. Once, string

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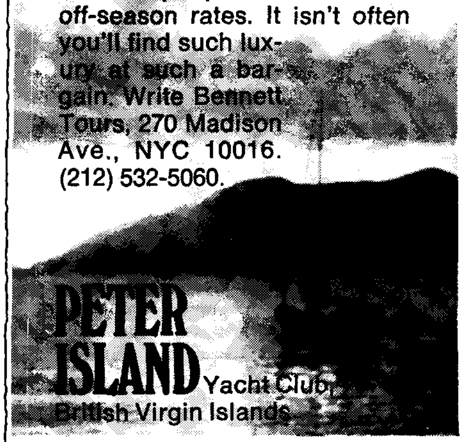

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quartets were composed as much to be played as to be listened to. Now the phonograph has brought chamber music back into the private chamber, and made possible an intimate acquaintance with works far too difficult for amateur fingers to compass.

MORE string quartets the next day, when the Concord String Quartet gave a recital in the pleasant little basement auditorium of the New York Cultural Center. Jacob Druckman's Second Quartet struck me as a work of incoherent though often arresting incident. There followed Stravinsky's "Three Pieces" of 1914; when these appeared (they were published in 1922) there was horrified comment. In "The New Music" (1924), George Dyson quoted four bars inspired by the antics of Little Tich, and exclaimed: "If this type of passage has any proper place in the art of the string quartet, then the end is near." Today, how fresh and delightful and inventive they sound. Lejaren Hiller's Sixth Quartet, which had its first performance on this occasion, seems like a modern descendant—in exuberance and buoyancy of spirit, if not in finesse of facture. Three movements: a "Tranquillo," punctuated by soft, unsteady unisons; an "Arrabbiato," of, literally, stamping and snorting violence; a "Vivace," during which some snatches of popular tune are churned out, until everything disappears in a glister of high harmonics. Roughhewn, perhaps, but lively and entertaining, and well suited to the vigor and vitality of the Concord Quartet. They can play like demons—"Devil with Devil damn'd firm concord holds"—and during an evening must surely consume more bow hair than any other ensemble. They can also produce a true concord of well-tuned sounds, and did so in Witold Lutoslawski's Quartet of 1965. I've known the printed score for some time and wondered what effect it would make in performance; it's hard to guess from the look of the loosely assembled paragraphs, built with simple ideas clustered apparently at random. In this assured execution, the effect was unexpectedly shapely.

—ANDREW PORTER

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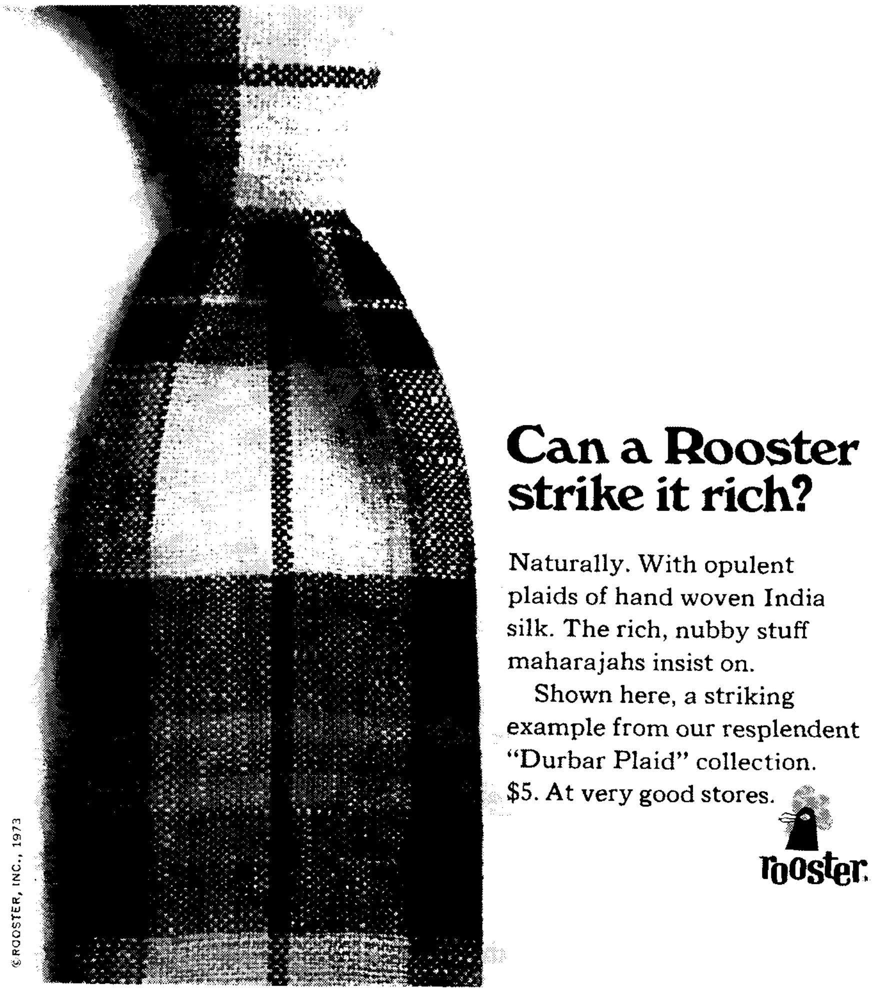

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BOOKS

Virginia Stephen/Virginia Woolf

IT is now thirty-two years since Virginia Woolf placed a letter to her husband on the mantelpiece of the upstairs sitting room of their house in Sussex, and another to her sister, and, without his seeing her, made her way through the water meadows to the river. Her suicide by drowning has not receded into the past but continues to trouble the imagination.

Mrs. Woolf's literary reputation has stayed pretty much what it was during her lifetime. A great deal has been written about her novels and not very much about her. She has figured in the memoirs of her contemporaries, as one would expect, and Leonard Woolf's five-volume autobiography is inevitably (since he devoted a good part of his adult life to holding her back when the pit of insanity opened) as much about her as it is about him, but what he wrote about her is in the context of their marriage—heartbreaking and essentially a private matter.

In 1953, there was a biography, or what passed for it—"The Moth and the Star," by Aileen Pippett, who met Mrs. Woolf once, at a small party in the middle nineteen-thirties. It is noticeably short on facts—the chief sources being "A Writer's Diary," which she was allowed to see before its publication, and Mrs. Woolf's letters to V. Sackville West. It is also written in a wide-eyed, girlish style that is a continual inducement to throw the book out of the window. Miss Pippett was neither hindered nor greatly helped by Leonard Woolf, who eventually—it is one more instance of his unfailing good sense—persuaded Mrs. Woolf's nephew, Quentin Bell, to undertake a full-scale life. "Virginia Woolf" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is so well done that it is possible to complain, and even then not very seriously, only about what is left out.

In the foreword, Mr. Bell remarks, "The purpose of the present volume is purely historical; and although I hope that I may assist those who attempt to explain and to assess the writing of Virginia Woolf, I can do so only by presenting facts which hitherto have not been generally known and by providing what will, I hope, be a clear and truthful account of the character and personal development of my subject. In no other way can I contribute to literary criticism. Even if I had the equipment for such a task I should not have the inclination; I have found the work of the biographer sufficiently difficult without adventuring in other directions."

No doubt this will be held against him, but the fact remains that there have been at least two dozen books and more than a hundred and fifty articles about the lyrical and narrative devices, the internal organization and pattern, etc., of Virginia Woolf's novels, and surely, for the time being, that is enough. It isn't at all difficult to distinguish her successes from her failures, nor do her novels require elucidation. When, on the last page of "Jacob's Room," Betty Flanders asks "What am I to do with these, Mr. Bonamy?" and holds out a pair of Jacob's old shoes, the reader feels what he is meant to feel. What is interesting at this point, what one wants to know about and has always wanted to know about, is Sir Leslie Stephen's high-strung, overimaginative youngest daughter.

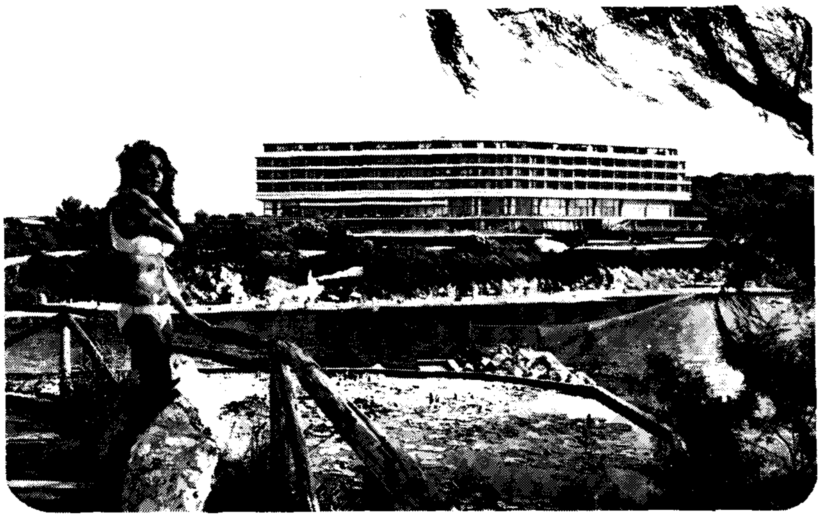
Mr. Bell had access to a large quantity of unpublished material: the twenty-seven manuscript volumes of Mrs. Woolf's diaries, the early notebook diaries, and the letters now in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library; the letters and papers of his father and mother, Clive and Vanessa Bell, and of the painter Duncan Grant; Adrian Stephen's diary; a memoir written by Leslie Stephen after the death of his wife, in 1895; and old family letters to and from Mrs. Stephen and her children. In the middle fifties, Leonard Woolf began to assemble copies of Virginia Woolf's letters, intending to publish them. Mr. Bell says that the intention was abandoned—why? And is one never to be allowed to read them or the full text of the diaries?—but the copies were retained, and so he was familiar with letters whose whereabouts he did not always know. There were also the letters and manuscripts made available to him by Leonard Woolf for the purpose of this biography, and the papers and "laconic but trustworthy" diaries that formed part of Mr. Woolf's estate. In short, Mr. Bell had material that nobody before him had had, and more than enough for an important biography, which his book certainly is, but also for an ample one. Not counting the supplementary material, the two volumes (which were printed

"Og, this is Oog. Or is it Oog, this is Og?"

separately in England, with Virginia Stephen's marriage to Leonard Woolf as the dividing point, but over here are bound as one) add up to a little more than four hundred pages. If not quite laconic, Mr. Bell is relentlessly concise.

The run-of-the-mill novel is written by a person who is not a novelist. The run-of-the-mill biography is written by a person who has never even learned how to write. This cannot be said of Mr. Bell, who, in the course of publishing several books of art criticism and a sensible little treatise on who and what the term "Bloomsbury" can properly be said to stand for, has acquired a steady, well-shaped, readable prose style. Through it one begins to sense gradually his personality—truth-loving, ironic, masculine, sensitive, an aesthete, amused at confusion in others while not permitting it in himself, and with a horror of long-windedness and of any other kind of sprawl. His sentences are packed with information, and the information has already been scrutinized as to its value and implications, so the reader is continually drawn along on a strong thread of meaning. His thought is at all times clear and his construction careful, but occasionally he gives way to impatience and proceeds at too fast a clip. In speaking of Virginia Woolf's Stephen forebears, he remarks that a pamphlet written by her great-grandfather James Stephen "resulted in the Orders in Council, the Continental Blockade and, much to Stephen's chagrin and astonishment, the War of 1812." How, one wants to know. There is always the encyclopedia, of course, but either Mr. Bell is assuming a greater knowledge of history than the ordinary reader possesses or he just did not feel like going into it. Not even the chagrin. Again, he is very interesting about the character of her grandfather Sir James Stephen, and of her uncle Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, but doesn't do justice to their position and accomplishments, which were considerable. And Laura Stephen, Leslie Stephen's daughter by his first wife, and the granddaughter of Thackeray, is shoved right off the page into a nursing home and then an asylum in York before the reader has quite got over his astonishment at learning that Virginia Woolf had a half-sister who was mad.

In his role of biographer, Mr. Bell is continually required to make judgments. About his father and mother, as about other people who were close to him, and about Mrs. Woolf herself, he manages to write sympathetically and still not depart from or soften the truth. If her behavior was reprehen-



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sible, as it sometimes was, he says so, but without ever seeming to set himself either morally above or psychologically apart from her. The truth is, Mr. Bell is half a novelist. Consider this vignette of a young woman who had been taken on as helper at the Hogarth Press: "She set to work with more enthusiasm than competence, so that often enough Leonard had to take down and reset the formes after she had gone home. She chattered, she was lively and decorative and never grumbled—as well she might have, for her wages amounted only to a meat meal on the days when she worked, an assurance of shelter in case of air raids, and a proportion of the profits, which proportion she received after two months' work, when Leonard pressed half a crown into her hand. The real wages, one imagines, were Virginia's company and the opportunity of talking about her rather agitated life to a sympathetic listener." The judgment of the angels could hardly be more fair, or more dispassionate.

Mr. Bell also has a gift for running narrative: "There was bound to be a reckoning. It came at Charleston on 19 August, when in those years there was always a birthday party. This anniversary fell so fortunately—all the family being there, the grouse being just high enough for eating, the weather usually propitious—that it was for some years celebrated with considerable brio. Brio, or at least noise—noise induced by good food and drink, by Clive's social volubility, by Virginia's sallies—describes the tone of the evening, until the clamour in that hot candle-lit room was suddenly stilled by Virginia, who rose, staggered, turned exactly the colour of a duck's egg and tried blindly and inefficiently to make her way out of the room. At that juncture, when most of the company sat in stupid amazement, two persons acted promptly: Leonard and Vanessa moved swiftly and decisively, with the efficiency of long training, to do what was necessary—to take Virginia away from the room to fresh air, to a bed, and to administer whatever medicines experience had shown to be useful."

The phrase "the colour of a duck's egg" could not have been written by someone who was not present. I am even tempted to think that it couldn't have been written by someone who was not going to grow up to be an art critic. But anyway, what we are being given, though he doesn't say so, is the testimony of an eyewitness. A glance into *Who's Who* has revealed that the birthday they were celebrating was his.

More than anything else, what gives the book its special quality is the fact that it is written from a special position—that it is by Virginia Woolf's nephew, who is himself, through his mother, a Stephen. His father was half in love with Mrs. Woolf, and her very close friend and literary confidant. His mother was one of the two people she loved with her whole heart. The devotion was mutual. And both fathers and mothers have a way of passing their affections down, by means that are largely unspoken, to their children. Though it was no doubt tremendously helpful to have access to all those letters and diaries, a mountain of such documentary evidence would not have produced anything like the knowledge, conscious and half-conscious, that Mr. Bell started with. In that relaxed, free-thinking painter's household there were no hypocritical attitudes at the dinner table and no mysteries about what went on behind the closed bedroom door. The candor of the conversation of Clive and Vanessa Bell and their friends was even by present-day standards extraordinary. Add to this the fact that the knowledge went all the way back to Quentin Bell's childhood—to a time when "The announcement: 'Virginia is coming to tea' was like a warm capricious breeze blowing in from the south-west and bringing with it a kind of amazed joy. Of the miseries of her life, they [his brother and sister and he] were allowed to know nothing, nor did it seem, in their company, that she could be unhappy." He was thirty at the time of her death—old enough to have learned that she could be very unhappy indeed, and the various forms her unhappiness took. And to appreciate—rather than, as a child, merely to accept—the marvellous spontaneity of her fantasizing.

The one thing never fully understood within a family that has a distinguished member is his position in the eyes of the world. It is a problem in perspective. Mr. Bell treats Virginia Woolf very seriously as a writer. And for the rest she is presented as a woman whose health required that she lead a secluded life and who found sociability—having friends to tea, dining out, concerts, the ballet, the theatre—irresistible. Shortly after her death, T. S. Eliot, who was not given to making careless statements, said something that should have been conveyed in this book and isn't: "Virginia

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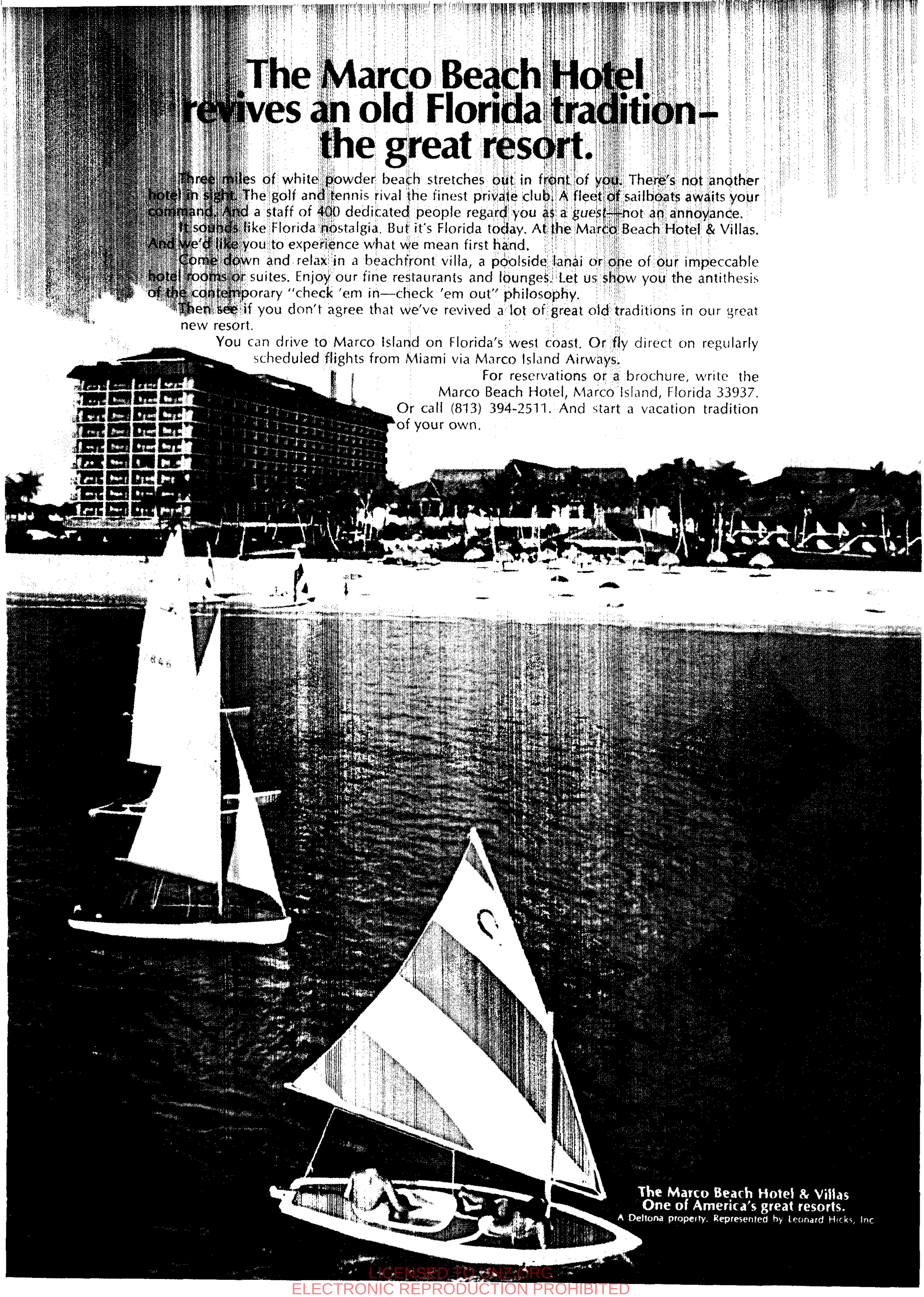

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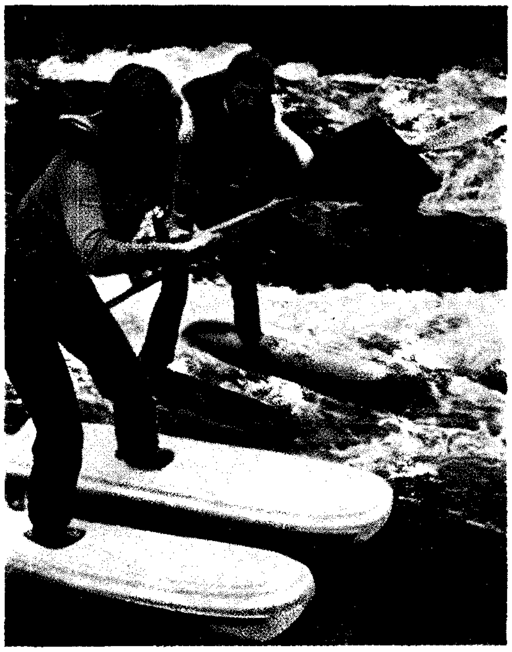

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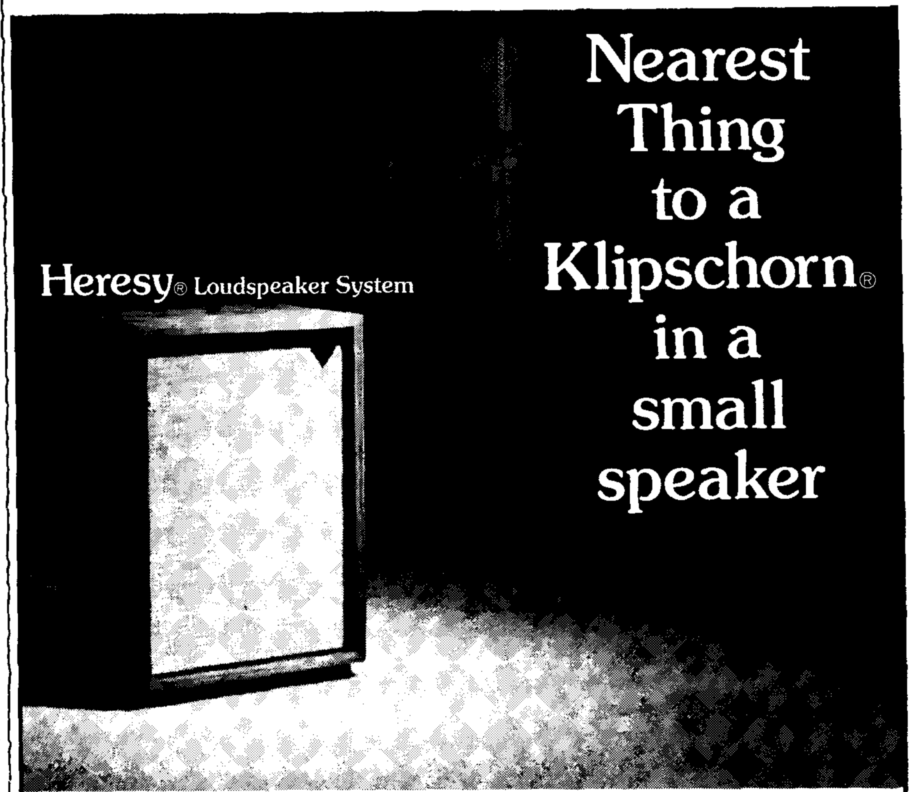
Woolf was the centre, not merely of an esoteric group, but of the literary life of London. Her position was due to a concurrence of qualities and circumstances which never happened before, and which I do not think will ever happen again. It maintained the dignified and admirable tradition of Victorian upper-middle-class culture—a situation in which the artist was neither the servant of the exalted patron, the parasite of the plutocrat, nor the entertainer of the mob—a situation in which the producer and the consumer of art were on an equal footing, and that neither the highest nor the lowest. With the death of Virginia Woolf, a whole pattern of culture is broken: she may be, from one point of view, only the symbol of it; but she would not be the symbol if she had not been, more than anyone in her time, the maintainer of it. Her work will remain; something of her personality will be recorded: but how can her position in the life of her own time be understood by those to whom her time will be so remote that they will not even know how far they fail to understand it?"

On the fourth of September, 1927, Mrs. Woolf wrote in her diary, "A cold grey blowy day, made memorable by the sight of a kingfisher and by my sense, waking early, of being again visited by 'the spirit of delight.' 'Rarely, rarely, comest thou, spirit of delight.' That was I singing this time last year; and sang so poignantly that I have never forgotten it, or my vision of a fin rising on a wide blank sea. No biographer could possibly guess this important fact about my life in the late summer of 1926. Yet biographers pretend they know people."

"They don't," Mr. Bell goes on to say, after quoting this passage, "or at least they ought not to. All that they can claim is that they know a little more than does the public at large and that, by catching at a few indications given here and there in recollections and writings, they can correct some misconceptions and trace, if they are very skilful or very lucky, an outline that is consistent and convincing, but which, like all outlines, is but tenuously connected with the actual form of the sitter in all lights, poses, moods, and disguises."

The "little more" that he knew and that there was no way for an outsider to know included two things that do not easily pass from the reader's mind. The first concerns George Duckworth, the elder of Mrs. Stephen's two sons by her first marriage. After her death



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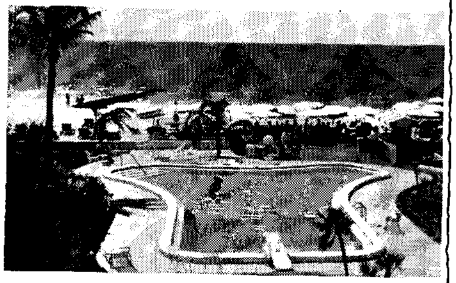

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(at which time he was twenty-seven), he was endlessly kind and generous to his adolescent half-sisters; "his shoulder was there for them to weep on; his arms were open for their relief." At what point this developed into something *not* kind and comforting Mr. Bell is unable to say. "Vanessa came to believe that . . . what had started with pure sympathy ended by becoming a nasty erotic skirmish. There were fondlings and fumblings in public when Virginia was at her lessons [she and her sister were tutored at home] and these were carried to greater lengths—indeed I know not to what lengths—when, with the easy assurance of a fond and privileged brother, George carried his affections from the schoolroom into the night nursery. To the sisters it simply appeared that their loving brother was transformed before their eyes into a monster . . . against whom they had no defence"—his character in the eyes of the family being such that no one would have believed them. "Virginia felt that George had spoilt her life before it had fairly begun. Naturally shy in sexual matters, she was from this time terrified back into a posture of frozen and defensive panic."

The second concerns Leonard Woolf: "Neither Vanessa nor Adrian gave him a detailed and explicit account of Virginia's illnesses or told him how deadly serious they might be, until this greatest and worst crisis occurred. [She had found the case in which her husband kept drugs unlocked and taken a hundred grains of veronal and had nearly died.] Her insanity was clothed, like some other painful things in that family, in a jest. 'Oh you know very well the Goat's mad.' This was easily said and easily disregarded. Virginia herself, then and later on, would cheerfully allude to the times when she was 'off her head.' Thus, in effect if not in intention, Leonard was allowed to think of Virginia's illnesses as something not desperately serious, and he was allowed to marry her without knowing how fearful a care such a union might be. In fairness to all parties it must be said that, even if Virginia's brother and sister had been as explicit and circumstantial as they ought to have been, Leonard certainly would not have been deflected from his purpose of marrying Virginia; but his subsequent treatment of one who was, in fact, already dangerously ill might well have been different. As it was, he learnt the hard way and one can only wonder, seeing how hard it was, and that he had for so long to endure the constant threat of her suicide, to exert continual vigilance,

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to exercise endless persuasive tact at mealtimes and to suffer the perpetual alternations of hope and disappointment, that he too did not go mad."

It has always bothered me that in "A Writer's Diary" Mrs. Woolf revealed herself as endlessly and on the whole tiresomely concerned about the public reception of her work, and I am grateful to Mr. Bell for correcting this misconception: it was not vanity and competitiveness but something immediately forgivable—or, rather, something that doesn't even require forgiveness: "Her novels were very close to her own private imaginings; she was always conscious that, to the outside world, they might simply appear to be mad, or, worse still, that they really were mad. Her dread of the ruthless mockery of the world contained within it the deeper fear that her art, and therefore her self, was a kind of sham, an idiot's dream of no value to anyone. For her, therefore, a favourable notice was more valuable than mere praise; it was a kind of certificate of sanity."

As for the outline—but he is much too modest. It is not a figure in outline that he has drawn but a carefully and delicately shaded portrait (in what follows the language is mostly his, but I have dispensed with quotation marks) of a woman who with the passing of the years grew more angular, more bony, more austere, lost whatever prettiness she once had, and continued to be very beautiful; who hated buying clothes and was made utterly miserable for twenty-four hours because her brother-in-law didn't like her hat; whose conversation was full of surprises, of unpredictable questions, of fantasy and laughter; who could not be trusted with secrets, not so much because she was a mischief-maker as because of an alarming tendency to say whatever came into her mind; who was sometimes irritable and in later life rather enjoyed being socially terrifying; who was both a snob and able to understand the subtle corruption of values implicit in snobbery; whose attempts to follow her husband into political activity were bewildering both to herself and to those who had to collaborate with her; who was subject to violent alternations of feeling concerning the value of her work and also concerning her friends and acquaintances; who was not insensible of physical perfections but who got no pleasure from making love, disliked the sexual passion in men, and even the quality of masculinity; who found it excessively hard to be doing nothing, and so worked in the morning, walked in the afternoon, and

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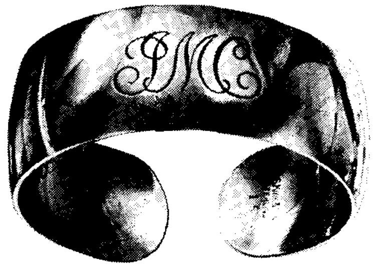

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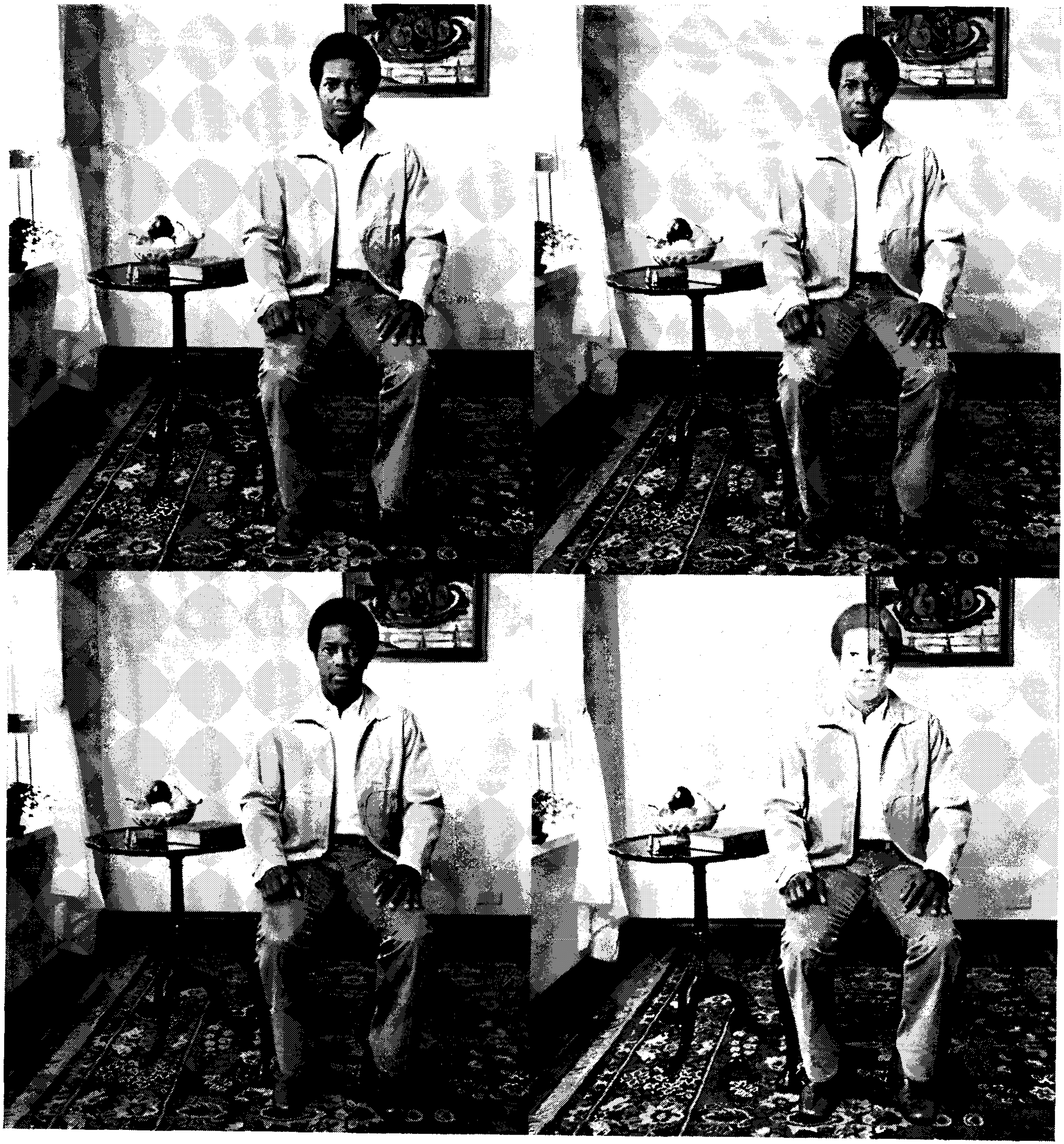
read at night; who liked setting type and was good at it, and who also liked driving off to Rodmell on a hot Friday evening and having cold ham and sitting on the terrace, smoking a cigar and listening to the owls; who wrote a good part of those highly formal novels on a lapboard, seated before a gas fire, in an old armchair with the stuffing coming out of it, in a disorderly storeroom, surrounded by an accumulation of empty ink bottles and unemptied ashtrays, used envelopes and galley proofs, old pen nibs, paper clips, buttons, and fluff; who as a kind of game invented characters for people that were bewilderingly far from the truth; who was capable of saying to herself, "Never pretend that the things you haven't got are not worth having;" who suffered from a perennial and incurable regret that she had no children; who during her good periods thought nothing of walking seven or eight miles, leaping over stiles, climbing hills, parting barbed wire and brambles, and during her bad periods suffered from headaches, sleeplessness, depression, a sense of guilt, and an aversion to food and thought people were laughing at her and that she was the cause of everyone's troubles; whose speaking voice was beautiful; who neither courted sorrow nor wallowed in grief; who went mad four times and, in that unfortunate state, suffered from hallucinations, was violent, and heard voices—heard the birds singing in Greek, and Edward VII, in the azaleas, using the foulest possible language; who wrote in her diary, on the sixteenth of November, 1931, "But Oh the happiness of this life," and, on the first of March, 1937, "I know that I must go on doing this dance on hot bricks till I die." And in that letter to her husband that she left on the mantelpiece, "If anybody could have saved me it would have been you. Everything has gone from me but the certainty of your goodness. I can't go on spoiling your life any longer. . . ."

"RECOLLECTIONS OF VIRGINIA WOOLF BY HER CONTEMPORARIES," edited by Joan Russell Noble (Morrow), is, taken as a whole, disappointing, as such compilations tend to be. Impressions superimposed result in a blur. With one exception, the best essays—by Rose Macaulay, William Plomer, and T. S. Eliot (which I have already quoted from)—all appeared in the May, 1941, issue of *Horizon.*

Mr. Plomer has added some new material, but he doesn't say, and has perhaps forgotten, that, shortly after he made the acquaintance of the Woolfs, he was invited down to Rodmell and at some point Virginia Woolf took him to call on her sister. "Mr. Plomer," she said, "has been telling me all about himself. He is descended from Shakespeare and also from William Blake." He had, of course, said nothing of the kind, and the result, Mr. Bell observes, "was to make it appear that he, who was the quietest and most modest of men, had been outrageously self-important and vainglorious."

Miss Macaulay's essay conveys nicely Mrs. Woolf's pleasure in scandal ("Go on; this is enthralling. People keep telling me different bits of this story; I feel as if a buried statue were being dug up piece by piece") but does not mention a dinner party that she gave on the night of Wednesday, March 24, 1926: "The Woolfs were very late. [Again, I am quoting from Mr. Bell's biography.] They had been machining and they hurried from Tavistock Square without changing the clothes or removing all the printer's ink that they had on. Virginia had assumed that they would dine at what she called a 'pothouse;' but this was no Bloomsbury dinner. Miss Macaulay received her guests in a very superior establishment. There were a dozen guests, all ladies and gentlemen of letters, all in pearls and white waistcoats; there was a platoon of waiters to serve them. Leonard and Virginia were utterly unprepared for such a party; it was not the kind of party that they themselves would ever have given; they were conscious of being late, of having kept everyone waiting, of making a very bad impression. When Leonard was unnerved, the habitual trembling of his hands became wild and ungovernable. He now made conversation impossible by beating violently upon his soup plate."

The other contributions are for the most part repetitious in their attempts to describe Mrs. Woolf's appearance and her conversational flights, and to determine whether she was or was not malicious, and so on. There is so little that is freshly said or deeply felt, and they are all—even Eliot and Rose Macaulay and William Plomer—put to shame by Louie Mayer, the Woolfs' cook. Like Quentin Bell, she is writing from a special position: "The floors in Monk's House were very thin, the bathroom was directly above the kitchen and when Mrs. Woolf was having



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ADVERTISING COUNCIL advertising contributed for the public good her bath before breakfast I could hear her talking to herself. On and on she went, talk, talk, talk: asking questions and giving herself the answers. I thought there must be two or three people up there with her."

Virginia Woolf was given to exclaiming "Life! Life!" in her novels and essays. Well, here it is—how Mrs. Woolf's relatives who lived nearby came to see her all the time, particularly her sister and her niece; how Mr. Woolf came into the kitchen every morning at eight o'clock to make the coffee; how her cigarettes were made from a special tobacco called My Mixture ("Mr. Woolf bought it for her in London and, in the evenings, they used to sit by the fire and make these cigarettes themselves"); how her bedroom was always outside the house in the garden ("I used to think how inconvenient it must be to have to go out in the rain to go to bed"); how there were pencils and paper beside her bed, and in the morning there would be pieces of paper, some of them containing the same sentence written over and over again, in heaps about the room; how a cow came one night and put its head through the window ("It amused Mrs. Woolf very much, but in case it happened again Mr. Woolf bought the field and added part of it to the garden. Then, because the writing-room was small, he had a larger one built for her at the end of the garden against the church wall. When it was finished, Mrs. Woolf had a beautiful view eastwards across the meadows to Mount Caburn, and that is where she used to sit every day and work"); how, if she began to develop bad headaches, he stopped all visitors from coming to the house and insisted that she have complete rest. ("I knew when Mrs. Woolf's health was reaching this stage because she used to come into the kitchen and sit down and wonder what it was she had come to tell me. Then she would go out into the garden and walk about very slowly as though trying to remember. I have seen her bump into trees while she walked, not really knowing what she was doing. There were times, too, when she looked exhausted after they had driven down from London. I think this was usually in the winter when it was very cold. She hated to feel cold at any time: it seemed to affect her in a strange way—almost to frighten her. They used to sit by a log fire and drink coffee until she was warm and felt better.")

Mrs. Mayer alone saw Virginia Woolf returning to the house from her

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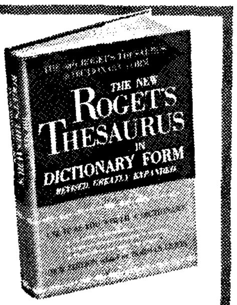

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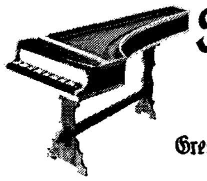

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garden room, with the letters that were found on the mantelpiece, and we are indebted to her for the only published description of all that happened afterward:

"When I rang the bell at 1 o'clock to tell Mr. Woolf that lunch was ready, he said he was going upstairs to hear the news on the radio and would only be a few minutes. The next moment he came running down the stairs to the kitchen calling me, 'Louie!' he said, 'I think something has happened to Mrs. Woolf! I think she might have tried to kill herself! Which way did she go—did you see her leave the house?' 'She went through the top gate a little while ago,' I said. It was suddenly a terrible nightmare. We ran out into the garden and I went to find the gardener, in case he had seen Mrs. Woolf return. Mr. Woolf went to the top gate and ran down towards the river. The gardener had not seen Mrs. Woolf, so he went as fast as he could to find the policeman on duty in the village. They both went down to the river to see if they could help Mr. Woolf. He had found her walking-stick stuck in the mud by the bank, but there was no sign of Mrs. Woolf. They looked for her for a long time but there was nothing to tell them where she was. Mr. Woolf wondered if she had left her stick there to mislead them and had perhaps gone up to Shepherd's Cottage. This was one of her favourite walks and it was possible she had gone that way so that she could be alone, not knowing really what she was doing. I went with him to Shepherd's Cottage, but she was not there. We went back and looked for her along the water meadows, and the river bank, and the brooks, until it was night-time and we had to give up. There was nothing more that any of us could do."

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BRIDES OF PRICE, by Dan Davin (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). It is impossible to stop reading this book. Adam Mahon, in his fifties, is a leading anthropologist at Oxford University. There are those who want to make him head of the department, but he is not academically ambitious, much to the disgust of his estranged wife, Amy. Adam's ambitions are centered on his *book*, which he has been writing for a good many years and is prepared to go on writing for the rest of his life. But more than university departments or

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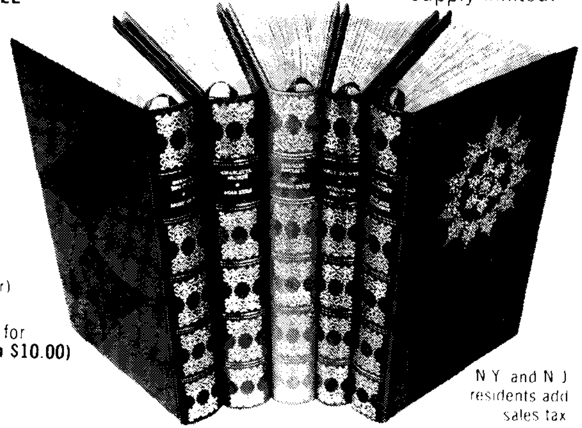

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the lifework, Adam is interested in women. There is Mary, his boyhood love, now a distinguished university figure in her own right. And there is Amy, a beautiful demon. Isabel, a dear girl, but to be reckoned with, is Adam's and Amy's daughter, their only child. Ruth, who is forthright and has gorgeous legs, is Adam's current mistress, and his student. And then there is Daphne, the mysterious one from Adam's distant past. Among the lot of them, Adam has a time that is partly excruciating and partly ecstatic, and the ending is hilarious in a sedate kind of way.

A DAY NO PIGS WOULD DIE, by Robert Newton Peck (Knopf). "In a Shaker household," says the twelve-year-old narrator of this charming, if occasionally mawkish, memoir-novel about a Shaker boyhood in Vermont, "there wasn't anything as evil as a frill." Since "frills" included just about every imaginable human pleasure, you might think that the author, who himself endured a typically harsh Shaker childhood, would be looking forward to the imminent extinction of the Shaker Way. Not at all. Mr. Peck obviously feels that the severities of his childhood—being denied a bicycle, having to aid in the butchering of a much-loved but barren pet pig—were more than balanced by its small joys and wholesome rhythms. He makes us admire the plainness and honesty of Shaker life, too, in the same grudging way that we admire an exceedingly uncomfortable but flawlessly crafted Shaker bench.

GENERAL

'GOD SAVE THIS HONOURABLE COURT!,' by Louis M. Kohlmeier, Jr. (Scribners). The author, a Washington journalist who has won a Pulitzer Prize for national reporting, begins his story with the death of Adlai Stevenson in 1965, which left vacant the post of Ambassador to the United Nations. President Johnson filled the vacancy with a Supreme Court Justice, Mr. Goldberg, and then promoted a lawyer in private practice, Mr. Fortas, to the Court. Neither man wanted the job the President persuaded him to take; as one reads of the complex, gripping, and distressing imbroglio that ensued, it appears unfortunate that they did not do as they wished. At the time, Mr. Kohlmeier recalls, some part of the American public cherished the fantasy that all the ills of the United States could be traced to the decisions of the "Warren Court." As the Republican nominee in 1968, Richard Nixon, promised—and through his appointments to the bench he has attempted to keep his promise—to produce another kind of Court. This narrative presents an enormous amount of useful information at a brisk, readable clip—everything from the changing role of the American Bar Association to illuminating retrospects of earlier justices and their relationships with Presidents—and concludes not only that the Nixon, or Burger, Court is the most politically involved in our history but that its independence has been seriously compromised.

THE QUEST FOR MIND: PIAGET, LÉVI-STRAUSS, AND THE STRUCTURALIST MOVEMENT, by Howard Gardner (Knopf). A model of popularization, that difficult art. Mr. Gardner explains, for nonspecialist, intelligent readers, what Piaget and Lévi-Strauss think; why these men's ideas have been influential; how other thinkers disagree with them, and why; and what are, in Mr. Gardner's own opinion, the uses and limitations of structuralism. He places both men (they do not agree with each other, and both, as he points out, keep changing and developing their thought) in a French tradition that goes back to Descartes in its emphasis on intellect and logic; in the case of these modern thinkers, they have sought—and found—logical structures binding children and adults, primitive and modern societies. Mr. Gardner writes at a fine level of sophistication, neither oversimplifying nor talking down but always making certain to clarify ideas, the problems they solve, and the problems they raise.

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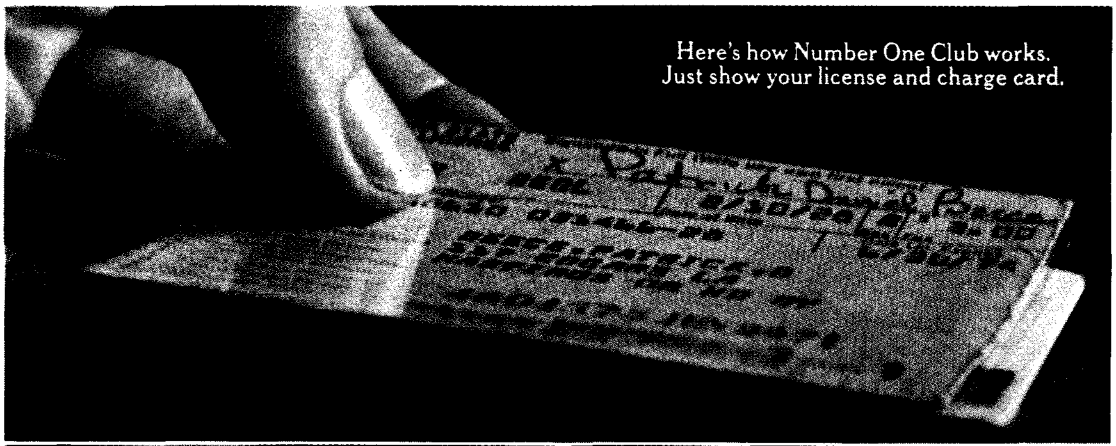

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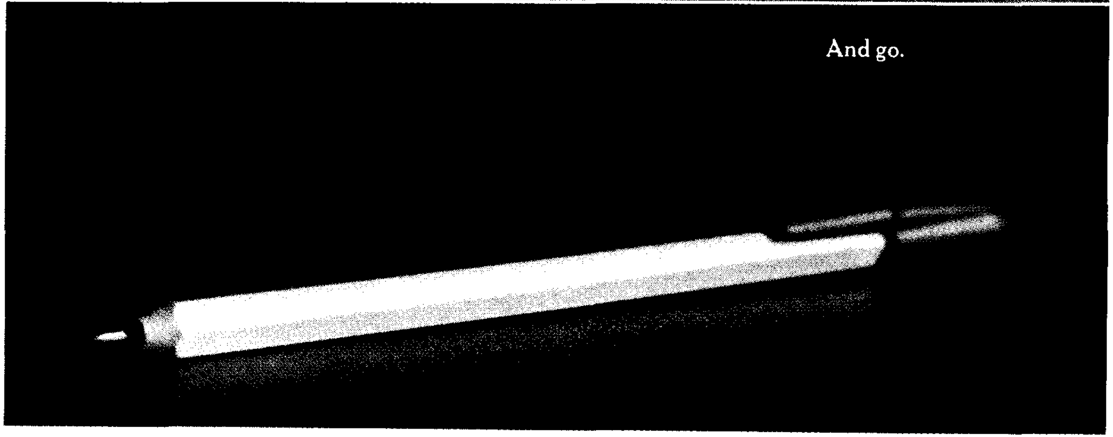

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